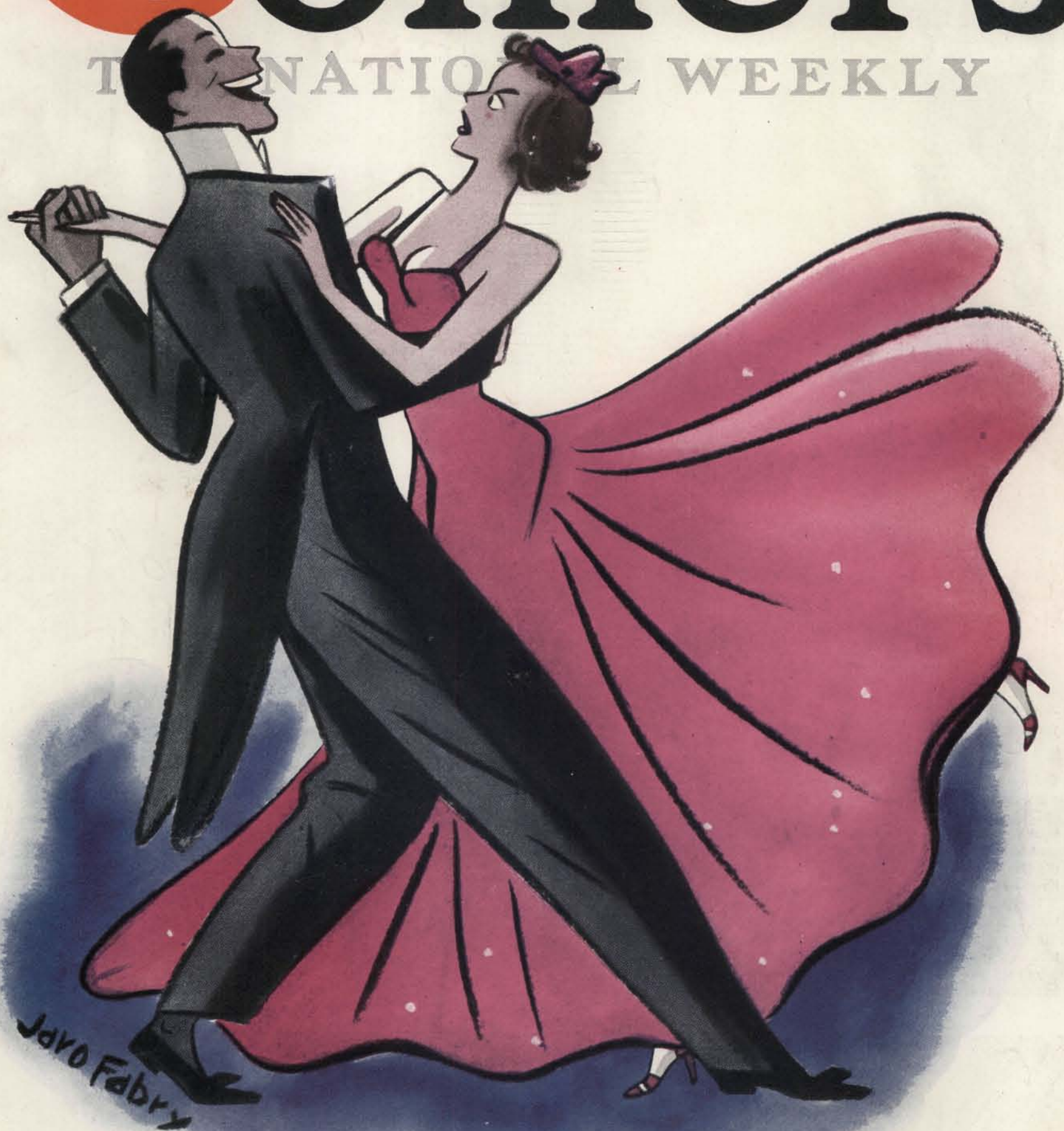


November 28, 1936

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Collier's

INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY



The Ambassador's Wife A Short Story **By Jo**

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Louisa Carter was educated in Virginia, at Warrenton and at Chatham Hall . . . made her debut at the Baltimore Cotillion. She is enthusiastic about fencing, riding and swimming

*"I agree with my grandfather
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writes LOUISA BOWDOIN CARTER of Green Spring Valley, Maryland

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How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is—a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

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- (4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

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When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



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more than ¼ POUND in the
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Next Week

AMONG the legends that the centuries have woven around the Alcazar is one about Illian, the Wizard of Toledo. Blood-curdling and incredible stories were told about him—how he celebrated the profane and ghastly rites of the witches' Sabbath and offered human sacrifice to the devil.

Stories to scare children! At least so sane people thought until Luis Rodrigas, rebel messenger to the beleaguered defenders of the fortress, fell into the hands of the beautiful "Witch of the Alcazar." Walter Duranty's brilliant short story, laid amid the roar of Spanish guns, recounts his mad adventure.

IN THE anthracite region of eastern Pennsylvania a \$32,000,000 bootlegging enterprise is flourishing. It began simply enough when out-of-work miners started digging coal to warm their houses. Nobody objected to that. But the practice spread and developed. Trucks were bought, breakers built. Thousands of men are now engaged in this illegal business. It has become an important human, social and industrial problem which the coal industry is struggling desperately to solve. John T. Flynn visited these informal mines, talked to the miners, talked to the owners of the land and reports both sides in "Bootleg Coal."

WHEN Ken Wilson set out for the California golf tournament he had figured his expenses very carefully. They made no allowance for entertainment, for girls or for a blow-out. Ken encountered all three in quick succession. "Marked Ball," by Talbert Josselyn, records the result.

"ON LOCATION," they call it when a movie company goes into the wilds, up a mountain or off to some tropic isle. To the director it means just one thing—trouble. Grover Jones, who knows that word in all its forms and variations, writes about the improbable and appalling accidents that occur with exasperating regularity.

THE Bintang was sliding along the Java coast when four war praus bore down upon her. The captain knew there was no escape—none for himself, none for Bob Cassino, the broken idol of the islands, or for Cassino's girl. In a romantic short story, Jacland Marmur tells how they found safety in a "Whirlpool."

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER, Freling Foster, Dorothy Ducas, Faith Baldwin, Jim Crowley, Alan LeMay, and Will F. Jenkins contribute handsomely. With you in mind.

This Week

November 28, 1936

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Any Week

NUMBER 77846 is in jail. We don't know why he's in jail but we have his word for it that he will be there for ten or fifteen years more. "I suppose," writes he from his cell, "that you've had your share of convict contributions. Most of it must be pretty bad but that's not our fault. We felons read what you publish and decide that we couldn't do any worse. I am not submitting a manuscript, although I can't guarantee what I shall do in the next ten or fifteen years. All of us convicts go a little stir-crazy sooner or later. But surely you can find some guy in the big house who can assist you to edit stories of prison life. I'm not kicking against Collier's in particular but all magazines in general. I'd take the job in a pinch. And I wouldn't ask much of a salary. You guys who pay the taxes are keeping me anyway, so I'd be willing to count my board and keep as part of my wages."



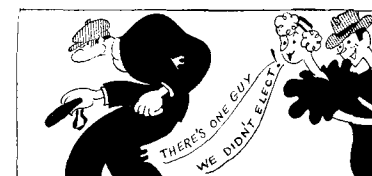
LADIES and gentlemen do not go to jail for writing books and pieces for magazines, although several of our readers have indicated that they would be very glad to appear as complainants. For example, here's Mr. Leon G. Boettger of Albany, New York, who thinks "burning is too good" for us. It seems that our writers don't write what Mr. Boettger likes. "You make great people of actresses, movie sirens, athletes and ballplayers," says Mr. Boettger. "The lives of these godless people are bad for us to read. We want stories of ministers, noble women and pure souls who are an inspiration. No wonder our children graduating from school would rather be in Hollywood than in church. You have this to answer for."

WE'RE pretty lucky to be as healthy as we are and as free of leg irons. If Mrs. Lula Stanley of Washington, D. C., had her way we'd be holding a dozen political offices. "Half the time," says Mrs. Stanley, "you are picking on the government and its officials. The rest of the time you are telling us how we ought to do government work. Every time you find fault with the way we are running things you ought to be made to take over the job and try to do it better. If you would say something nice about us and stop calling us bureaucrats you would be more popular."

WELL, we could sit down and be dull in Washington just as expertly as we can here. And as for being more popular, we regard that ambition with suspicion. Detective Sergeant Boylan of New York City told us that a large, reckless Negro was in the morning lineup not long ago charged with assault. When the presiding police inspector read aloud the long list of the prisoner's past errors he asked the Negro whether he had anything to add. "Nawsuh, ah can't think of a thing you gentlemun ain't mentioned," said the fellow, "but you gentlemun and me ought to know each other pretty good by now."

FROM Washington too comes a bit of intelligence from Mr. John C. McAllister, who, having made a thorough inspection of the place, is now back home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. McAllister got to talking to a guard in the Supreme Court Building. He asked the guard whether there were any evidences of disrespect for the Court. And the guard replied: "Nobody coming in here is disrespectful except the lawyers. We got to let them in or the old bozos wouldn't have anything to do."

AND entirely too much is being said against the people we elect to Congress, thinks Mr. George Blant of Peoria, Illinois. "Maybe they ain't all bell-ringers," says Mr. Blant, "but take a look at the guys we didn't elect. We ought to get some credit for that."



OBVIOUSLY we may not publish the name of the author of this one. But he writes: "If you get a letter from my wife asking you to discontinue my subscription, do not pay any attention. She is mad at you for what you said about Father Coughlin and swears that she will not have you in the house. But keep right on sending your magazine, as I read it and agree with you in what you say about Father Coughlin. My wife can't tell me what to read and I am the boss in my house."

AND that, as we told our secretary, is the type of stern, masculine mastering that women like and respect. "Read the rest of it, the postscript," scoffed our secretary. We did. It reads: "If you answer my wife's letter don't say I wrote."

GOOD old Tarzan.

"Don't worry about me—it's just a Cold"



Just a cold now—but it may lead to influenza or pneumonia which, on an average, cause 125,000 deaths each year in the United States. About half of these deaths occur in December, January, February and March.

THE common cold is bad enough in itself. But the real danger is that it may blaze the trail for more serious diseases or reduce your resistance to their attacks.

Before you realize it, what you think is just a "cold" may develop into influenza or even pneumonia. Don't forget that pneumonia may also start suddenly, even without a cold.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are usually chilliness or a severe chill, pain in the chest or side, headache, cough, and fever. Such symptoms mean that not a second should be lost. Go to bed and send for your doctor. Remember that pneumonia is a communicable disease. Proper nursing, complete rest and reasonable isolation are absolutely essential.

Lobar pneumonia is caused by many different types of the pneumonia germ—but each type is specific and can be identified. Should anyone in your family have pneumonia, your doctor will probably arrange for an immediate laboratory examination of the sputum to determine which type of pneumonia is present.

Serums are available which are highly effective in treating

certain of the types. Not all cases of pneumonia should have serum treatment. Your doctor will decide.

Pneumonia is a serious infection, but with the increasing defenses, medical scientists hope to reduce its heavy toll. During the next four months it will do the most damage to those who are not on guard. If your physical resistance is lowered by overwork or unusual fatigue, too little sleep, overindulgence in food or drink, or exposure to cold and wet, pneumonia germs may gain quick headway.

At this time of the year it is a wise precaution to have your doctor look you over very carefully to see whether or not you have diseased tonsils, sinuses, adenoids, teeth or other physical impairments which may lower resistance.

You will be much safer during the coming winter months if you keep your vitality high.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," which contains valuable information about the prevention and care of these diseases. Address Booklet Department 1236-C.



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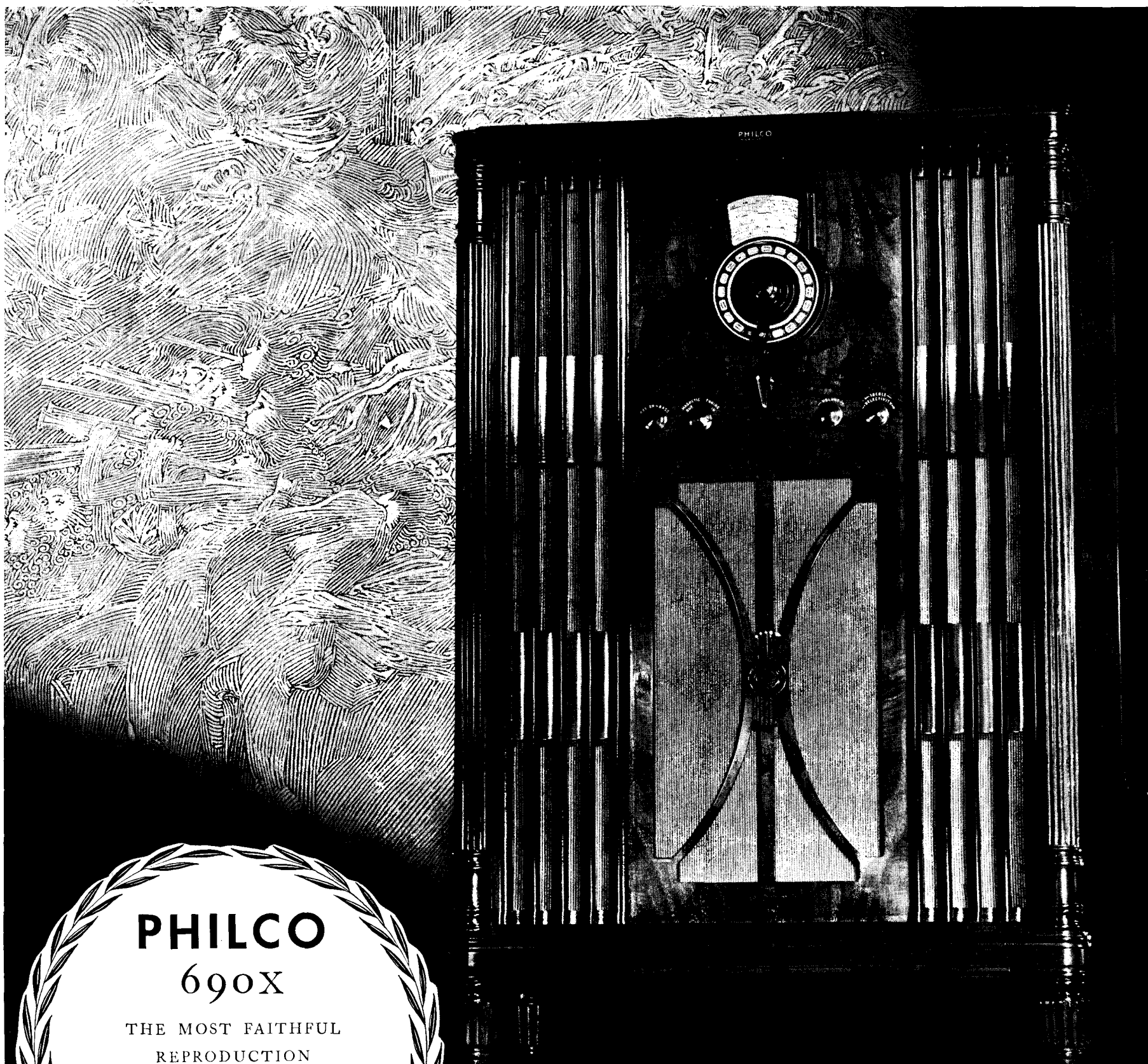


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"I must tell you," she said, "because we should always be truthful, that I married you because I had been jilted by a silly English boy"

The Ambassador

The story of a man who had to choose between his career and the woman he loved—and lost them both

By John Gunther

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



IT WAS the morning he reported for duty in Vienna. A bell rang, and he was conducted to the minister's room.

"My dear Stratton-Forbes," his chief said after they had chatted cordially for half an hour, "let me say again how perfectly delighted I am that you have been assigned here. But, my dear fellow, Lady Gripstead and myself are heartily disappointed that you are a bachelor. It is such a bore at dinner parties—an odd man, you know, and this charming city is full of entrancing young ladies of good family. I hope, I do hope—"

"Sir, I am very anxious to marry," said Richard.

"Eh, why don't you, then?"

"Sir, several girls whom I liked very much—"

"Oh, nonsense, lad. Nobody will turn you down. Not if you handle 'em right."

Richard, leaving the broad, sunlit room, was aware that he had deliberately allowed his chief, the minister, to

draw an incorrect conclusion from his remarks. He had not precisely misled Sir Andrew Portfield Gripstead, K. C. M. G., his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Vienna, but the girls he had mentioned had not turned him down. No, indeed. Richard had turned them down.

Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes was not, at first sight, what one would call a romantic character. True, he was a young man of private means, a bachelor, healthy, not bad-looking, and of an excellent if not spectacular family. He was interested, so he thought, in very little except his career. He was intensely ambitious, and he had plotted with almost mathematical precision the inevitable steps of his advancement. But—he lacked something, a cardinal necessity and asset. He lacked a wife.

And now his new chief had brought up the matter in their first interview.

His earliest catastrophe had been Miss Betty Olive Smythe, whom he met

in Peiping. She was a tall, cool girl, very English, very modern, who sometimes wore a monocle and smoked cigarettes endlessly from a long ebony holder. Outwardly, she might have stepped from the pages of the Tatler: so correct, so well-turned-out, so impeccably cut to a conventional mold. It took him at least a month to discover that she regarded the smoking of opium as a casual but enjoyable experiment, and that the young Chinese intellectuals with whom she sometimes had tea were, to her mind, admirable objects for flirtation. Chinese! Richard writhed. Betty called him an old prig. And their engagement was broken off.

Then in London a year or so later there had been Elinor. She was American, and she had money, looks, style and dash. Richard was on the verge of proposing to her. Then he learned that two years before she had been married—for a week. There was something particularly horrible in this sleek, shining crea-

ture having tried marriage for exactly one week.

After Elinor there were others. Every time he met and fell in love with a girl, some ghastly reason developed why he could not possibly become her husband.

ONE day he had tea alone with the wife of his chief, Lady Gripstead. She was an alert and tidy little woman, with small talent for intimacy. She did her job with thorough competence, and it never seemed to bore or tire her. This drowsy day in spring—foehn was blowing off the distant Alps—she said, "Richard, you are one of the most attractive young men I have ever met; why don't you settle down and marry?" He sought to explain. It wasn't a question of not wanting to settle down. He wasn't—he hoped she understood—"on the town." He was living a most regular and abstemious life. He wanted to marry. He looked at every girl he met with anticipatory appraisal. But one and all they failed his

standards when he asked himself, soberly, dispassionately, "Is she fit to be an ambassador's wife?"

Lady Gripstead rose rather sharply. "My dear boy," she murmured, "quite—quite—but is that the only criterion?" He looked shocked; she said quickly that she didn't, of course, expect him to marry a charwoman, but, really, he mustn't be so frightfully particular. Almost anybody, with proper training, might turn out to be quite a good ambassador's wife. When he left the legation, he wondered fleetingly what she had been like when she married Gripstead years before.

Richard's life in Vienna was very comfortable. His flat, on Strohgassee, was just around the corner from the legation; his cook was a stout Czechoslovak woman whose *Palatschinken* were miracles of succulence, and who could make the simplest Viennese luncheon a work of art; his valet was a respectful, attentive young lad from Styria. Richard worked hard—well, moderately hard—from ten to four; the rest of the day was his own. Sauntering home, he would stop at the Café Sacher or the Café Imperial for *jause*, the Viennese equivalent of tea. Occasionally he took week ends with new Austrian friends in Semmering or Carinthia. But most of his time he spent alone.

HE HAD arrived in winter, and now it was spring. Richard surprised his minister by development of a new avocation; he learned to fly. He bought a small Moth, took lessons at Aspern, and after a month or two was in the air. Then his circle of activity widened; he flew to Zagreb, to Brünn, to Budapest, for week ends. Vienna was a marvelous center; at any moment of boredom with Austria and the Austrians he could, in an hour or two, change completely the external circumstances of his life, find a new lan-

guage, a new civilization, to amuse or distract him. Richard, on these jaunts, flew alone. More and more he came to spend his time alone. It was as if he were trying to drown his loneliness in more loneliness, to make a discipline and a virtue of the fact that he was terribly, unbearably lonely.

Having nothing whatever to do one evening, he walked down the Ring from Schwartzberg Platz and went to a movie. After the movie he crossed to the Opern Café, to sip a cup of coffee and read the newspapers. Like the streets outside, the coffeehouse was crowded with young men and women, paired. Opposite him one young couple were writing notes together on the back of a menu, linked by businesslike affection. Through the broad windows, underneath the streaming lights, an unending procession of young people walked, some with elbows linked, some hand in hand. Everyone was paired. Everyone was in love. The lilacs were blooming, and everyone had a lover. Richard paid for his coffee abruptly. Aimlessly he turned down Operngasse. Everybody—except himself—

Abreast of him, behind him, came a ripple of graceful laughter from a girl walking with her sweetheart. In the shadow of a doorway two lovers stood embraced. Richard crossed to the Café Sacher, sat down, and sipped another restless coffee. Half an hour later, wandering down the Karntnerstrasse, he found himself in front of a night club which he had often heard of but never visited—the Bazar. He took a deep breath, checked his hat and coat, and walked down the broad, glittering stairs. The blast of music at the entrance almost knocked him over. He chose an inconspicuous table, and ordered a whisky and soda.

Richard was all alone in his loge, which was big enough for three or four people, while the others, which surrounded the dance floor, were fairly crowded. At the lower end of the room the orchestra, after a pause, resumed play. In the balcony above the orchestra were three upper loges, crowded with girls leaning over. They stayed there until they found company or until a party from outside ousted them. Along the bar, festooned brightly, were other girls.

RICHARD felt enveloping him the powerful warm wind of romance. His eyes clung to the bar. Quite without volition, so unobtrusively to his inner self that he hardly knew what he was doing, he rose and walked to the bar. He found himself standing next to the girl he had been watching. Had she smiled at him? He was not sure. She wore a low-cut satin gown, tight across her hips. She wore her hair brushed high from her face and fluffed out behind.

"May I have a cigarette?" she asked.

"Sorry. I don't smoke." The amiable barman extended a package, and he opened it and gave the girl one.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My mother called me Luisa. Here I'm named Pauline."

"Will you have a drink?"

"If I may, yes."

Richard led Pauline to his loge, and almost at once he noticed two things about her. Despite her dramatic good looks, she was not flamboyant. Her manners were extremely good; she was quiet; her voice was soft. She knew a little English; her German, with its soft southern accent, was delightful. Second, like almost all Viennese, she was kind.

Within a week Richard was madly, violently in love.

Pauline's history, he found, was typical of modern Vienna and its vicissitudes. Her father was a foreman in a timber factory; her mother had been a schoolteacher. She had gone to secondary school until it bored her. One of her classmates told her how to get a job posing for photographs. She had a younger sister, who was still in school, and a brother. He had only recently got a job. Pauline, who needed all her money for her dresses, would have been more generous supporting the rest of the family had not her mother so bitterly opposed her working. After a year of modeling she had drifted to the Bazar.

Richard and Pauline went out to Kretzendorf to swim. Twice he took her for short flights in his airplane. They walked in the Winewald on Sunday afternoons. He called for her at the Bazar every night. His work suffered; and both Sir Andrew and Lady Gripstead were delighted to see him hollow-eyed in the morning, tense, exalted, depressed. Obviously the boy was in love—at last. When Lady Gripstead said to him one afternoon, "Still looking for an ambassador's wife, Richard?" he turned crimson, then his heart sank; because already the idea of marrying Pauline had forced its way into his heart, because there seemed no other way to win her.

But obviously he could not marry Pauline. It would end his career. Obviously it was impossible. But when he stayed away from her a day, he discovered that she was the most important thing in his life. He desperately loved her. She was chic, charming and beautiful, but everybody in the world would know that he had picked her up in the Bazar; the thing was impossible, absurd, outrageous.

And then wanting Pauline became
(Continued on page 43)



He opened the package and gave the girl a cigarette. "What's your name?" he asked. "My mother called me Luisa," she replied. "Here I'm named Pauline"

A Game of Blocks

By Bernie Bierman with Frank Mayer

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA



The Minnesota coaches' bench, with (left to right) Trainer Lloyd Stein; End Coach Albert Baston; Coach Bernie Bierman; Line Coach George Hauser, and Charles Schultz, one of the guards

MY NOMINATION for a perfect running play is the one that sent Julie Alfonse scampering for a long jaunt across the goal in the Minnesota-Iowa game in 1933. I'll hold that up as an outstanding example of results to be obtained when all members of a team carry out faultlessly the blocking assignments given them.

The play was a short-side end run from an unbalanced line with Alfonse, our co-captain this year, the back man in the formation. He took the ball from Rennebohm at center and swung to the left, Beise, Pug Lund, Glen Seidel and Bill Bevan, from his guard post, fanning out for interference.

Lund cracked the end and Tenner, from his left-end position, let drive at the tackle. Other linemen withstood the defense charge of the enemy forward wall and blocked flawlessly, while Larson, at right end, and Smith, at right tackle, cut through and started down field. Larson, especially, is important. Keep an eye on him.

As Alfonse pivoted and turned up field, Seidel threw himself in the path of the Iowa right half, who had come up fast, and Bevan and Beise plowed into the fullback and the loose center. Smith cut the pins from beneath the defense left half, who was speeding across the field, and Larson continued on his diagonal.

The lads in the Northwest can run and can be taught to block. On this Coach Bierman laid the foundations of the great Minnesota teams. If you like to see young men trot across the goal line, you have to have other young men to clear the way. Mr. Bierman gives his prescription

It was a perfect lane through which Alfonse sped into the open, a lane a camel caravan could have charged through. All he had to do was turn and come thundering down the field. There might as well have been no opposition at all.

There was the safety man to worry about, of course. Not for long, though. Larson entered his territory just ahead of Alfonse and poised for business. He lunged and there was a crisp impact and a whirl of flying feet and arms as both Larson and the safety man rolled to the turf. Alfonse swerved slightly to the right and continued unmolested for the goal line. He went sixty-five yards for that score and not a defense man so much as laid a finger on him.

Now that, ladies and gentlemen of the football audience, is what any coach would call blocking. And it was the potential ability of lads in this section of the country to block so powerfully which

determined me to emphasize the running game as the major part of the Minnesota offense shortly after I arrived in Minneapolis from Tulane in 1932. We've won our share of games with such tactics, not by any magic or mesmerism of coaching, but because a cycle of fruitful years has sent us plenty of rugged and alert boys who can be adapted to such a style.

Twelve Rules of Success

Perhaps ten thousand well-wishers—and thanks to them, because their encouragement has meant a lot—have slapped me on the back, during the past few years that Lady Luck has poised above our fortunes, to comment: "How do you do it? What is the secret of the football team that piles up victories? You must have a marvelous system. By the way, what system do you use?"

In a way, that's an embarrassing question and calls for explanation, be-

cause every coach uses a system distinctly his own, despite what the experts call it. Each has his pet set of principles to serve as the foundation of his style of play which is strictly individual and molded upon the personality of its founder. We all are apt to follow the teachings of our college coach for a year or two after graduation, but soon ideas and factors of our own start creeping in and then we're on our way.

But no matter what such systems embrace in the way of fine rules and principles, they need men. No men: no system—no blocking, passing, kicking, tackling—in fact, no victories. Man power spells yardage which carries a team along.

Our system—call it the Minnesota system if you wish—is based upon twelve rather simple fundamental rules. They are flexible enough to be adapted to any style of attack, circumstances alone listing their support behind the running game we favor at the present time. In black and white, they read as follows:

1. No boy will play good football unless he enjoys the game and gives his best on every play.

2. To play his best, a boy must be in good physical condition and have adequate rest before a game.

3. A boy who places personal glory and success above the best interests of

(Continued on page 28)

Let's Review the Bidding

Mr. Breep's last wail and testament was "Seven no trump." The ensuing trial of Mrs. Breep for murder is described play by play by Mr. Baer, who cannot be induced to play anything but solitaire

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

A THIRD eye appeared suddenly in the middle of Breep's forehead and that Cyclopean gentleman went over backward like a dumped applecart. He lay on the floor with everything akimbo as if his parachute had failed to open.

The glim in triplicate was blue while Breep's other two eyes were brown. It also lacked lashes and what eyebrows it had were made of grains of powder.

Mrs. Breep tossed the still puffing revolver alongside her late husband's canceled body, brushed one hand against the other as if she were slicing Bologna very thin and transparent and said, "Well, Toots, this is one time you ain't going to play it in no trump."

East and West, not so well known by their documented name, Rinkles, clung to each other like fake wrestlers. They looked from the horizontal Breep to the vertical one and back again in neighborly stupefaction. An instant before Breep had been all over the dial and then he was suddenly tuned out forever. It didn't seem possible that his thunderous quibbling and accentuated peevishness were no longer reverberating through the valleys and echoing from the hills. In bridge recapitulations he had been an instantaneous analyst with a loud voice for authority and a sweeping gesture for corroboration.

NOW, he lay there as silent as moss in a grove of rubber trees. The .48-caliber eye in his forehead gazed winklessly at the ceiling. His wife's accurate shelling had deprived him of his final argumentative, laryngeal rattle. But, as his last wail and testament had been seven no trump, there was nothing more to be said on the subject. Seven nullo and the points on a giraffe's ears are both tops. The cards were still in Breep's fingers when Officer Stilson deployed as skirmishers into the room and absorbed every detail in an omnibus glimpse.

He looked upon the cadaver, upon the pistol, at Mrs. Breep, and knew it for murder. He did everything a patrolman could do under the circumstances when he said, "Let's review the bidding."

"I dealt and passed," said Rinkle as Officer Stilson retrieved the seven no trumper from Breep's evaporated clutch; "I sat East." Stilson put the nippers on Breep, took the North seat and, thumbing the corpse, said, "There's one kibitzer that won't breathe on the back of my neck."

"I sat South," said Mrs. Breep, "and pre-empted with three spades."



"Madam," said Stall, "what did that fiend in sheep's clothing say when he covered an opponent's honor?"

"Were the lights on or off?" asked Stilson.

"They were on," answered Mrs. Rinkle as Stilson interrupted with, "Where were you at the time?"

"I was West," Mrs. Rinkle testified, "and passed."

"That makes me North," said the officer. "How many shots were fired, why did you leave Pittsburgh and when did everything turn black?"

"He bid three no," said the self-inflicted widow. "I went to five spades over that and he topped that with five no trump. When I said six spades he stuck to his no trumps. Finally, I said seven spades and he went to—"

"Seven no trump," finished Stilson. "That's the bid to end all bidding. Here comes Doc Binks." The coroner was round-shouldered from looking at people lying on the ground.

"He sat North?" asked Doc Binks.

and when Stilson nodded neatly, the Doc said, "There should be more Norths shot. Let's review the bidding." When the bidding had been reviewed the Doc remarked, "The only mystery about this shooting is why she waited so long." He then entered the score in his emergency tally sheet with FHTM taking the place of the familiar DOA. Fourth Hand to the Morgue instead of Dead on Arrival.

THE bridge experts from the Morning Mirage and the Illustrated Evening Lecture arrived to interview the beautiful relict. Photographers bulbed her in graceful poses and the Mirage beat the morning field with a four-column picture slugged, "The Beautiful Dummy." Murder by bids had become so popular in the restricted suburbs that city editors assigned their bridge experts to all shootings and put their star crime reporters on the Children's Page.

The coroner performed a hasty autopsy on the cards and issued the temporary verdict, "Murder with intent to educate." While this was merely eternity in the third degree it was enough to hold Mrs. Breep for trial. The Morning Shuffle published the first correct groupings of the hands and boosted its over-the-shoulder circulation in the subway and in elevators. The Mirage imported the originator of the Constantinople Coup in which the bidder plays all thirteen cards hoping it is fourteen and a misdeal. The Illustrated Lecture discovered that the pretty widow had been a fancy cook before her marriage. She had specialized in scrolled and leafy greetings in white sugar on birthday and wedding cakes. This paper dug up the only existing specimen of her art in a dusty bakery window far downtown in the wholesale hardware district. Hand-writing experts concentrated on the tes-

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



timonial icing and discovered that the words, "Happy Golden Wedding," had been written with homicidal intent on the upstrokes.

Mrs. Breep retained the law firm of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper, the senior members of sixteen names on two glass doors and a postscript on the transom. Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper announced they would present an alibi for their client until the Morning Shuffle printed a picture of the lady looking through her fingers at the inert body of the slain Breep. The slug on this half-tone was, "A One-sided Game of Peekaboo." Which nifty headline-writing got its creator the Nobel Literature Prize and a three-year contract in Hollywood autographing eggs at the Ostrich Farm.

It ruined the alibi gag and Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper then stated their defense would be, "Resolved, that the hand could not have been made."

On the day the trial opened the presiding judge was severely sunburned by the flashlights and was in bed two weeks. At the end of that time he appeared with some smoked glasses and both sides exhausted their objections to prospective jurors, to themselves and to the coffee in the wagon lunch on the corner.

Although the judge had no objections to community singing he did object to Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper appearing as a quartet and Stall was named mouthpiece for the defendant. He succeeded in packing the jury with married women who had shuffled cards for twenty years without ever having been asked to deal. There were six married ladies and six married men on the jury, most of whom had gone to school at the Grand Central information booth.

The feature of the trial was the complete chart of all four hands in playing cards a foot high. The chart was nailed

on the side wall facing the jury. Officer Stilson was called first by the state and the D. A. got a laugh when he referred to the awful wrench Stilson got when he saw the distressing sight. Stall objected with the result that the flashlights made him look like the station announcer.

WHILE Doc Binks was testifying that Breep was dead enough to read Sanskrit the judge discovered his bench had been wired for sound. There was a dictaphone under the cushion of his chair and the defense asked for a mistrial when it was discovered that one juror had got his seat from a speculator. The Mirage ran a cartoon of the trial showing the judge singing, "Gimme my boots and saddle," with a dictaphone under the saddle and a Broadway columnist in each boot. The first day was taken up mostly with establishing the corpus delicti and endorsing beauty lotions.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," said the D. A. on the second day, "and others too biased to mention. I will prove that the victim Breep was cut off in the first blush of his second childhood. I will prove that he had no more chance than a water bug in a dustpan. I will prove that the Borgia you see there—" "I object," screamed Stall. "He wasn't poisoned. He was shot."

The handsome widow looked delighted at this defense of her cooking. Every woman is entitled to a pardonable vanity over her recipes.

"That's all I wanted to know," continued the D. A. "Poor Breep was shot. And why was he shot? Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I say that no man shall take the law into his own hands and shuffle it. I shall ask Professor Cumberstone to take the stand. Professor, what do you do for a living?"

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Spinach, Spinach, Everywhere

By Walter Davenport

AT NINE o'clock in the Iron Mike Saloon on the Manhattan side of the Hudson, a squat giant who had only two fingers on his left hand broke his beer glass on a table and bellowed something harsh and Polish. His face looked like a football field after the game. Tossing the handle of the glass to the barkeep, who was just as Polish as he was, he swaggered muscle-bound to the door. And in his wake, suddenly silent, sullen and stiff with strength, went fifty broad-beamed men who, in the rancid murk and half-light of the place, might have been taken for his brothers. Herdlike, without haste, they mobbed through the door, crushing, crowding, trampling each other without smiles or recognition. And yet they had been working together for years.

A million dollars' worth of perishable fruits and vegetables were arriving in New York. It was their job to help unload it and start it on its way to tomorrow's dining rooms. As they barged and banged into the night and turned in a shoulder-to-shoulder drove toward the piers, they wiped the foam and grease of their supper from their faces with their sleeves. Their progress was slow but uninterrupted, like logs in a river. A block west a similar mob, like them in every particular, barged out of a similar saloon, joining them. And a little farther on another. There was disorder but no confusion; stumbling, veering and blind trampling but no loss of jolting-onward motion.

But what impressed you most was the absence of talk. Our notes read, "No noise, no noise." And after that, "Dumb stampede." That was it—a dumb, deliberate stampede. There was no noise, just sound—the heavy crash of thick soles on the pavement and an overtone of grunts and growls. There were only two disturbances in the roundup. Once a man reached back and smashed another fellow in the face. The other fellow went down and lay there. And they let him lie, stepping over him, pressing on. Another man fell of his own accord, drunk. They rolled him into the gutter with their feet, but kept right on like a jam of tractors.

Out of the dark narrow street, now packed from

curb to curb with them, they herded into the white-lighted water front. No orders were given. None were needed. Heads down, shoulders bent, milling like steers, they suddenly and to us miraculously separated into close-packed mobs, each mob being a formless platoon of seven-men gangs. And each mob clumped at the heels of its boss-leader, such as the defingered, battle-gashed fellow who smashed the beer glass in the Iron Mike, steering toward the piers where they would work in the same bovine silence until daybreak, unloading, piling, reloading, unpiling, heaving and trucking in an ever-thickening stench of tropical rot, vegetable mash, exhaust fumes and all the powerful odors of massed humanity.

Upon a single pier three hundred massive boxcars, sweating melting ice after their ten-day journey from California, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, were descending. They carried lettuce, spinach, celery, peas, melons and the other perishables which within

a few hours would be crying for buyers in the retail market places or be snuggled in the iceboxes of the restaurants, the hotels or private homes. We had to be content with watching this single pier.

At the Horn of Plenty

On both sides of us the same thing was happening on other piers. It was like standing at the lip of an endless cornucopia. Thousands of tons of food were falling at our feet. Within an hour the streets were slushy with it. Our boots were mired in it. We felt that we were breathing it. We ate melons—cantaloupes, honeydews, honeyballs and Persians—bit into plums, apricots, nectarines and heaven knows what else because their owners insisted. And presently, half sick, we hurried off the pier to be cadged by a slinker who wanted a dime for breakfast. We gave him the dime and a handful of fruit. He pocketed the money and threw the fruit against the face of the pier.

And this was but the beginning of a night which was to be what we thought chaos. Thus far we were seeing nothing but rough order, strong, direct action following a simple plan. The unloading of the cars (ferried across the river on enormous barges) was a victory of synchronization, men and machinery and even the tides laboring in calculated partnership. The seven-men gangs, emotionless, mechanical as robots, wafted the crates out of the cars, down the runways and onto the pier in hypnotic silence and tempo. You could almost have kept time by their passage to and fro.

And still no one gave orders. No one spoke. The whole business—the arrival of the car-laden barges, the unloading, the piling, the departure of the unloaded barges and the immediate incoming of a new one—the entire performance moved with the monotony and clocked exactitude of levers falling swiftly, quietly, with polished precision into soundproof grooves. One minute was the twin of the next; one barge the duplicate of the one to follow. And pres-

Sit in on this game. The stakes run to a million dollars a night. You can lose a fortune by one wrong bid or the delay of minutes—your fortune or the fortune of some farmer two thousand miles away. This is the Washington Street fruit and vegetable market where the law of supply and demand reaches its howling climax



From California, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, from agricultural sections over the nation, food pours into the Washington Street Market. Some comes by truck, but most of it is ferried across the Hudson River in boxcars carried on large railroad barges. The unloading and piling is done with polished precision. And at one o'clock in the morning the market opens to the buyers—speculators, storekeepers, restaurant men and pushcart peddlers—who run from seller to seller, buying at the lowest price possible, squabbling over pennies while buying in tons. The sellers, wearing their white linen dusters, the badge of their trade, know just three things: They have so much to sell, the buyers have to buy sometime, somewhere, and they, the sellers, must get rid of perishables as rapidly as possible

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT LEAVITT

ently the parade of the gangs began to look like an endless mechanical carrier. There was only one break in the deadly efficient routine—and that startled us out of our fascination.

No bell rang, no whistle blew and we heard no one shout, but suddenly and as one man the gangs quit work. Whatever they were doing at that moment halted. Crates, hand-trucks and everything else the gangs were using fell with a single dull thump unnoticed under the sound-killing vastness of the pier's vaulted roof. And in the same shoulder-to-shoulder, toe-upon-heel huddles in which they had come to work, they trudged off. And still they didn't talk—just clumped after their boss-leaders who, somehow, seemed to be precisely where they should be at the exact moment to lead their freight wrestlers out. No halting for formation, no waiting for the belated and no running to catch up. And in a minute the pier was unmanned—and quieter than ever. And suddenly cold.

"A strike?" we asked.

"Hell, no," said our guide. "Supper. It's midnight. These Polacks don't strike."

We shan't follow them back to the Iron Mike, the Popeye, to Mike the Gouge's, to Big Nose's or to any of the booze-and-blubber joints they spent the next hour in. We'd merely be repeating ourselves. But when they got back to the pier the scene had changed.

For almost three hours the gangs had been building a mountain chain of fruits and vegetables which, the moment the car doors were opened, would begin rapidly to deteriorate. Out of the frigidity of the cars, swept of the crushed ice, they would soften in a short time and soon rot. Perhaps seventy-five per cent of these foods had been shipped east on consignment by growers to whom the loss of a single carload meant demoralizing financial loss. Between 210,000 and 250,000 such cars of perishables arrive in New York City every year. The equivalent of 13,000 to 20,000 carloads arrive by motor truck from Eastern growers in New Jersey, New York State, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Louisiana, Florida, Georgia and even New England.

When a grower ships, his is the great gamble. He is a gambler anyway from the moment he puts the plow to his land—so the final gamble of shipping is for him but another toss of the dice. He ships his produce to the receiver or commission merchant in whom he has as much faith as he dares have in any man whom, the chances are, he has never seen and who may be three thousand miles from his ranch.

He is not altogether blind in his faith. He has financial reports to calculate upon and government legislation to protect him against outright fraud. Furthermore, he understands that the railroad over

(Continued on page 58)



STAND-IN

When you hitch your wagon to a star it doesn't necessarily mean anything. But when a star hitches her wagon to you it means anything you care to make of it.
Bob Houston, male lead, scoring the season's most brilliant Hollywood success

By Thomas Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



THE sun was right overhead and coming down so strong I only finished half my cigarette before I went back through the heavy double doors and inside the stage. That was all I'd been doing all morning, wandering back and forth and waiting. It was my first day and they'd given me a call for nine but nobody had spoken to me except Danny, the assistant director. And all he said was: "Well, stick around. Severn won't be working till later." I was sticking around but I didn't feel much like I belonged there.

It was a little cooler inside the stage unless you had to get under the lights; then it would have been worse than outside. I found a chair nobody was using and watched them shooting.

The scene was a ballroom and there must have been a hundred of those hot lights blazing down on the kids dancing. Every time they finished a take the partners would pat each other's faces dry with tissue, carefully, so as not to spoil the make-up. Then they had to go right back to looking like they were enjoying themselves. Morel wasn't giving them any rest to speak of. Most directors would have been decent on a hot day but not Morel. He had a reputation to keep up—as a slave driver.

There were about twenty couples dancing, all dress extras. There wasn't one of the girls who wasn't pretty but there was just one who stood out from the rest like a Goya in a roomful of pastels. She had on a deep blue evening dress that just matched her eyes and smooth black hair that shone as if it were polished. She was built to make anyone stop and look at least twice—anyone who liked them tall and long-legged.

Finally Morel called time out but only because they were setting up for another shot. All of them went outside for a smoke and I tagged along. I wanted another cigarette anyway.

The boys were in little groups of their own, admiring one another's clothes. They never talked to anybody else or about anything else, at least that was the way it seemed to me. Well, it was their living. I went on a little farther and leaned against the wall of the stage and lit a cigarette. Then I saw her.

She was sitting on a bench and alone. I pretended not to notice her but I was looking all right. She was lovely. Even under the make-up you knew her skin was that delicate kind like thin porcelain and her lashes were long enough to be phony ones but so tangled you were sure they weren't. There wasn't any mistake about her being beautiful. It didn't have anything to do with make-up.

SHE had a cigarette in her hand and she was looking in her bag for a match. It didn't take long for me to get over there with a box in my hand and hold out a light for her. She took it without looking up at me but when she did it was worth waiting for.

"Thank you," she said. Now it was perfect. She had one of those deep, throaty voices—to match.

"It's a pleasure," I told her, "believe me!" She kept looking at me and smiling so I motioned to the bench alongside her.

"May I?" I asked her. She didn't say no so I sat down. "If I'm—if you want to be alone I can get up again."

"Are you sure?" She was evidently

sure of herself by the way she said it. I leaned back and looked at her. I hadn't been wrong.

"Would you like to meet Bob Houston?" I said. I was looking over at the other stage.

"Why—yes." She looked around. "Who is he?"

"Me," I said and I grinned at her. "I'd like to meet you."

She laughed. "My name's Carol Anders," she said. "Do you always make such formal introductions?"

"No," I told her, "you're a special case. But special!"

She laughed again. It was a nice laugh, not the tinkly kind. Then she looked at me. "Tell me," she said, "what do you do around here? I've been noticing you wandering around all morning but I haven't the faintest idea why."

That was the moment I'd been worrying about. For some reason I was embarrassed. I know I shouldn't have been but I was. Maybe it was because it was my first day at it. I'll wait till I know her a little better, I thought, then she can see I'm not a regular.

"Oh," I said and I shrugged one shoulder, "you'll find out if you're here long enough."

"Come on—give!" She was going to be persistent. Well, at least she was interested. I should have told her then but I didn't. I didn't say anything at all.

"You look like somebody important. What are you—a writer—dialogue director?" She made her blue eyes wide open. "Don't tell me you're a producer!"

"Not yet," I said. "Nothing like that."

"Well?"

After that build-up I certainly couldn't

break it to her cold. "It's nothing of any consequence," I said, "but I know something that is. Will you have lunch with me?"

She considered it carefully for a while and then Danny came out and yelled for them while she was still making up her mind.

"Please," I said to her, "and you're the first girl I've said that to in a long while."

She started inside with the rest but she turned and smiled. "I'll let you know," she said. I stayed and finished my cigarette. I was doing all right—so far.

WHEN they had finished that shot it was after one. Danny called: "One hour for lunch," and then he turned to me. "Severn'll be here," he said; "don't get lost."

Carol came over to me. "I had sort of a date," she said, "but I'll go with you. I warn you, I'm hungry." That didn't bother me; I was working. We walked together to the commissary.

While we were eating I kept the conversation on her which wasn't so hard. She told me she had been doing extra work for a year. That surprised me and not pleasantly either. I'd hoped she hadn't had a chance to acquire a dress extra's viewpoint. But she was still beautiful; you couldn't take that away from her, anyway. For the first time in a long while I felt myself slipping.

She was still curious as to what I was doing on the set. By that time I was in so deep I didn't know what to say. It'll be a good laugh when I start to work, I thought; she'll have a good chance to rib me. She certainly seemed

"Lean over her, you!" said Morel. I leaned over her. She looked up. I was more embarrassed than I had ever been in my life. Then she smiled and I almost went over backward



to like me, anyway. I wondered if I should ask her when I could see her again or if I had better wait till later. I figured I might as well wait.

When we got back, Morel was rehearsing a scene with Severn and Joan Trevor, the star. Severn saw me and waved. Morel looked annoyed; I knew he and Severn didn't get along very well. That made Morel wrong, for Severn was one of the nicest guys I'd ever known. Playing leads didn't make any difference to him. They ran through the scene twice and then I saw Danny looking around and I knew this was it. Severn and Trevor walked off the set and Danny yelled: "Okay—second team!" I got up and grinned at Carol as well as I could.

"That's me," I said. "I hope you're not too shocked." Then I went up there under the lights with the girl who was standing in for Trevor.

I KNEW enough to stand where Severn had been standing but I felt pretty self-conscious. The grips ran around throwing different sized spots in our faces and there was so much light on us it seemed to soak right in. It was plenty hot, too. I could feel the drops running down my face but I didn't move until the cameraman looked up from where he had been sighting on us and said: "Right—mark 'em there." One of the boys curved around the toes of our shoes with a chalk on the floor and we stepped back out of the glare. I had to blink a couple of times before I got my bearings.

Carol wasn't where I had left her. Before I'd found where she had gone Morel started shooting and they were all back on the set. I waited, wondering if it was

going to make any difference. It didn't take me long to find out.

I was sitting alongside Trevor's portable dressing room when they finished. Carol came over in my direction. I couldn't tell whether she saw me or not. I stood up and managed a grin.

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you're still speaking to me. I was afraid being a stand-in—" Then I saw she wasn't amused.

"You're very funny, aren't you, big shot? Asking me to go to lunch with you?" Her face was very hard for all its youth.

"Why?" I asked her, "is that so bad? It doesn't make me a leper, does it? Or does it?"

"Well, why didn't you say so then? What were you kidding me for?"

"I don't know," I told her. "Or if I do, I don't think I'll tell you—now." I looked at her. "Haven't you ever been broke?"

She stood as tall as she could and I guess she was registering elegance. "If I were," she said, "I wouldn't go around making believe I wasn't!" She gave a perfect illustration of turning on a heel and then she looked back at me once. "I could have had lunch with somebody important," she said, and she walked off. A couple of the extra boys were staring at me and grinning. I stood there feeling pretty much like a damn fool.

The door of the dressing room opened and Marie, Trevor's stand-in, came out. I hoped she hadn't heard me. "What's the matter?" I asked her. "You look all in." She was a slim little girl and she did look as if she were about to pass out.

"Headache," she said and she shut her eyes. "Those lights—"

"Yeah. I know. Why don't you lie

down for a while? Want me to get you some aspirin?" I wanted to do anything to get my mind off being such an ass.

"No, thanks." She sat down. "I'll be all right." I saw they weren't rehearsing yet so I went outside and had a smoke. I didn't want to bump into Carol again if I could help it.

Severn was sitting there, studying his lines for the next scene. I went over. "Want me to cue you, Alan?" I asked.

"Thanks, Bob, will you?" He grinned at me. "I can't seem to please Morel any other way so I might as well have those right." Then he remembered. "How do you like the job?" he asked me.

"I'd rather be driving a truck," I told him. "There's too much class distinction around here."

He laughed and then we ran through his lines until Danny came out and said: "Ready for you, Mr. Severn." We went in together and I watched them rehearse.

THE scene was a two-shot of Alan and Trevor and it was plenty torrid. In fact, it was the big heart throb of the picture. They were on a couch and Alan's lines called for lots of emoting. They did it over and over before Morel was satisfied. Finally he okayed it and Alan got up. But Trevor stayed on the couch where she was.

"All right, Joan," Morel said. Still she didn't move.

"Marie's got a headache," she said. "I don't mind." Danny said: "Get up there, Bob," and I found myself sitting alongside her. Then I really felt self-conscious.

"You!" Morel said. "Put your arm around her. Why don't you watch the

rehearsal?" I slipped my arm in back of Trevor as formally as I could. She promptly leaned back against it. I tried to act as much like a dummy as possible.

Now you know what Joan Trevor looks like. She's the most beautiful, the most glamorous—well, the most temperature-raising dame in pictures. And there I was with her golden hair tickling my nose and smelling as sweet as all the flowers on Easter. It wouldn't have been so bad for it to have been real.

"Lean over her, you!" said Morel. I leaned over. She looked up, right in my eyes. I was more embarrassed than I had ever been in my life. Then she smiled and I almost went over backward.

"Nervous?" she said. "I won't bite."

"Well," I said as well as I could manage, "uh—to be honest—very!"

"Don't be," she said and she moved a little closer against my shoulder. "I think this is fun."

"I guess it ought to be for me," I said, "but I don't know why you should think so."

"Oh, sometimes I make my own definitions of what constitutes fun." She was still looking right in my eyes.

"Yes," I said. Then I got absolutely tongue-tied. I couldn't have said anything more if it had been for a hundred bucks a word.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?" she asked me. "I wouldn't call you exactly the type."

I took a long breath. "It's my first job," I said. "I knew Alan—Mr. Severn—and he got it for me." Well, it was nice to know I could talk. I felt better so I grinned and said: "I didn't know it would get me in a spot like this!"

(Continued on page 45)

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

HENRY SHANE, right-hand man of John Barrett, a young planter, is murdered—stabbed to death by a mysterious assassin in Barrett's home on Malangai, one of the Philippine Islands. A few hours later, the body of Gagahan, one of the houseboys, is found; he, too, has been killed with a knife.

Captain Norse, of the Philippine Constabulary, arrives, questions everyone. He finds evidence which appears extremely damning to Tonai Merriam, a beautiful young woman about whom even Barrett himself (although she happens to be among his house guests) knows little. A witness to the murder of Shane—killed in her room, within a few feet of her—she tells a highly improbable story; and when a knife, her property—a knife which she admits to having hidden—is found, it seems certain that she is either guilty of the crimes or deeply involved.

Before his arrival, Norse had been investigating another mystery: the disappearance of a coconut planter, Neal Merriam, *Tonai Merriam's husband*. He suspects that Tonai, working with some man—possibly Suva Jim Cooper, a wandering trader with none too savory a reputation—has brought about the death of Neal Merriam; then, for reasons as yet unrevealed, has assassinated Shane and the houseboy.

Questioned about her relations with Suva Jim, Mrs. Merriam says that she had been kidnaped by him, shortly before her husband had disappeared; she professes to loathe the man. Whereupon, turning from the woman to Lon Llewellyn, one of Barrett's employees, Norse obtains a surprising admission: Llewellyn informs him calmly that he has been in love with Tonai Merriam for at least four years! Barrett has three other guests: old Justin Lowry, his financial backer; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged and who suspects him of complicity in the crimes; and middle-aged Mrs. Holderness, Marise's chaperone. Norse interrogates all three; they can contribute little to what he already knows.

Together, in the compound of the house, Marise and Barrett have a talk; they carefully avoid the subject of the murders. After a time, Marise rises. "Come on in where the others are," she says, with a shudder. "These old walls give me the creeps."

VI

I FOLLOWED Marise to the *sala* and for some moments stood leaning in the doorway, unable to relax. Justin Lowry was stamping up and down, explaining to the rest of them, in jerky, heartily voiced sentences, just what he thought of Captain Norse. He wheeled upon me now, addressing me in loud, firm tones.

"I want to tell you, Barrett," he half shouted, "that you have my every sympathy. I don't appreciate the line this fellow Norse is taking at all. Apparently, he is ready to accept some Moro's word over your own. I resent that! I think we all ought to resent that."

I shrugged. "I don't think Norse believes the Moro, Mr. Lowry. He knows Moros too well. The Moros have no compunction at all about lying; especially to a white man. Evidently Hakim has decided he wants to keep his skirts clear. I don't know what Norse has on his mind, but you can be sure he is not relying upon what Hakim says."

"In any case," Lowry said emphatically, "I believe your story implicitly. And if he continues this fatuous lying, I want you to know that I am going to back you to the limit!"

"Thanks."

I moved away from them and went wandering through the house. And now Mrs. Holderness, of all people, chose to come hunting me up.

"I do hope, John," she began anxiously, "you are not counting too much on what Justin said just now. His promise of support, I mean."

"I'm beginning to think it's a mistake to count on anybody, very much."

"What I mean is," Mrs. Holderness said, "I think Justin spoke more in anger than in faith. He has taken a great dislike to Captain Norse. But, my boy, I want to caution you. You are going to have to take an entirely different tone with Justin."

"He's not used to being spoken up to, the way you've been doing. I was amazed at the way you spoke up for that girl last night. Of course, I feel sorry for her, too, and I can talk to Justin the way I want to. But you're in a different position, John."

I said nothing. By this time I had only a vague idea of what my position was.

"Get out!" Norse snapped. Cooper took a long step forward, so that he was half crouched over Captain Norse. He drew in his breath. Tonai Merriam cried out, "Jim!"





"I feel it my duty to warn you," Mrs. Holderness went on. "You're in a very good position to upset your own apple cart. If you go on as you're doing, you're going to lose Justin's backing; and all your plans for Malangai, and Tunganan, too, will blow higher than a kite. And if that happens you're going to lose Marise. Maybe you're going to lose Marise anyway; I must say, I don't like the way she looks at Charley Vaughn. But at least, you can watch out how you talk to Justin. There certainly are a great many times when you had better hold your tongue."

"Mrs. Merriam hasn't a friend on Malangai," I pointed out. "It seems to me she certainly needs somebody to speak up for her."

"All right. Have it your own way. And every time you speak up you can just say to yourself, 'I'm talking myself straight out of a million dollars!'"

I WANTED to say, "Damn his million dollars," but I couldn't; I knew Mrs. Holderness was trying to help me. I was glad that she turned her back on me now and went back to the *sala*, her heels clicking with fussy impatience.

And now Lon Llewellyn came to tell me that Captain Norse wanted me again.

"I understand that they finally located Suva Jim, and he's on his way. I don't know what Norse wants with you, John, but whatever it is, for God's sake, watch this buck. Keep your temper, John, and don't commit yourself to anything when he goes to throwing in the hooks."

I had to grin a little at his solemn face. "I don't know what you mean, Lon. All I hope is he'll quit bearing down on that girl."

"You never mind that girl," said Lon Llewellyn. "She can take care of herself. You've got Tunganan to think of. If Norse manages to stir up some kind of a scandal—"

"I don't see what it has to do with me."

Lon shrugged. "You just watch that fellow—that's all. I don't like his eye."

He walked with me to the door of my *oficina*, where Norse waited. "Remember this, John," he said. "I'm backing you to the limit—whatever breaks."

I grinned at him again, and went in.

Tonai Merriam was already there. She was sit-

ting on her feet in a big chair, looking very much like a tormented little child—a thin, neglected sort of child.

"Sit down," Norse said; and I obeyed. "There are quite a few details here that I'm going to have to take care of yet," he said. "Suva Jim Cooper should be here presently, and I have a few questions to ask him. But before we go any farther, there's a way that my work can be cut short, and everything made easier for us all."

He blew out an interminable thread of smoke and studied it narrowly before he went on. "Mrs. Merriam, I'm ready now to give you the best chance I'm able to give you. I'm going to offer you what I consider a sound and reasonable plan; and I have asked Mr. Barrett to stand by as witness so that there will be no question of any infringement upon your rights."

We waited. Captain Norse's eyes turned sleepily upon Mrs. Merriam, and I had an immediate sense of foreboding. I had learned by now that when Norse's eyes looked sleepy he was very likely to bear down with an unexpected savagery.

His voice was casual in tone as he spoke. "I know, of course," he said to Tonai Merriam, "that you killed Henry Shane."

There was a little silence then. My eyes turned quickly to Tonai, and I saw that her face did not change. It was as if she had not heard.

"That," I said, keeping my voice down, "is the silliest statement I have ever heard made."

IN THE flick of Norse's glance I felt a flash of the steel which this man so rarely showed. "Be quiet," he snapped at me. "I advise you, Mrs. Merriam, to rest no confidence in the opinions of Mr. Barrett. He does not think you killed Shane because he does not wish to think so. As for knowing what he's talking about, he doesn't in the least. He hasn't even the vaguest idea of how you arrived upon Tunganan in the first place."

"I've told you all that before," Tonai Merriam said wearily. "I sailed on Suva Jim Cooper's boat to rejoin my husband on the Gulf of Davao; after we found Kivasawan deserted, Cooper insisted upon proceeding here; and—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, but—"

"Well, Mr. Barrett knows all that, too. I've told you both all that I know myself."

"He doesn't know how you got from here to Tunganan," said Norse, speaking mildly again. He watched Tonai Merriam's lips tighten a little, then went on. "I'll tell you—I'll tell you both—exactly how you proceeded from here to Tunganan, without baggage and without any very visible means, in the teeth of a rising *baguio*."

We waited again, while he smoked with a slow relish.

"You went to Tunganan in a fast Moro outrigger—a vinta with a red, white and black sail, known to be the fastest in the local fishing fleet; originally built for piracy. You were sailed by a single Moro. He set you down on Tunganan's leeward beach, out of sight of the Seasweep's anchorage, and himself immediately returned to Malangai. The Moro's name was Nural Hakim."

FOR the first time surprise showed in Tonai Merriam's face—surprise, and a trace of doubt, as she stared straight into Captain Norse's eyes.

"That covers that," Norse said smoothly; "though perhaps if you just happen to feel like it you might tell us how you persuaded Nural Hakim to go out in such weather."

Once more there was that definite, unsettled hesitation in Tonai Merriam before she answered.

"It's getting so I like to see her hesitate," Norse drawled. "When she hesitates, she is usually about to tell the truth."

"Of course I'm going to tell the truth," Tonai Merriam said clearly. "I persuaded him to go by paying him, and paying him extremely well. The weather was nothing that a Moro is afraid of. He could have stayed on Tunganan, if he'd been afraid of the way the *baguio* promised to turn."

Norse leaned forward, and his voice dropped a shade lower in the curious way he had of gaining emphasis. "Mrs. Merriam, when did Nural Hakim work for you before?"

Tonai Merriam bit her lip; yet she answered almost immediately. "He worked for my father, once, at Cotobato."

Captain Norse took time for a victorious glance at me, but pursued immediately.

"And when did you send Nural Hakim here?"

"I did not send him here. I've not even seen him, for years."

"Oh, look here, now! Still another coincidence? It's getting so a man can't move without falling over four or five of them!"

She answered him coolly. "There isn't any very surprising coincidence in it. My father employed hundreds of Moros; many of them from tribes who wander the sea most of their lives. I never go anywhere without seeing one or two."

"Wonderful memory for faces?" Norse suggested mildly.

"I don't know what you mean by that. I have eyes. It isn't my fault if very few people ever notice anything."

CAPTAIN NORSE drew a deep breath, and shifted in his seat as he half turned toward me. He seemed to be trying to relax; yet he only managed to achieve an effect of a tenseness increased and extreme.

"A remarkable woman," he conceded, and bit his mustache. It could be seen now that Captain Norse was not happy in his work. The casual effect of pessimistic gloom, the humorous simulation of inefficiency—these were gone. Norse was no longer simulating anything.

"The picture is now complete," he said. His voice was at once matter-of-fact and incisive. "We are now given the explanation of Gagahan's murder, as well as that of Shane. I do not pretend to understand Moros, nor their conception of loyalty. It suffices that I have seen them do certain things. I have known Moros to wander about keeping a watch over people to whom they were friendly, and whom they believed to be in danger. That evidently was what Hakim did. He already had cause to know that Mrs. Merriam was in an uncomfortable situation. He wandered around the night compound, keeping an eye on her. Undoubtedly he saw Shane die; and he knifed Gagahan quite casually as a hostile spy."

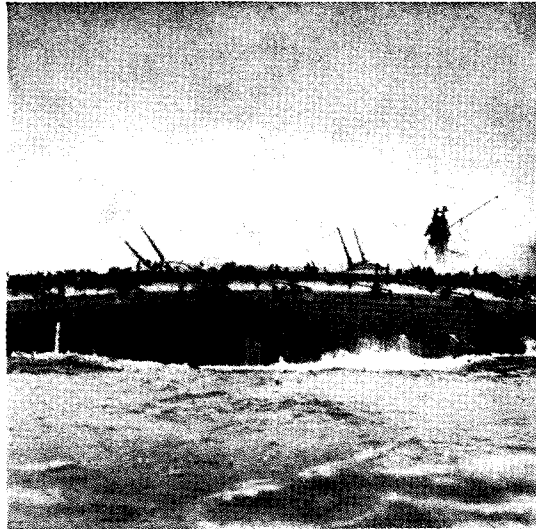
"I don't believe it," I said flatly.

"You don't believe it because you don't want to believe," Norse said. He turned upon Tonai. "Probably Nural Hakim will correctly describe Shane's death when sworn upon the Koran by an Imam. But if he was not really a witness, that makes no difference. Our case is complete without him. I'm ready now to tell you my proposition. Please listen carefully. Everything that is about to happen to you depends upon what you are about to decide."

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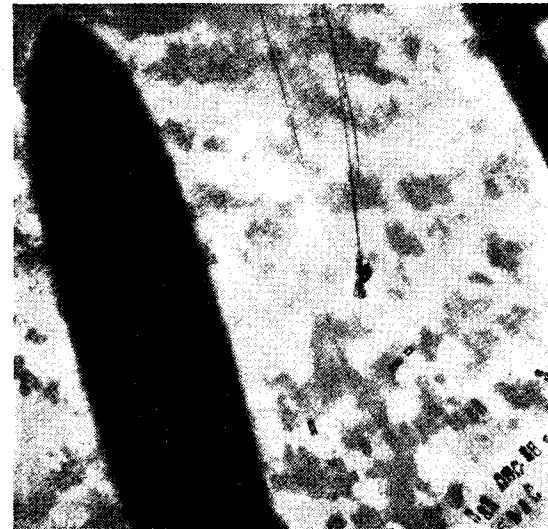
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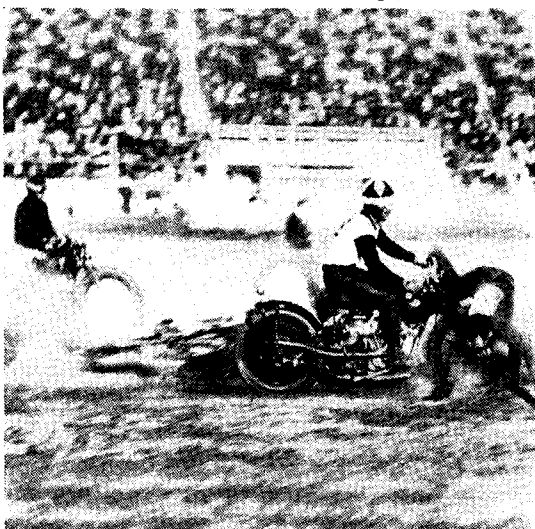
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Photo Mugs

By Kyle Crichton

"The boss says to get it and we get it," say the photographers. They hunt their prey aloft and aloft and, sooner or later, cost what it may, they get the pictures

IF YOU have had the misfortune to bump a traffic cop or to be the husband of a lady whose father owns half Manhattan Island or if for any reason you hit the headlines of the country's newspapers, you might just as well stop going around with your hat over your face. The photographers will get you eventually. You'll either find them in your bed when you get home or popping out of a clothes hamper when you're eating your breakfast.

"The boss says to get it and we get it," say the photo mugs in defense.

They get it even at the cost of their own lives, as happened with Milton Norton, who went aloft with the first blimp at Akron and was the last to jump when the craft took fire. He got the pictures of the fire but his parachute caught on the cornice of an office building when

coming down and Norton was killed. He lived long enough to ask anxiously, "How are the plates?"

The news photographers frequently are in bad with the country. The self-exile of Colonel Lindbergh to Europe is said to have been caused primarily by the insistence of photographers in getting a picture of his second son. The generally accepted story is that cameramen from INP, a Hearst organization, used their car to crowd the car with the Lindbergh baby to the curb, paralyzed the attendants with fear that it was a second kidnapping and escaped with the picture.

The story as given by the photographers is this:

"The second Lindbergh baby had never been photographed and, in view of the previous misfortune in the Lindbergh

family, every editor knew what a terrific job it would be to get pictures of young Jon Lindbergh. There is no such word as 'can't' in the lexicon of the photographer. Because Sam Shere had New Jersey license plates on his car, he would not be apt to arouse suspicion if he drove around the Morrow house in Englewood—that is, if he did it often. Just then the office learned that Mrs. Anne Lindbergh took young Jon to kindergarten not very far from the Morrow home about 8:30 in the morning and called for him about noon. Shere located the private house where the kindergarten was held. On several successive mornings, he cagily watched the arrival and departure of little Jon with his mother.

"He parked his car on other near-by streets and merely strolled past the kindergarten house most casually. When he was sure of his time, he called the office and suggested that a truck be used—that he could work from inside the truck. Then for several mornings the truck was parked across the street from the kindergarten so that people would get used to seeing it there and not become suspicious. After three days of this, Shere stationed himself inside the truck with a telephoto camera. Through a rent in the tarpaulin covering of the truck he leisurely took his pictures.

"All this time he had been unaware that secret service men and private detectives had been watching the truck's movements. Shere had barely finished taking the pictures when the driver of the truck sensed the approach of the detectives. He turned over his motor, shifted gears and headed downhill and away from the scene. Before very long sirens were shrieking and Shere knew he was in for it. The truck turned several corners and stopped. Both driver and Shere ran, in opposite directions. . . . Shere reported in with his pictures. . . ."

They let nothing stop them, these photographers, least of all regard for good taste.

Assassination Close-Ups

Perhaps the greatest achievement of late years was the pictures made of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles in 1934. Several cameramen covered the event but Georges Mejat of Fox Movietone got not only pictures of the murderer firing the shots, but of the collapse of both Alexander and Barthou, and the cutting down of the assassin by the sabers of the mounted police.

Sammy Schulman had a similar break on the attempted assassination of President Roosevelt by Zangara at Miami. The photographers had taken the usual shots of the President upon arrival in Miami and had then gone back to the special train for the trip north. Only Schulman stayed behind. He spotted his friend, Mayor Cermak of Chicago, in the crowd and went up to speak to him as he leaned over the President's car. Shots rang out. Schulman had no idea where they came from but when he turned questioning to Mayor Cermak he noticed a bloody splotch on Cermak's shirt.

Then he realized what had happened. "Shall I help Cermak or take the picture?" he asked himself.

Two men ran up to help Cermak, Schulman stepped back several paces, took his pictures and then assisted Cermak to the car which was to take him to the hospital, where he later died.

Stunt pictures are often the most exciting. Al Mingalone had himself lashed to a periscope of a submarine to get shots of guns on the deck going under water during crash dives. Russell Muth flew with Mlle. Dolores Santora into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius and brought back pictures of the crater in eruption. They tied Tom Cummins to a 500-foot-high Ferris wheel in London and he ground out the picture as it made a complete revolution. At the highest point of the circuit he was upside down. At that instant the camera and Cummins slipped about half an inch in their rope trussing.

"Ugh!" says Mr. Cummins, in recollection.

The Morro Castle Disaster

One of the most spectacular races for pictures centered about the Morro Castle disaster. Mack Baron started from North Beach airport in New York and regretted it almost immediately. The fog was as thick as pea soup and as impenetrable, and Baron wished devoutly that he hadn't forced the pilot to go up.

"We had no radio and felt our way down the Atlantic Coast by skirting the housetops," says Baron. "I can't figure yet why we didn't hit a house or a high-tension wire. The only way we located the ship was by the strong smell of smoke which guided us for eight miles until we came directly over the burning wreck. Then the miracle happened. We were flying in a blanket of fog and couldn't see a thing. Suddenly the blanket started to slide back as if a maid were pulling it off a bed. There was the ship, with Captain Warms and a group of officers standing on the bow and a lifeboat full of passengers pulling away. I took my pictures, the fog settled down again and we started back. If coming down was bad, the return was worse. We were flying at 500 feet and had a dozen close escapes by zooming up just as we were about to crash into something."

The Akron disaster was a triumph for Frank Muto. At Barnegat Bay the old salts told him no man in his senses would think of taking him out in that sea. They suggested Atlantic City, where he might get a larger boat. It had taken him three hours to get to Barnegat from his home in the Bronx and he dashed off in the storm for Atlantic City. There he hired a rumrunner which had formerly been a U-boat chaser. They set the course from charts and for seven hours tossed about in a mountainous sea which made Muto say to himself after each terrific heave: "This is the one."

When they finally reached the wreck, Muto was lashed to the deck in front of the bridge and he got his pictures. On the way back a sea lifted the boat what seemed to be hundreds of feet in the air

(Continued on page 42)

Miami: Chicago's Mayor, Anton Cermak, is slain in an assassin's attack on Franklin D. Roosevelt

North Sea: The German cruiser Bluecher sinks after its encounter with Admiral Beatty's British fleet in the Battle of the Dogger Bank

Johnstown: Raging flood waters pour through the streets and panic-stricken residents of the city flee to higher ground for their lives

Havana: Cuban revolutionists wildly acclaim the killer of Antonio Jimenez, leader of Machado's dreaded strong-arm squad

Marseilles: Police close in on the assassin after the shooting of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France

Camp Kearney: A landing-crew man clings two hours to a rope attached to the Akron; is saved. Two others have already fallen to their deaths

Long Beach: In a fast race at Moto Speedway a motorcyclist is thrown from his speeding machine onto the front wheel of another motorcycle

Philadelphia: Falling into the Schuylkill River, Thomas Williams clings to an empty oil barrel, slips, clutches again, slips again, drowns

New York: Mayor W. J. Gaynor, aboard ship about to sail from New York for England, is shot by a disgruntled former city employee

Belgium: Sunrise and the end of the road for a German spy captured by the Belgians near Termonde, behind their lines, during the World War

New South Wales: Two trotting-race drivers in the Patient's Handicap crash and a third is about to overturn on a sharp curve of the track

Flemington: The Hauptmann verdict is announced to a crowded courtroom, ending the trial of the kidnaper of Charles Lindbergh's son

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

The Story Thus Far:

GAIL WILLIAMS, noted Middle Western girl flyer, comes to New York to meet Dolly Harris (daughter of the wealthy Harrises: Peter and Hildreth), whom her cousin, George Crosley, is to marry. At their beautiful Long Island estate she meets all three Harrises. She is instantly drawn to them.

Like Gail's father, Peter ("Speed") Harris has made a vast fortune manufacturing airplanes. He takes her through his factory. Then, while driving her home he loses control of his car and wrecks it.

Gail is injured slightly. For several days she rests—with Hildreth Harris caring for her tenderly—at the Harris country place. There it gradually dawns on her that she is far, far more interested in Peter Harris than she should be; there she learns—although Peter strives earnestly to avoid any reference to what is going on in his heart—that Peter Harris (years older than she, but fascinating) is in love with her.

Gail Williams is not the sort of girl to have an "affair" with any man; nor is she a husband-stealer. But, under the spell of Peter's glowing personality, she finds it impossible to put him out of her thoughts. . . . In New York City (where she has been living with her godmother) Gail takes a small apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. And there she receives an amusing visitor: Bill Jones.

Bill—a pickup acquaintance whose charming impudence and wit delight her—is employed by a radio broadcasting company. His salary is a small one; he is always "broke." But from time to time he has made reference to an invention, on which he has been working and which, he believes, may some day make him rich. Now, at last, he invites Gail to go to his room and inspect it.

Gail, genuinely interested, goes. In his room—his "laboratory"—he shows Gail a remarkable mechanism, capable, it appears, of bending radio waves. Instantly Gail senses its value to aviation, its commercial possibilities. She thinks of her father—her father who, touring Europe with a young bride, would pay handsomely for this mechanism. Should she cable him, telephone him? . . . Or should she say to young Bill Jones: "Peter Harris is your man . . . ?"

IV

GAIL spoke, looking at Bill with intent, considering eyes. The flush of excitement still enhanced her cheeks but her regard was steady. She said, firmly: "Peter Harris is your man."

"Harris," repeated Bill doubtfully. "But I thought—" He paused, seemed suddenly extremely uncomfortable.

Gail was no more a mind reader than the majority of us but the guilty conscience sharpens perceptions. She explained swiftly.

"You thought—why don't I advise you to offer it to my father? I've been standing here, thinking about that, too. But he's in Europe, for an indefinite period, as you know. That doesn't preclude my reaching him by telephone, cable or letter. But he wouldn't take anyone's word at that distance. Seeing's believing with him. I've no idea when he will be back." Bitterness rose in her throat, like gail, and she added, "He's been talking of retiring when he does get back . . ." She was silent for a minute, thinking of how carelessly her father had proposed such a step and of her horrified repudiation of the heresy. "At your age! You can't, it would be unthinkable!" And she remembered his answer, "Why? I've worked hard all my life; I want to enjoy

things for a bit. I've got enough money for all of us. Just making money isn't the main thing in life; the trouble with it is you get so you believe it is, after a while. I'd almost reached that stage—"

She went on:

"I could send you out to the plant tomorrow, to talk with the engineers, and Fallon, the manager. But it wouldn't do any good. Father has the whole works sewed up tighter than a Thanksgiving turkey. They won't move without him—Sorransen's comes close to being a one-man concern. If we wait till he comes back . . . well, that's a long way off, and then if he should retire . . . No. You must see Peter Harris. Or at least give me permission to talk to him about it—" She regarded him and her eyes began to shine again. She cried, "Bill, I feel in my bones that you've got hold of something pretty big!"

HE SAID, "Perhaps. I was crazy not to see it. It never occurred to me . . . If it should succeed . . . ? Of course you know that it isn't something I can put under my arm so to speak and chuck down on Harris' desk and say, 'There it is.' It may take a long time . . . these are only the first stages . . . but if it does succeed? You'd like that, Gail, it would be up your alley?"

She said, "Of course I'd like it, Bill. What an inadequate way to put it!" She smiled at him, put her slender hands to her head, coaxed the black curls into place. "Now," she said briskly, "we're all set. Let's look over the sketches again. I want to make copies . . . before I go—"

"Gail, wait a moment." He moved nearer to her, put his arms around her shoulders. "Look at me." He was no longer, she discerned with something very like dismay, the careless, flippant, wisecracking Bill she knew. He was grave and insistent and very much in earnest. He asked, "Gail, isn't there a chance for me?"

She freed herself gently. "Please, Bill—" she said. He followed her glance about the room. She thought, this is despicable of me, but it can't be helped. Her glance said, as plainly as words, "This isn't the time or place . . . You have no right to take advantage. It isn't fair."

He said, as if she had spoken, "Okay . . . but you know how I feel, how I'll always feel." He looked, and felt, somewhat abashed; he was an idiot, always putting his foot in it; perhaps she would refuse to come here again, believing that he hadn't sufficient control to keep his hands off her. Being a man and therefore an idealist and sentimental, he admired her scruples, and Gail, sitting down to make her sketches, knew it.

She felt his regard on the slender nape of her neck, like a tangible thing. Her face burned. She was beginning to hate herself . . . using strategy with Bill, dissembling. As if it would have made



Dolly, advancing between hedges of color and fragrance, on her father's arm, seemed unconscious of the people lining the way, watching, sighing, smiling

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



the slightest difference to her in what surroundings he told her he loved her, demanded her promise in return—if she had loved him! Or if she were free to love Peter Harris openly how different things would be. . . . She would give Bill his emotional *congé*, retain him if possible for a friend. But she couldn't. She had to hide, secretly as a miser buries treasure, her love for Harris; she had to play along with Bill, keeping him docile and blind, using him for Peter's ultimate good. She hated it; she liked Bill; she was doing him a major injustice. But it seemed to her that she had no choice.

She said, rising, gathering her things together:

"I needn't say I congratulate you. I think you're pretty darned good. I'm going to see—the Harrises, in a day or so, at Dolly's wedding. I'll take the sketches down, talk to Mr. Harris. You'll go see him, won't you, if he's interested?"

"Will a duck swim?" asked Bill with simple banality.

HE WENT downstairs with her and to the door. He said, regretfully, "I'd walk home with you, but I'm cutting things a little fine, got to be at the studio after I collect some gadgets upstairs. 'By. I'll see you soon?" he asked.

"Very. I'll let you know what I've done about this. . . ." She touched the flat handbag in which she had put the sketches. "Goodbye; it's been grand fun. And I'm so proud of you."

His face became as radiant as a rewarded child's. She felt like a thief, a murderer, smiling at him, turning to walk off briskly down the street.

She was dining with Peter Harris at eight o'clock. He was, he told her over the phone that morning, staying in town for the night. Would she be an angel and take pity on his loneliness? He named the place and the hour and Gail had promised, as evenly as she could under the circumstances, "I'll be there."

Lying, soaking, in the hot, scented water of her tub, dressing, paying unusual attention to the arrangement of her hair, the color of her lipstick, selecting, after discarding half a dozen frocks, the tailored dinner suit, which was new and extraordinarily becoming, she told herself a dozen times, I'm a fool to go. But, on the other hand, she argued, I want to tell him as soon as possible about Bill. At the wedding there won't be time or opportunity.

She had persuaded herself, so miraculously adaptable is the human mind, that it was for Bill's sake that, divorced from self-interest, she kept her appointment.

They went to one of the early-opening roofs, where for the summer season it was not required of them to appear in formal attire. Peter had engaged a table near the big windows and in the blue ceiling there were little stars of light. Meeting him in the cocktail room, Gail was instantly aware of a sickening dropping through space, a sensation comparable to flying high and hitting an air pocket. The winged thing which was her heart soared and fell, and soared again, as she put her hand in his own.

They had their cocktail, moved into the dining room. Dinner had been ordered. "You'll eat it and like it," said Peter serenely. "I enjoy the undivided attention of my dinner partner. I don't want her immersed in menus, distracted by hesitations and reluctances, interrupted by the hoverings of headwaiters. You're looking very well, Gail."

"I am very well."

"Your ship reach here yet?"

"I had word yesterday; she'll be here Saturday."

"Dolly's wedding day," said Peter. His face clouded and he added, "You're staying at the house, aren't you?"

She said, "I feel it an imposition. But Dolly and Mrs. Harris were very insistent. I'd like to, of course."

He said, "After the wedding . . . things will be pretty flat . . . I'll run you over to the field Sunday and we'll try her out. How about it?"

"Fun," she said, smiling.

"Gail, what's my name?" he asked her suddenly.

"Peter," she answered instantly.

"Then why do you avoid it? Am I too hideously old? Should it be Uncle Peter?"

"Don't be absurd," said Gail shortly.

He raised his glass, "Peter it is," he said smiling, "and don't forget it."

Being with him, she had forgotten a number of things. She said quickly, "I have something pretty astonishing to tell you—Peter."

"That sounds rather nice," he reflected aloud. "What is it?"

"It's about Bill Jones."

Peter set down his glass, very carefully. He said, and almost achieved the avuncular manner, "A little sudden, isn't it? Not that I hadn't more or less expected it. A very precipitous young man. But, have you given yourself enough time?"

His manner was interested, concerned, and she accepted its implication. Her winged heart was a leaden weight in her breast. If he thought that she and Bill . . . ? Well, whatever he thought, he didn't care. She said, trying to smile, "You do jump at conclusions. It's about that invention of his."

Peter laughed. He looked ten years younger. Nothing of the uncle about him now. He said, "You take a load off my mind; had me worried, almost!" He grinned at her. "What about it?" he asked, "perpetual motion or something that cooks breakfast, turns on the radio, presses your suits and combs your hair?"

"Seriously," said Gail, as lighthearted as he, and wondering if it were possible for her to acclimate herself to these sudden shifts in the emotional weather, "I think he's hit on something very important." She reached down to the chair on which her bag had been set, and produced her sketches. She said, "You understand it's just in the first stages. He had been thinking along radio lines . . . I just happened to see its application to aviation. Have you a pencil?"

PETER produced one, and Gail, clearing a space about her, put the sketches on the table, touched the first one with the tip of her pencil and began to explain.

Peter listened, asked a question or two, said once, "Marvelous!" pored over the sketches, seized the pencil, made one of his own. Then he sat back and looked at her. He said, "If he can work it out . . .!"

"I think he can. It will take time . . . And money."

"We'll get him the money," Peter promised.

"Not so fast," warned Gail. "Let him go on with it, work it out more definitely first. After that, there's time enough—"

"All right. Suppose you tell him that when he gets far enough along, we'll fix him up."

He paused, smiled. "Shall we dance?"

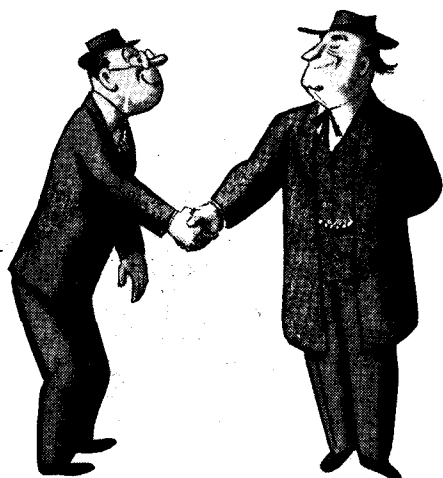
She had not danced with him before. They rose and she went into his waiting arms. The music beat like a pulse in her blood and she was aware of him, as he of her, in every fiber of her being. It was magnificent, it was heartbreakingly lovely, so to be held and guided, aware of his nearness and his strength—and it was terrifying.

When, later, he drove her back to her apartment and stood with her a moment on the steps, he asked, smiling, "Isn't there a pertinent query one meets in the magazines—it might have a bearing on this question—'Should she ask him in?'"

(Continued on page 54)



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



You can shake hands with all the headline names



Air conditioning makes the buildings tourist resorts



The Supreme Court's cafeteria is said to be the best

Greatest Show on Earth

The rubberneck bus is starting. Climb aboard and tour through your nation's capital

By Jim Marshall

AND this," suggested your reporter, rolling along with the other tourists in a look-see limousine through Washington, D. C., "is the Mall?" To rhyme with "pal."

The guide looked at us pityingly. He gestured in a nasty way with his megaphone. The other tourists supported him morally, intimating we were trying to snatch his job right out of his mouth.

"The Mawl," corrected the guide. "Named," he added, "for the man who first laid it out—Paul Mawl."

"A Britisher," suggested your dauntless representative.

"A Londoner," corrected the guide. "A similar boulevard in London is also named Paul Mawl . . . And now, on your right—"

Other cities may stage an exposition or go off the deep end with a centennial, once in a while, but the national capital runs the greatest free show on earth as a continuous performance. Chicago displayed the results of a century of progress. Washington offers the results of a century and a half of Congress. The capital show costs billions, offers rows of priceless exhibits in five hundred million dollars worth of buildings along two magnificent midways and has about 100,000 players in its cast.

Everything in the Washington show is guaranteed the biggest, finest, deepest, broadest, tallest, longest and most expensive on earth. The quest for superlatives goes on day and night and woe betide any other world city that claims a record for anything. Washington will top it—and hang the expense!

The new \$9,000,000 archives building on the Pennsylvania Avenue midway was in disgrace for a long time, because it had nothing to brag about. Its bronze doors weren't the biggest. Its \$75,000 shrine for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution was empty, with the boys up at the Library of Congress hanging onto the two great exhibits like grim death. It had, it is true, a sort of record-sized pediment, but Mr. Robert Connor, the archivist, realized sadly that hardly one tourist out of a million knew what a pediment was, or cared. Most tourists, when asked, said it was a sort of lisp.

Just as Mr. Connor was about to go nuts, trying to discover something about his building to advertise, it was discovered that the inner court of the place was lined by the highest solid brick wall on earth. Everybody breathed more freely, press notices were dispatched to all the newspapers, the Board of Trade sent out bulletins, the great bronze doors were rolled open by electric motors and the public was beckoned in to gape at the new marvel.

Mr. Connor again held up his head in official society.

More than two million people take in the Big Show every year, arriving by plane, boat, train, car, bicycle and thumb. They stay and marvel from a day to two weeks and the town figures its gross tourist intake is about \$100,000,000 a year, which is money, even today.

Name It and They'll Find It

All the government shows are free. Many of them are thrilling. For the serious-minded, there are exhibits and information on every subject under and including the sun. At the slightest provocation, the government will design a house, prescribe for the baby, lay out a garden, show you the state papers of the Hayes administration, test dress material, give away trees, tell you all about a tomato-canful of your garden soil, show you how to can prunes or provide you with a desk and all the literature ever published on any subject.

In between, you can wander around in beach pajamas, shirt and shorts or a pair of overalls, drive your old 1924-model into the White House grounds and shake hands with all the headline names that you can think of.

A rather jarring note was injected into this free-and-easy state of affairs last summer when a guard

at the Library of Congress wouldn't let in a couple of students because they wore polo shirts. But the head men for all the other exhibits looked askance at the outrage and vied with each other inviting tourists to come around in anything except ostrich-feather fans or toy balloons.

Washington's two great midways form a V. The Capitol's at the point. From there, the Mall stretches up to the Lincoln Memorial, past museums, libraries, the Washington Monument and the Smithsonian Institution. The other leg of the V is Pennsylvania Avenue, with half a dozen huge buildings, with a show going on in each. This midway ends at the White House.

Each building houses a department and several bureaus. Each has a standard side show, with the Federal Bureau of Investigation's two-a-day "Crime Doesn't Pay" drama, manned by fabulous G-Men, getting the crowds. Besides, you can have your fingerprints taken for nothing, by an electric process that doesn't ink your fingers, and filed away against the time you poke a gun at the cashier of the Drovers and Bricklayers State Bank.

The G-Men show is a great favorite with the kids, who have forsaken the memory of Jack Dalton, Buffalo Bill, Jesse James and such wonder-men of yesteryear and now idolize the grim-lipped, icy-eyed but good-hearted bandit bumpers instead. Almost every kid who sees the show goes away promising himself the joy of bagging a medium-to-large public enemy when he grows up.

The show, incidentally, is staged in the Department of Justice palace, which is decorated with \$400,000 worth of aluminum, at which Andrew W. Mellon may sometimes be seen looking thoughtfully while visiting the capital.

Ghosts Come to the Capitol

Many tourists arrive in Washington under the impression that the President lives in the Capitol and that Congress runs continuously. They are a bit put out, in summer, because Congress isn't working at all, or at other times because the mighty flame throwers and nation savers of democracy don't start work until noon—which is eight hours later than some of the visitors start work back on the farm.

The Capitol loses some of its attraction when it is discovered that the President doesn't live there, but the guides quickly console the customers by pointing out the Senate seat of the late Huey Long, the most popular sight in the building.

Being a venerable pile, constructed before politicians had become size-conscious, the Capitol can boast nothing that is the largest on earth, so it has to rely on a couple of ghosts. One is that of "Black Jack" Logan, a vice-presidential nominee in 1884, who prowls Tuesday nights; the other is that of a Captain Culpepper of the British army, who set fire to the Capitol, more in a spirit of architectural criticism than in anger, in 1814—and who now dashes through the halls every night with a ghostly torch.

The Department of Commerce ballyhoo is based on having "the biggest office building on earth" and "the finest aquarium in the world." It was started at a time when commerce was plainly visible to the naked eye and completed, at a cost of over \$17,000,000, just about the time the last commercial traveler had his berth shot from under him.

People wander through the building for days, lost in the triple basement, goggling at private offices that lack only redcaps to pose as the waiting room of the Chicago Union Depot, and looking at the aquarium—which, of course, has more fish to the quart than any other, etc., etc.

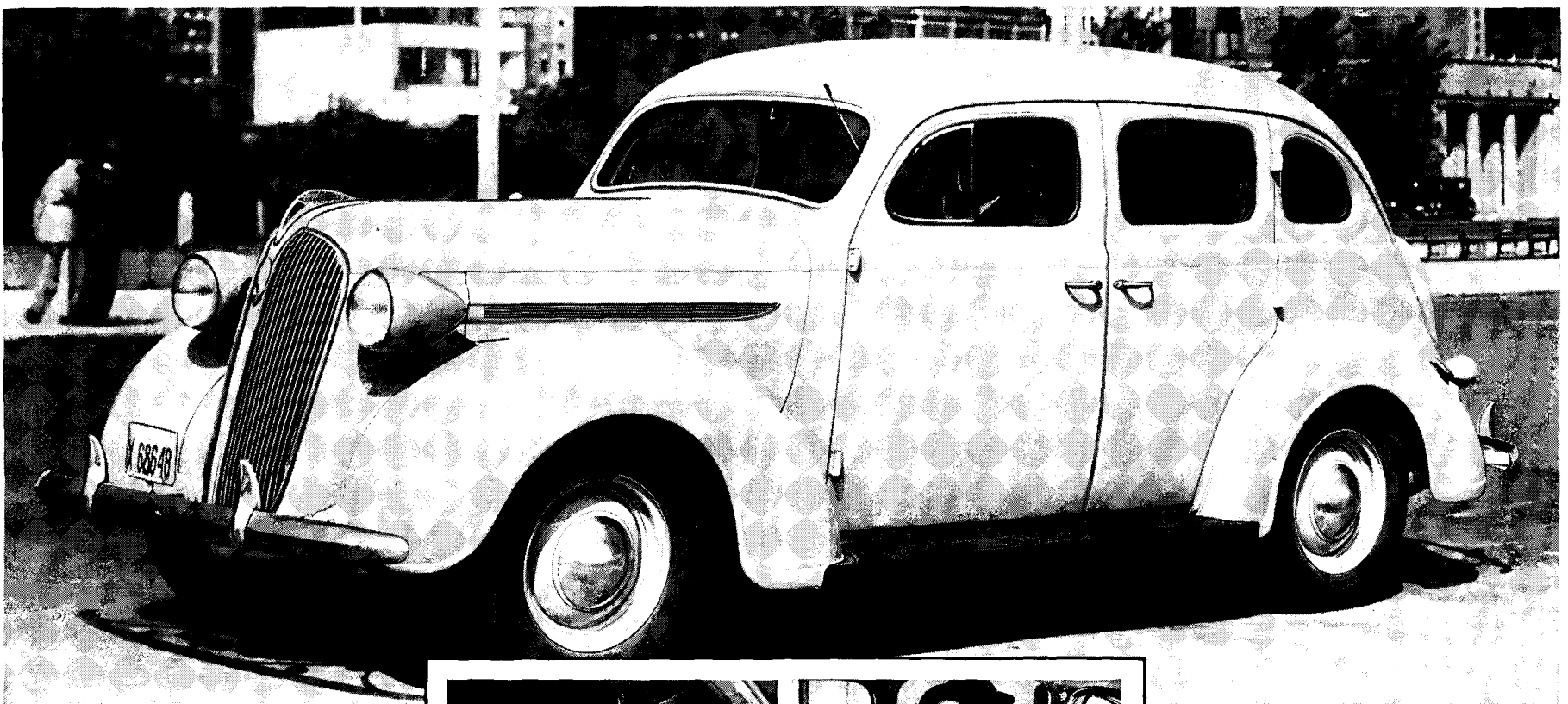
The private offices of all the department heads and secretaries in the new buildings are luscious affairs, but the guides are not anxious to show them, because thoughtful visitors from drought areas and tenement districts have been known to mutter radical remarks

(Continued on page 65)

THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE NEW PLYMOUTH

READ HOW

Plymouth's Entire Body is Cushioned on LIVE RUBBER—Sound-Proofed inside like a modern Broadcasting Studio—Giving an amazing, new "HUSHED RIDE"—How new Airplane-type Shock-Absorbers swallow bumps—And How This Big, New Car SAVES YOU MONEY!

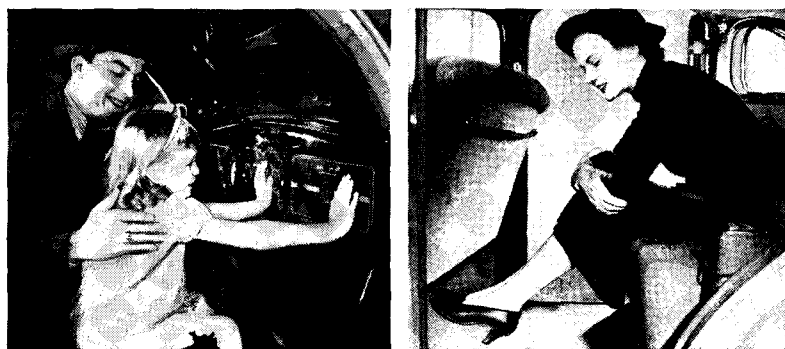


SEE this beautiful, new all-steel body? It's cushioned from the frame by live rubber mountings. Five kinds of insulation **SHUT OUT NOISE**. Four big shock-absorbers... of the type airliners use...**SWALLOW BUMPS** and jolts.

It's the **BIGGEST** Plymouth we've ever built...but it is also America's most economical full-size car.

In every detail, **GREATEST VALUE** for your money! **ALL-steel** body...double-action hydraulic brakes...**Floating Power** engine mountings...finger-tip steering—no "wandering"...new Hypoid rear axle, formerly used in only costly cars!

BE SURE to see it! At Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealers. **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.**



NEW SAFETY INTERIOR!

In this Safety-Styled Interior, instrument knobs and controls are recessed. Door-pull handles curve inward so they won't catch clothing...back of front seat is heavily upholstered over top edge.

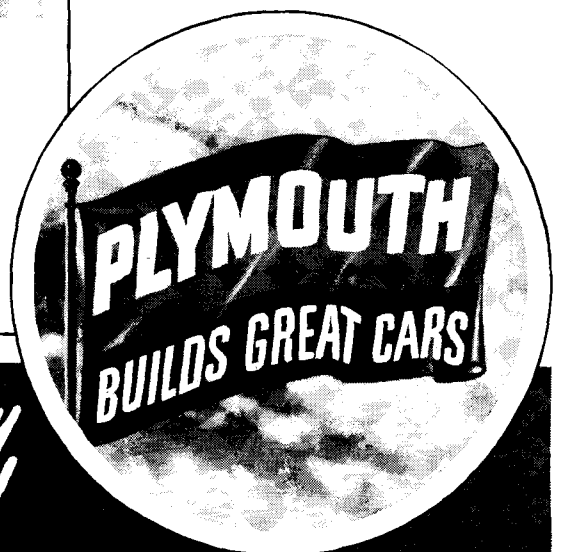
Extra inches of clearance for arms, hands and feet around steering wheel, pedals, gear-shift lever and parking brake.

New Hypoid rear axle permits low rear floor with "Chair-Height" seat—no floor "hump."

Wider vision forward and rear. Built-in warm air defroster-vents at base of windshield.

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST—AND IT'S EASY TO BUY!

This beautiful, big 1937 Plymouth is priced right down with the lowest. Down payments and monthly terms as low as the lowest... offered by Commercial Credit Company, through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers. Today you can buy a new Plymouth for as little as \$25 a month!



PLYMOUTH

The Best Buy of All Three!

TOD HOWELL had the gift. There are men who spend half a lifetime in China without it. In the end they are no closer the enigma than on the first day they stepped ashore to Taiping Jetty or onto a Kowloon wharf. It's like music or dancing or playing football. Either it is there or it isn't. Tod Howell had an instinct for the Chinese character. He got things done when other men failed. He negotiated successful trading agreements for his Yang Hong with invisible mandarins of the interior of Hupeh and Hunan—where his predecessors simply disappeared. To be likable obviously wasn't enough. There was some sixth sense of propriety necessary, and this Tod Howell carelessly possessed and as carelessly used.

It was probably also the reason for his amazing success at cards. Because Tod Howell was an inveterate gambler. He couldn't help it; it was in the blood. Just as it is in the Chinese blood. In the Yangtze Valley and the watershed of the Min the paunchy yellow overlords of an impoverished land knew him well. He was honest, straightforward, wary of deceit: a clean-limbed, sunburned white, with the laughing face of an innocent babe. But he wasn't to be taken advantage of, and they knew it. They called him The Man Who Gambles Well.

The mate of the little China coaster, Shantun, was telling a stripling second about it on the landing float as they watched each Chinese coolie coming aboard. They were expecting Tod Howell to make the southern voyage as far as Singapore. The Shantun, at anchor below Foochow in Pagoda anchorage, was sending a sooty brown tube of smoke aloft from her funnel in that place where once, not long ago, the crack tea clipper from London River and Salem town used to moor with their spars in the sky. That was what was in the young second's mind, more than the growling of the gray-haired mate. How could that fellow be worrying about the lady from Shanghai on the upper deck; about a mythical chap called Howell; and, above all, about crumby pirates—with all that Oriental splendor in his eyes?

IT WAS new to the young second mate, and full of desire. That low-lying bank washed by an ancient river that knew the Khans and the Mongol horde had the mysterious and outlandish quality of things he had been looking for. It was fine! Sampans, junks, water boats full of yellow faces streaked with black hair; weird, babbling voices and odors a man could never forget. There was that crooked bridge from under Pagoda Hill tipping across the channel to the joss house at Mamoi. Someone must have washed it with gold. Or was it just the strange light from that burning sun? And a brass gong throbbing distantly. The second grinned. He thought it all nonsense, this searching poor coolies for guns.

"I hope we find a pirate, Mr. Mate," he said drolly through his grin. "It'd be fun."

Mr. Neville snorted. That was the trouble with youngsters nowadays. Believed nothing. Had to be shown. Then he caught himself smiling wryly. Maybe it was just as well that way. But the China coast below Foochow wasn't the North Atlantic trade. He gestured upstream with a thick-knuckled fist, where a launch was bearing swiftly toward the float.

"That's him," he growled. "Here he comes. Lord, what a mess!"

"Mess? What's it to you if he'll find his ex-wife on board? No skin off anyone's nose as I can see."

Mr. Neville leaned against the guard-rail and folded his arms across his chest. "I don't like to see a man squirm, that's

(Continued on page 48)

The Needle of Heaven

*The dramatic story of a gambler—
who knew the right time to quit*

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



Then pandemonium broke out. Chang Po Soo leaped to his feet, blazing with rage

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COLDS

go quicker when you do these two things:



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"WHEN A COLD comes your way," modern physicians will tell you, "you can often help throw it off more quickly by doing certain simple things." Here are two "first steps" to take:

1. — Cleanse the intestinal tract.

2. — Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

You can do both these things at once by taking Sal Hepatica!

For not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestines—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica helps Nature combat acidity. In this way Sal Hepatica aids your system to return to its normal alkalinity.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

Be modern — fight a cold the modern way

So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet — go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wednesday night — N. B. C. — coast to coast.



A Ditch in Time

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

MY CALL light was blinking when I rode up to No. 19 control. Johnny Briscoe was on the board and he said, "Car in the ditch about half-mile south of the Corkscrew. Sergeant Letringer has started for the wreck with an ambulance. Stop Patrolman Jensen, who's riding north-bound. Both of you go to the scene—and step on it."

I looked at my watch—2:17 A.M. A nasty, foggy night; I gave Little Orphan Annie a kick in the pants and we left No. 19 control in a hurry. She's a good, fast bike but tricky, especially with fog like surf spray from the ocean putting tears in your eyes. Exactly 3.6 miles down the road I see Dutch Jensen's twin handlebar lights and we both slow down. "Speeding, hunh," says Dutch, "and on a night like this. What'll the judge say—"

"Wreck south of the Corkscrew," I say. "Put on your rubber gloves and follow me—if you can."

The sergeant and the ambulance beat us to it by a wide margin. And am I glad! I hate cleaning up after one that's gone in the ditch like this one had.

It was a flivver roadster with the top down. There isn't anybody around but a Red Ball freight truck and a milk-farmer.

"Was anybody killed?" says the truck driver.

"I'm a stranger here myself," says Dutch, always kidding.

"Must've been doing eighty," says the milk-farmer, which is a sensible enough remark.

Dutch picked up a suitcase. It was cut almost clean in two. A lot of women's clothes tumbled out. Sergeant Letringer and the ambulance must have left in a hurry; they hadn't stopped to pick up the guy's coat.

"Them clothes is ruint," said the farmer.

I looked at Dutch.

"Ain't you got some freight perishin' to be delivered up north, fella?" I says.

"Likely as not he run 'em off the road!" says Dutch.

The truck driver and the farmer said they'd better be going; and they went.

DUTCH picked up the guy's coat. It looked like a young college guy's coat. Some letters fell out of the pocket; some letters and a telegram. I and Dutch put a flashlight on the telegram. It's addressed to Stephen Brainerd, at a fraternity house in Palo Alto. It says:

WHY NOT STEVIE DARLING STOP MEET
YOU USUAL PLACE SANTA BARBARA FRI-
DAY SIX P M ALL MY LOVE DORIS.

I shake my head, because I'm looking down at a girl's shoe, stuck in the wire spokes of the front wheel. It's a gold-colored party shoe.

"Last party," I say.

I see Dutch wants to look at the letters. I want to look, too.

We take out a letter from the newest-looking envelope. It's from this Stephen

kid's old man in San Francisco. The old man says son Stevie has got to shake Doris. The old man don't like Doris. He don't say why.

Dutch don't say anything. He starts poking around in Doris' bashed-up traveling case. Doris didn't have much dough—stockings darned in the toes, undies kinda faded from lots of washing. Dutch fishes out a briar pipe and a fraternity pin wrapped in tissue paper. The tissue paper turns out to be a New Year's Eve cap.

"Gals will save the damnedest truck," says Dutch.

I take a sniff of the pipe.

"The kid must've been a pretty good man, at that," I say. "This is strong stuff."

Dutch swears.

"The heel could've married her," he says. "It don't cost much to get married. What the hell?"

"Maybe they was on their way," I say.

We take another look at the car. It lays on its side. It's gone over and over at least four times.

"**T**HEY both got it," I say.

"Yeah," Dutch says. "Well—you stay here and I'll check with the sergeant."

"Let's toss up for it," I say.

"Okay, but don't let it get you," says Dutch.

"He ought to've married her," I say.

"He's been told that by now," says Dutch.

We tossed up a quarter. It fell wrong and bounced off some place. While we were looking for it, up drives a Santa Barbara municipal police car. The siren was going like it was big business.

Dutch don't look up. I say: "I bet he joined the force last Tuesday."

"Golly—that's my car!" some guy says.

We both take notice, then. Down the bank comes a big, husky college kid. With him is a black-haired girl, with a hat on but no coat. They stop dead in their tracks.

"That right front tire must have let go," says the college kid, kind of stupid. But Dutch and I don't bother to tell him that all the tires let go when you're ditched like this one was. We're too busy staring at him and the girl.

"Is your name Brainerd?" Dutch asks.

They don't answer. Their eyes take it all in—car, mud, scattered duds and mess.

"Were—were they—k-killed?" the girl asks me, shaking so her ankles wobble and she nearly falls.

Dutch keeps his head.

"Somebody swiped your car, hunh?" he says.

The college kid nods.

"Couple of hitchhikers. I forgot and left the keys—"

"Oh, Stevie—it might have been us!"

"It would have been us." He looked pretty wobbly, too, but took a brace and asked Dutch how badly they was hurt.

The Santa Barbara copper come down and started asking a lot of thickhead

questions. I don't bother to answer. I'm watching Dutch.

"You're a good guesser, ain't you?"

Dutch says, hard. He feels tough toward the college kid. This little black-haired gal is a honey. I see that for two cents Dutch would clout him.

"There but for the breaks, kids—" I say, which sounds pretty dumb.

They don't need to be told. The gal runs to the twisted front wheel and pulls out her slipper and busts into tears. The college guy puts his arms around her and says: "We're all right; we're not hurt—" He sees her clothes spilled out, and stoops and picks up a double armful, which is a hell of a thing to bother with.

Dutch swings him around.

"Wasn't you folks on your way to get married?" he says. Dutch knows they wasn't.

"Oh, no—" says the girl.

"Yes," says Stevie. "As a matter of fact, we were." But I can tell he only means it now.

Dutch nods, grim. "I know a good place up the road," he says.

We left the Santa Barbara copper to clean up. I and Dutch got them good and married inside of twenty minutes. The sergeant raised hell with us, afterward. He said we should've gone to the hospital to guard this hitchhiker guy and his floozie that swiped the kids' car. How was we to know they'd still need guarding? It just goes to show that nothing will kill hitchhikers.

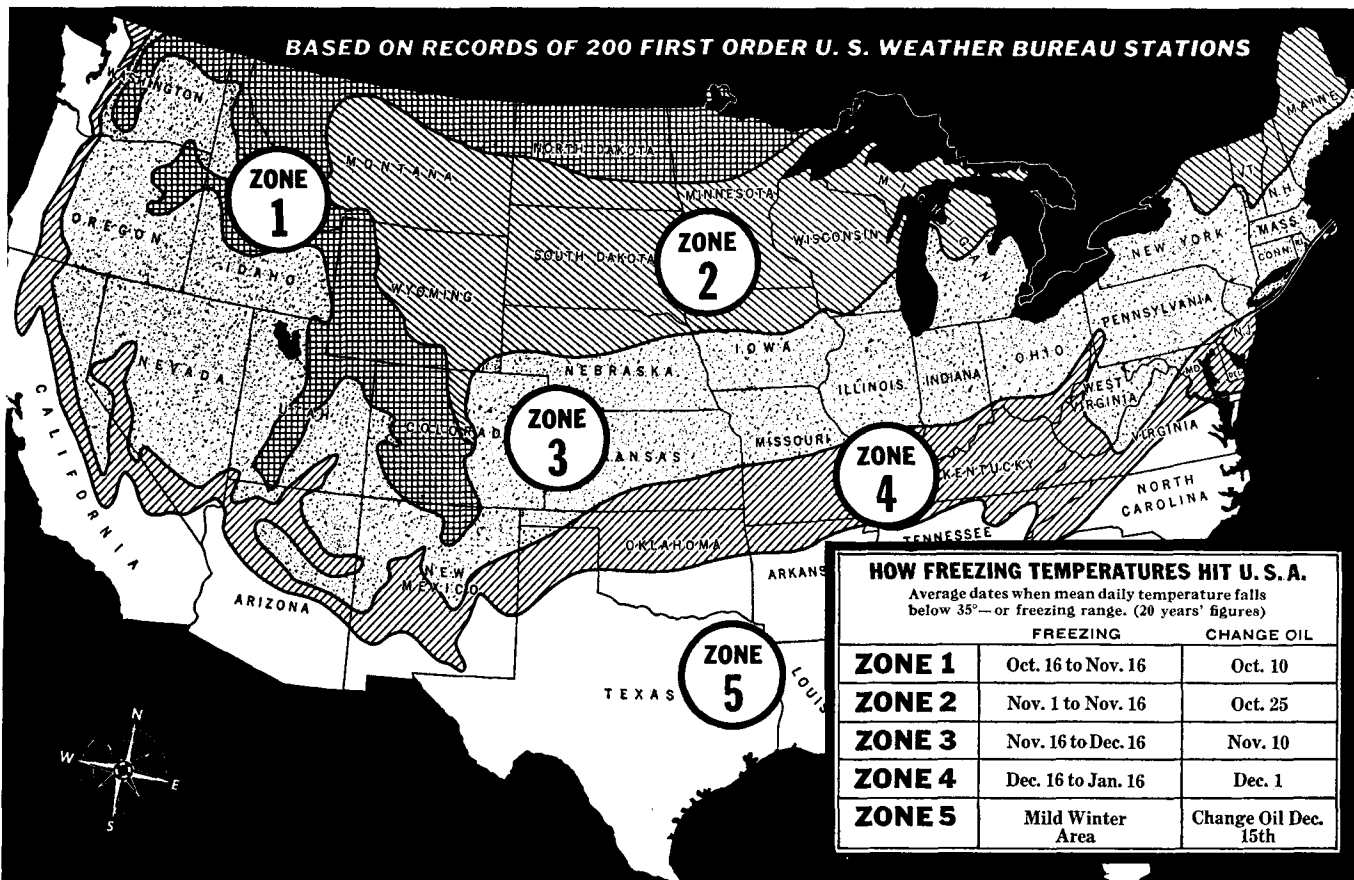


They don't answer. Their eyes take it all in—car, mud, duds and mess

OFFICIAL WINTER MAP WARNS MOTORISTS ALL OVER U. S. A.

CHANGE TODAY TO MOBIL OIL ARCTIC!

MOBIL OIL ARCTIC SCHEDULE OF CORRECT OIL-CHANGE PERIODS BY ZONES



Dead-line near in all Zones for Motorists who want Quick starting and Easy shifting... Winterproof Now!

DON'T LET mild weather fool you! Any day now, any night—the mercury may drop to freezing...make your car hard to start...cause dangerous wear that will cost you money in repair bills!

Avoid this risk by changing now to the double-range winter oil tested and proved by millions of motorists—Mobil Oil Arctic made by the Clearosol Process.

You'll find it different from any winter oil you've ever used!

Mobil Oil Arctic not only lubricates perfectly and makes starting easy in freezing weather...it holds its body under high operating speeds and temperatures. It gives complete protection at *all times!*

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Isn't this the winter protection you want for *your* car?

See your Mobil Oil dealer today. Have him drain, flush and refill your crankcase before it's too late.

In all sections where extreme cold is common, Mobil Oil dealers will recommend Mobil Oil Arctic Special. If *your* dealer advises it—by all means refill with this extra quick-starting oil specially made for temperatures below zero.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.



BETTER ONE WEEK EARLY—than just one day too late! Follow the Official Mobil Oil Arctic Winter Map (left, above) for the safe time to change oil! Remember, freezing dates shown are *average*. Cold may strike much earlier. Play safe. Get America's favorite winter oil *now!*

SHIFT EASY WITH MOBIL OIL WINTER GEAR OIL

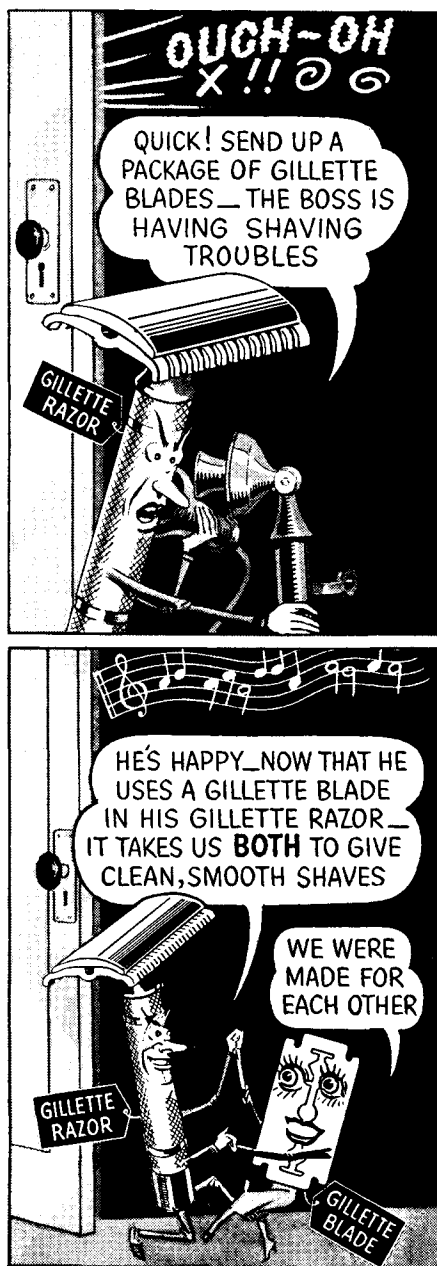
Change gear oil when you change crankcase oil. Summer-grade gear oil stiffens with cold, causes hard shifting and dangerous clashing wear. Get Mobil Oil Winter Gear Oil and enjoy safe, easy shifting all winter.

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FAVORITE WINTER OIL

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Here's the Secret of Perfect Shaves

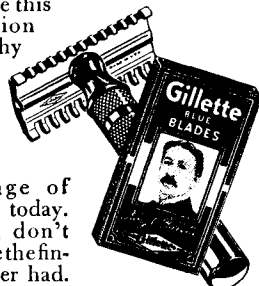
Use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

WHAT a difference in shaving comfort when you use the blade that was made for your razor! Every shave is clean and comfortable. Why? Because the Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor are made for each other. Together they form the perfect shaving combination.

Both were designed as a unit—by the same engineers. Both are made in the great Gillette factory where machines of incredible accuracy, manned by skilled technicians, insure precision team-work of blade and razor.

Millions of dollars have been spent on equipment to make this shaving perfection possible. That's why men everywhere say there is no shave like an All-Gillette Shave.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. See if you, too, don't agree that they give the finest shaves you ever had.



Reputable dealers never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

the team is a liability rather than an asset.

4. A large, fairly well-developed squad is more desirable than a squad composed of a few stars and a group of mediocre, undeveloped talent.

5. A single wing back formation with appropriate and seasonal variations seems most desirable for our offense needs.

6. We like to shift, but we can and have played from a set formation.

7. We believe in a rather large number of plays and sometimes put in special plays for certain opponents.

8. We believe that fundamentals such as blocking, charging, tackling and ball carrying, to mention only a few, are more important than plays themselves.

9. We lean to an aggressive six-man line on defense.

10. We favor a calm, determined team rather than one keyed up to a hysterical pitch for a game.

11. Speed is an essential component of a sound style of play.

12. Players develop through hard work over a comparatively long period rather than from short intensive drives during the heat of a fall campaign.

Football Fashions

The last maxim probably is the heart of major football today, for despite the talk of "good old days," the game has become infinitely more exacting and precise than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Despite the storybooks, there is no such thing any more as the flash who drives through for the winning touchdown in the first game he enters. Every lad the spectators see successive Saturdays during the season is the product of weeks and months of rigid, painstaking training. Some lads take until their last year in college to blossom forth and others have reached great heights in professional football some years after graduation.

The football taught by most coaches has the grace of flexibility and can be attuned to the favored type of play in certain localities, the nature of material at hand, and the foibles and fashions of the day. Yes, there are fashions in football, but all coaches are willing to join in prayer, I'll wager, that they don't succeed each other as rapidly as in the realm of ladies' fashions.

Under another set of circumstances and blessed with a different type of material, I'd probably be stressing the forward pass or the lateral. As a matter of fact, one season at Tulane I did develop an offense that featured the quick kick and received wide publicity for my success. I had boys, though, who could handle that specialty and make it click.

In the Southwest last year, the forward pass probably reached the apex of its development in the history of football. The gridiron classic in that section between Southern Methodist and Texas Christian, which was the Mecca for football experts from all parts of the country, found fifty passes attempted and twenty completed. In another game down there, a major team tossed forty-five passes and still another, thirty-eight. The latter completed twenty-one—and lost the game.

Forward passing is the fashion down there. Speaking from experience, youngsters start heaving footballs around as soon as they can swing an arm. It's a spirit that permeates youth like the spirit of Mardi gras in New Orleans on the eve of the Lenten stretch of self-denial.

Other teams here and there do pretty

A Game of Blocks

Continued from page 9

well with the lateral pass—or with a game that combines laterals with forwards in tricky combinations. You have Andy Kerr and his snappy ball-tossing crew at Colgate, and in the Western Conference we need go no farther than Francis Schmidt at Ohio State.

Of course, no team has a monopoly on either the running, the kicking, or the passing game. All use the various methods of attack at hand and only serve them up in different combinations. Those stressing the running game merely emphasize it more than do teams with a flashy attack, and vice versa.

The running game pins its faith, of course, on sound, crisp blocking and plenty of it. Let Jimmy Coffis, Stanford's right half, who did his share to unhex his school's two-year jinx and bring the Rose Bowl trophy back to the coast in that historic battle on New Year's Day with Southern Methodist, speak for blocking consciousness in his section.

Stanford was playing one of its traditional rivals, Southern California, last fall when one of the plays ended with a Southern California lad on the ground, temporarily disabled.

Little Jimmy, much concerned, rushed to the injured man and started a vigorous massage of his leg. The fallen gladiator responded in time, took to his feet and tried the leg gingerly, flashed a smile of thanks at Jimmy and trotted back to his position.

"How come?" Bobby Grayson accosted Jimmy as the latter jogged back to his place.

"Gee," Jimmy chirped, "I didn't want to see that fellow taken out of the game. He's the easiest guy to block I've ever bumped up against."

Our boys at Minnesota, once they acquire the knack, like to block and they thus fit in splendidly with our scheme of things. It's nothing uncommon during the season to see the members of the squad, in twos or threes, or even alone, taking daily stints at the blocking dummies, entirely on their own time and without a word from the coaching staff.

In that connection, I always think of Sheldon Beise, one of our fullbacks the past three years whom you met earlier. Beise graduated last spring and joined our coaching staff. During his playing career, he was the kind of a lad who liked the going when it was toughest. He can be put down with my consent as one of the really great players Minnesota has turned out. His spirit did much to make him such.

The Right Spot at the Right Time

Beise was as fine a blocker as ever popped up in answer to a coach's prayer. He had the rhythmic sense that makes blocking easy and he loved it. So absorbed was he in continued perfection of his timing and rhythm that two days before the Wisconsin game last year, his last in a Minnesota uniform, he spent close to a half hour mowing down the blocking dummies in a far corner of the practice field.

I wish I had accurate count of the number of touchdowns Beise's blocking placed to the credit side of the Minnesota ledger during his three years on the squad. Two instances stand out in memory.

The first is the last, coming in the Michigan game during the 1935 season, when he legged it along with Tuffy Thompson on a kickoff return and mowed down two Michigan tacklers in one sweep. Tuffy went on unmolested, 87 yards for a score.

The other was in the great Pittsburgh game in 1933, one of Beise's first games in our golden jerseys. With the ball twenty yards out, Tenner, coming behind the scrimmage line from his left end, took a shovel pass from Pug Lund and drove between Pitt's left tackle and left end. Beise had swung to the right and up field, the play calling for Tenner to toss a lateral to him.

Tenner, however, saw clear sailing ahead and kept on driving. Larson mowed one secondary man from his path, but three more loomed up to bar the goal line. Beise, still to the right and behind Tenner, saw the situation. Putting on speed, he cut diagonally in front of Tenner and mowed down all three Pitt men with one lunge. Tenner's lone touchdown was all we needed.

One of our assistant coaches said of Beise, after viewing motion pictures of one of our games last fall: "That fellow is like a bird dog. He can smell out the right spot and then get there at exactly the right time."

High-stepping Backs

But it's something more than being at the right spot at the right time—this blocking that serves as oil for a running attack and paves the way for surprise laterals and forward passes. That's where experience enters. Beise could mow the pins from two or three men with one drive because experience taught him to keep his feet while catapulting his body. Too many blockers make a prayerful drive at a tackler and then roll off to the ground, their power spent and wasted. There's the follow-through in blocking, should Grantland Rice be listening, as much as in golf and other sports.

It wouldn't be fair to assume entire credit at the University of Minnesota for the fine success we've had with the running game. Just as the grade and high schools of the South are the parent of the pass game in that section, the running game of Minnesota has a background in the high schools of the Northwest. Coaching in many high schools which send us material is of high order and the youths get instruction in fundamentals that makes it easy for them to absorb the finer technical points once they reach higher company.

During the "banquet" season, which annually takes me to every section of Minnesota and into some of the surrounding states once the fall campaign is over, I've used the example of Andy Uram and Rudy Gmitro, two of our backfield mainstays, to prove that lads in our high schools have an understanding of football assignments and a knowledge of the language. Before entering Minnesota, both lads were backfield flashes for Marshall High School in Minneapolis.

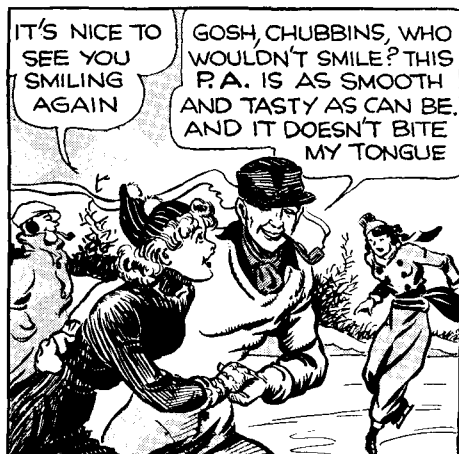
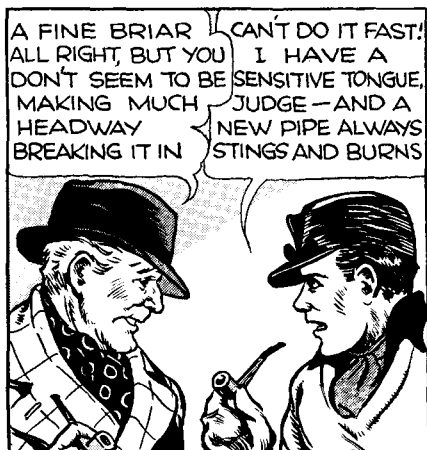
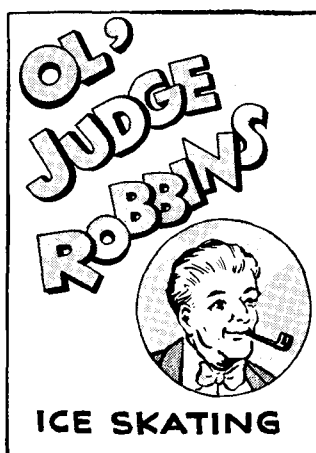
Marshall was playing North High School of Minneapolis in 1933 and the latter, by a fine bit of deception, scored and went into a 7 to 0 lead. Gmitro took the kickoff with which play resumed on his twenty-yard line and dashed off like a frightened antelope. Finding himself against a wall of tacklers again and again, he streaked back and forth from one side of the field to the other. He must have covered 200 yards in as marvelous an exhibition of open-field running as one could thrill to before he finally scooted free and dashed for the goal line to score.

Uram had the chore of kicking goal while Gmitro held the ball. He dropped back to his task quite ruffled. As Gmitro (Continued on page 30)

HOLIDAYS ARE *"Hello Days"*

YOUR far-away friends will welcome a renewal of that fine old custom of holiday calling. And this year, it is more economical than ever to visit them by telephone. Long Distance rates—many again reduced September 1—are lowest to most points after seven every evening and all day Sunday. Why not make your holidays—"Hello Days"?



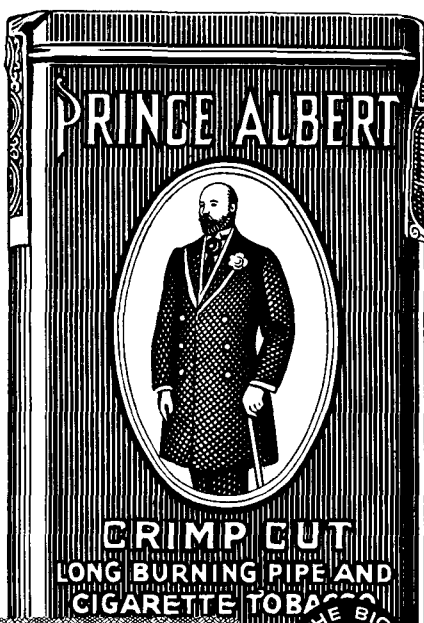


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Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be the mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. And remember: it won't cost you a penny to prove to yourself that Prince Albert is all we say it is—and more! Just take up the offer below. A great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

(Continued from page 28)

tro smoothed the ground at the spot he meant to place the ball, Andy blurted out: "Why in heck didn't you say where you were going to travel? I blocked the same guy four times before you made it. I'm darn' near all in."

That yarn is a variation of the one Dr. Clarence Spears, mentor at Toledo University, tells. And let me pause to say that when the All-America selection for the prize storyteller in football comes up, I want my vote to go for the genial doctor. He has a fund of stories, each one funnier than the one before, and he never runs out.

Doc, too, had a high-stepping halfback who took the ball from center on a certain play. He dashed to the right, where an opposition tackler took a shot at him and missed, and then reversed his field and darted straight across for the opposite side line.

Over there, the same tackler took another shot at him and missed again. Finding himself blocked, however, the ball carrier pivoted and started for the first side of the field once more. Over there the persistent tackler missed again. He rolled over on his side and rested his head on his elbow.

In answer to a quizzical glance from a teammate, he yawned and said: "I'm going to lie here and rest up a bit. He'll be back this way again."

There's really nothing mysterious about blocking, open-field blocking in particular. It's really no more difficult than tackling and needs only be emphasized in practice sessions to bring ordinary, eager young men, who are red-blooded enough to want to play football, to perfection in its execution.

At Minnesota, we make blocking practice as painless as possible, although the real polishing calls for bodily contact—"live bait," Fritz Crisler, Princeton's able coach, calls it. We start by using dummies. Behind each dummy is a teammate to give the blockers the feel of throwing their weight against what approximates an opponent. The coaches by this method get an idea of the force with which blockers smack the opposition.

We are rather fond of having the boys drive at the dummies hard enough to bowl to the ground their teammates who have the backstop assignments. In other words, blocking in practice is no different than in a game. The fundamentals are acquired in this manner, next comes the timing, the rhythm, which is a slow and tedious process that brings man against man. Eventually, the boys get the knack of the trick and wear it like a suit of old clothes.

Roscoe Mowed the Paths

All football fundamentals become instinctive to first-string players through constant practice.

You see lots of football players come and go through the years—on your own teams as well as on other teams you have the good fortune to watch. Some of these are blockers and little more. They couldn't take a ball for a gain if it meant their graduation. Others are blockers and, in addition, everything required to make an all-around star.

One of the latter was George Roscoe, who in his third and last year at Minnesota in 1935, became the kind of star who should be an inspiration to every lad with football ambitions. I have a deep affection for George. Not only was he a fine football player, but he exemplified the highest degree of self-sacrifice and team spirit. It was this spirit that permeated the 1934 and 1935 Minnesota teams and, as much as anything else, made them worthy champions.

I was using Roscoe at left half, where he understudied Pug Lund for two years, and he was making himself famous as a ball carrier, a blocker, a punter and a forward passer.

Few lads in my day have combined all these qualities in such fine balance. Circumstances, however, found Tuffy Thompson at right half, the blockers post, in the Northwestern game.

Although a scintillating ball carrier, Tuffy was less rugged and experienced than George and was having difficulty with his blocking assignments. In our system, running plays to the right must be driven ahead to pave the way for the remainder of our attack.

Midway in the first half, I sent word by a substitute for Roscoe and Thompson to exchange places. Once they did, the attack started rolling along, Roscoe mowing wide paths for Tuffy, who followed rabbitlike.

Ask Any Coach

Between halves, George approached me and announced that the new assignment seemed to be working to good advantage. He then offered to remain at the blocking post. I was loath to accept the offer, for I felt it would cheat him out of a certain place on the All-America. His play had been of such high caliber that nothing short of an injury could rob him of the honor—that, or a shift to the right halfback station. It may seem strange, but the right halfbacks who have been chosen for the All-America elevens can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This position on the honor teams invariably is given left halfbacks whose ball carrying raises them high in the popular mind. Football's forgotten men are the lads who clear the paths over which touchdowns are made.

Roscoe remained at right half the balance of the year. That is, he remained there except when he shifted to left half to block when Thompson ran to the left.

In the Iowa game, a well-timed forward pass placed the ball within scoring distance of the Iowa goal for a badly needed second touchdown. Scouting the goal line, LeVoor called a play to the left with Thompson designated as the ball carrier. We carried the play in our repertoire for the surprise it packed. Tuffy hadn't exactly been traveling to the left.

Roscoe took the left half post on the shift and led Thompson to the very shadow of the goal posts. LeVoor reached down in his bag of tricks and selected next a play to the right with Thompson tagged as the ball carrier again. Roscoe went to the right half post from the shift this time and blasted the way to a score.

But the Roscoes, the Beises, the LeVoors, the Smiths and the rest pass on and become memories all too soon. They leave the coaches facing fresh crops of talent and wondering if their systems and their peculiar and individual slants on phases of the game are still sufficient to pull them through.

If you read the papers in my area last spring and early this fall, you'll see that I have little to worry about. Everything has been laid out for me and we're to have another winning season at Minnesota. Of course I would like to win. In your search for rare specimens, try digging up someday a football coach who wouldn't like to win all of his games. If you found one, his brethren in the profession, I'm certain, would ship him off to a psychiatrist for treatment for his particular mental ailment.

The glowing newspaper accounts to the contrary, we've probably had our tough times by the time this appears. There are too many big guns being fired constantly in the fast company of the Western Conference to avoid being hit now and then. I'll continue concentrating on the game coming next and let championships and winning streaks take care of themselves. I've always felt that if you get to looking ahead you are sure to miss something right under your nose. I'd rather keep in stride.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The only monarch in history whose reign began before his birth was Sapor II, King of Persia from 309 to 381. After the death of his father, the country was so eager to have a new king that Sapor was "crowned" three days before he was born, the trick being accomplished, uniquely enough, by placing the royal circlet on the head of his waiting cradle.

The record for the longest distance ever traveled by a ship in 24 hours is not held by either the Queen Mary or the Normandie but by the U. S. Airplane Carrier Lexington. During a run between San Francisco and Honolulu in 1928, this 33,000-ton vessel, whose maximum speed is 33-34 knots, traveled 768 miles in one day.—*By E. A. Kaelin, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

Most cases of insanity are not inherited directly from parents. Studies reveal that 80 out of every 100 insane persons come from mentally sound mothers and fathers.—*By Howard M. Meyers, Chicago, Illinois.*

Fireballs, or super-meteors, when flashing across the sky, have been known to radiate as much light as the moon, produce sounds like the rumbling of cannon, create vibrations that shake buildings and leave trails of light that remain visible for as long as six hours.—*By Mrs. G. E. Ward, City Island, New York.*

Not long ago the president of a large milk company paid the seemingly absurd price of \$106,000 for a six-months-old bull, and turned it into a profitable investment. When the bull died three years later, he left \$50,000 in life insurance, \$70,000 worth of progeny, not to mention countless thousands of dollars' worth of publicity that he had acquired for the milk company during his short life.

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Opium is one drug to which the human body can become accustomed to a remarkable degree through constant use. When a person starts this smoking habit, one or two pipefuls are sufficient to produce the desired state. After one has become an experienced smoker, however, sometimes fifty pipefuls are required to bring about this condition.

The world's most sacred musical composition is *Allegrì's Miserere mei Deus*, which has been sung during Holy Week for three centuries in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. For a hundred years it was deemed so holy that its score was jealously guarded and those who attempted a transcription were excommunicated. But it became public in 1769 when Mozart, at the age of 13 years, wrote it down from memory after two hearings.

The vineyard of Clos-Vougeot near Dijon, France, is the only spot of its kind in the world that is accorded military honors by the army of its country. Ever since about 1810, when a certain colonel made his regiment salute it because he liked its wine, every body of troops passing that way has also stopped and honored it in this manner.

A women's coat-and-dress store in New York City, which often has 100,000 customers a day, does not advertise its merchandise—at the suggestion of the police department. When it did in the past, near-by streets were jammed, traffic was paralyzed, and store windows were broken by the vast crowds that could not be controlled, even by special squads of police.—*By Morris Enzell, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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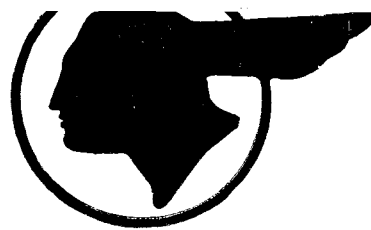
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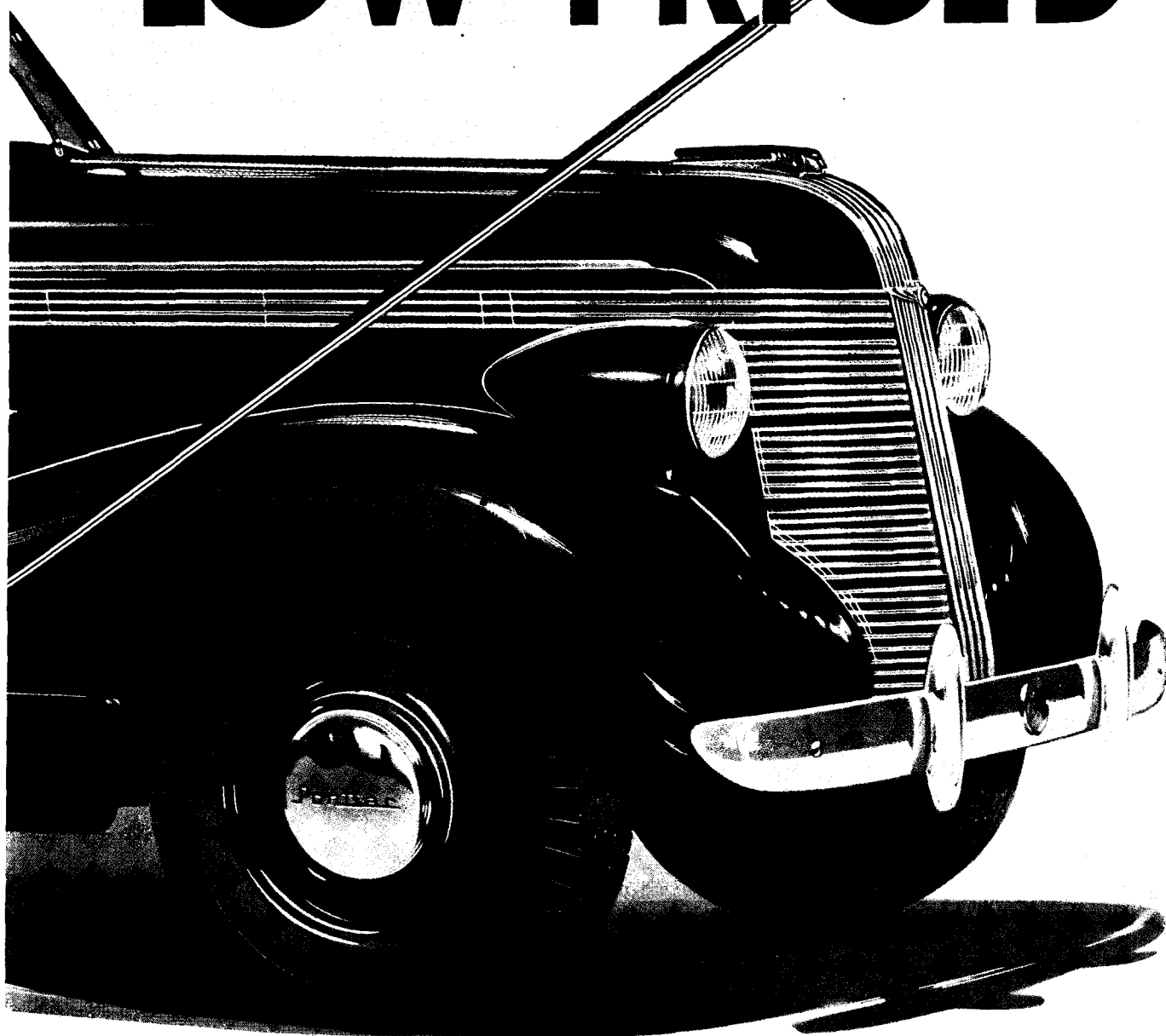
EVERYTHING

NEW MORE BEAUTIFUL SILVER STREAK STYLING—daring new use of chromium and longer, lower, smooth stream lines make Pontiac again the most distinctive car in the world the one new car you can recognize as far as you can see.

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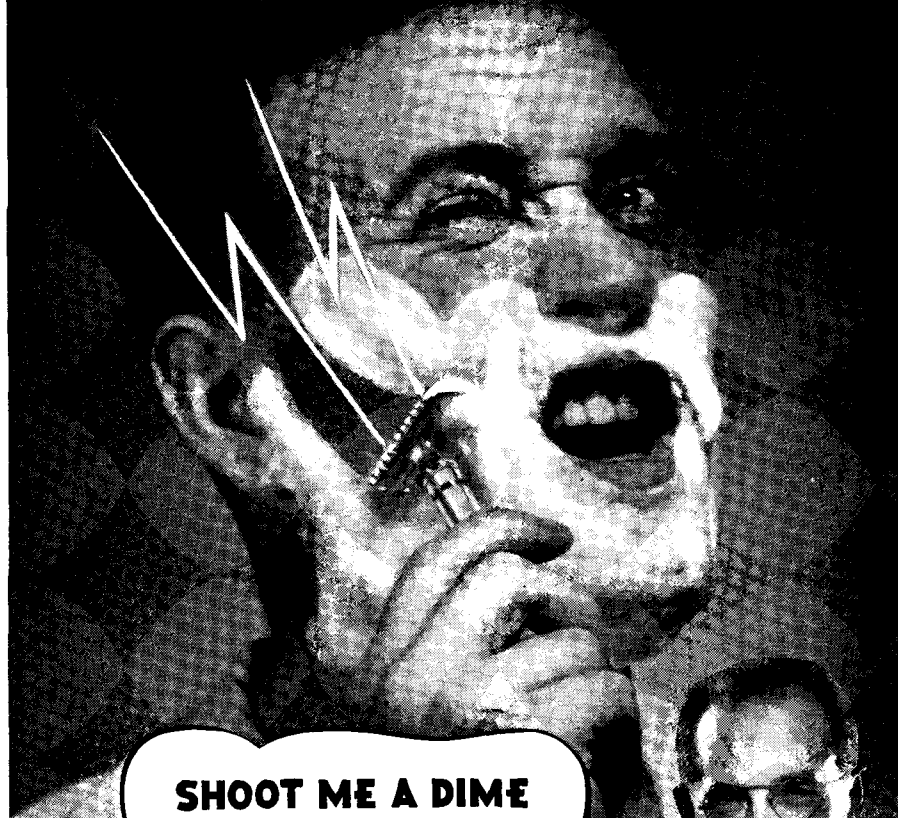
NEW IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE—The same open type Knee-Action used on expensive cars, combined with new weight distribution and double-action hydraulic shock absorbers.

NEW PERFECTED CENTER-POINT STEERING—To protect the driver from fatigue and to make control easier and surer, this feature is added to Pontiac's famous triple-sealed hydraulic brakes—the finest, safest, smoothest, and surest brakes that money can buy.

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When you've looked your fill at all the new cars and come down to the question of which to buy, here are some facts that will settle the matter without further debate: The 1937 Pontiac is again acclaimed the most beautiful thing on wheels. The 1937 Pontiac is enriched with more basic advancements than any new car at its price. The 1937 Pontiac is even more economical than last year's Pontiac, the official economy champion of its price class! In short, the popular verdict is correct. *Everything* points to Pontiac for 1937. It's *America's finest low-priced car*.
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"You see—I make two shaving creams instead of one. They're built on a new principle. They're made to fit the two types of skin common to us humans—the oily type and the dry.

"My **LATHER Shave** is especially for *oily* skins and beards. (It dissolves the oil off your whiskers . . . wilts 'em like nobody's business . . . and flushes out oil-clogged pores.)

"On the other hand, my **BRUSHLESS Shave** is made especially for *dry* skin. (It wilts dry stubble as soft as butter—but, it **DOESN'T REMOVE** oil. It makes you forget there ever

were such things as rawness, tautness, dryness. And it's a cream, not a grease.)

"So I'm telling you—one of these creams will do for you what nothing else ever did. And here's how I'll prove it:

"If you'll gamble ten cents, I'll send you my Skin Tester Kit. It contains generous demonstration sizes of five (5) of my products. Think of that! Among the five (see them in the coupon, below) are tubes of both my **LATHER Shave** and **BRUSHLESS**. One of these creams will wake you up to a new idea of whisker-wilting and skin-comfort. So, how about it? Use the coupon!"

After the shave . . . Use Mennen Skin Balm—A refreshing lotion in cream form. Quickly absorbed. Banishes razor-rauiness. Conditions skin, prevents irritation, chapping. It's greaseless, too.

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LATHER SHAVE (Plain or Menthol-Iced) or **brushless**



SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your **SKIN TESTER KIT** containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-11-28

Name _____

Address _____

Keep Your Balance

The ductless glands became famous by misbehaving. But they're more important when they're good—they're what keep us bright and beautiful

By Hannah Lees

AND the prince touched her with his magic talisman, and lo and behold she wasn't a witch at all but the most beautiful princess in the world." And that was the happy ending and very nice as fairy tales go. The only trouble today is that no fairy tale can even touch what is happening all around us in hospitals and doctors' offices when it comes to romantic improbability.

Here's an instance. There was a very nice Englishwoman who was born 'way back in the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria. After about forty years of a very pleasant and useful life strange and terrible things suddenly began to happen to her. Her hair began to come out. Her skin became thick and horny and started to sag in great pouches under her eyes. She became dull and stupid and grew steadily duller and more stupid until in a few months she was a complete imbecile and completely bald as well. And nobody knew what to do about it—or how to break the spell,

as the fairy tales would have it—so she stayed that way for twenty years, right up to 1894 in fact.

Then her family heard of some very remarkable things a certain Doctor Raven was doing and they took her to see him. He gave her some medicine and told her family to give it to her without fail. And—here's the happy ending—in five weeks she began to show a glimmer of sense again. In a little over a year all her charming, cheery personality had returned, and her hair along with it. And she lived from then on as happy and healthy and mentally active an old lady as you could wish to meet. She lived so long, in fact, taking the medicine all the while, that she outlived her doctor. His son had to continue her care and published the final report on her in 1924 when she died at the age of ninety-four.

All of which shows, my children, not that there are still magic potions but how important our thyroid gland is to each and every one of us, and how lucky

The very nicest people can become extremely difficult to have around if their thyroids start acting up



we are that there were men in the world curious enough and smart enough to find it out. Because that is all that was the matter with the woman in the story. Her thyroid gland had stopped working, and she was sick a long time before they found it out. But today people don't have to stay under that ogre's spell for twenty years. They can start taking thyroid extract at the first signs of trouble, and they do.

You've heard of the thyroid gland, of course, and you probably associate it with goiters more than anything else. But, as a matter of fact, goiter is about the simplest trouble your thyroid can cause you if it begins to misbehave. It's not a very big thing normally—about the size and shape of two policemen's badges clasped together at your throat. But it manages the rather large job of regulating how fast the food you eat is going to burn up and produce energy.

It manages it in a rather offhand way, too, because it hasn't any ducts to any other part of your body. That's why the thyroid, along with six or seven other glands we all have in our bodies, is called ductless. They're simply masses of cells lying here and there in your body

and all they do is manufacture substances called hormones that get into your blood through all the tiny blood vessels that run in and out among those cells, and influence your development in various ways. And what this thyroid hormone does is amazing.

You don't think anything about it as long as you have just the right amount of it running around inside you. You take your appetite and energy, and your ability to think and control your temper when you're irritated, pretty much for granted. And it hardly seems possible that the small amount of substance a little gland like that could manufacture can have a finger in all those pies, but it is possible. What it does is act as a sort of catalytic agent all over your body, making chemical processes take place that wouldn't happen without it. And the chief way doctors know this is through seeing all the things that happen to people when their thyroids make too much or too little of that particular hormone.

If babies, for instance, are born with thyroids that won't work, their bodies don't develop properly and their brains

(Continued on page 38)

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HARRY BECKHOFF



Olivia de Havilland, featured in Warner Brothers picture "Anthony Adverse", has . . .



. . . Sinclair engineers run a gasoline mileage test for her in a new Buick, matching Sinclair H-C gasoline against two other well-known brands. At . . .



. . . the end of the test, it was found that Sinclair H-C had beaten the other two gasolines by from 1 to 1.2 miles per gallon. You, too, can get better . . .



. . . mileage from your car by using Sinclair H-C Gasoline. See your nearby Sinclair dealer today.

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is the price... *and the low upkeep cost*
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Expect a big surprise when you look at La Salle! You will see a La Salle designed by Cadillac engineers, produced by Cadillac craftsmen, powered by a new Cadillac-built V-8 engine—and priced at only \$995*!

For this new low price, La Salle actually offers more than ever before. *Performance stepped up to 125 horsepower. Longer wheelbase, increased to 124". New Uni-steel Bodies by Fisher—longer, wider and safer. The same fine upholstery formerly offered on cars costing \$2,000 or more.* The La Salle of today is without question the *finest* La Salle of all time.

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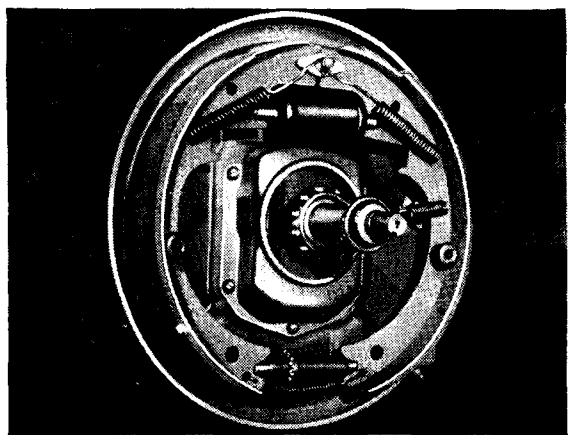
Best of all, your choice of a V-8 La Salle will be completely justified by all-around economy. From every standpoint—gasoline mileage, oil mileage and low upkeep cost—a La Salle will cost you less to own than many cars of lower price.

Visit your Cadillac-La Salle dealer today. La Salle beauty and luxury will win your highest praise. Its Cadillac-built quality will convince you that this is the wisest investment you can make.

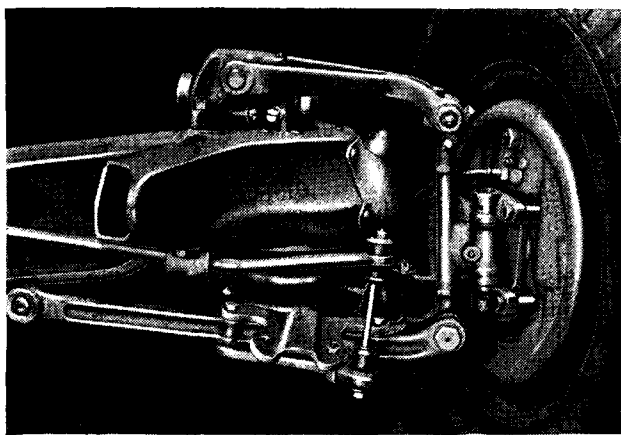
And when you slip behind the wheel, only to discover that La Salle V-8 performance exceeds your highest hopes, then surely *no other car will ever do!*

Tune in on the "La Salle Fashion Show" sponsored by Cadillac. Every Thursday afternoon at four p.m. (E.S.T.)

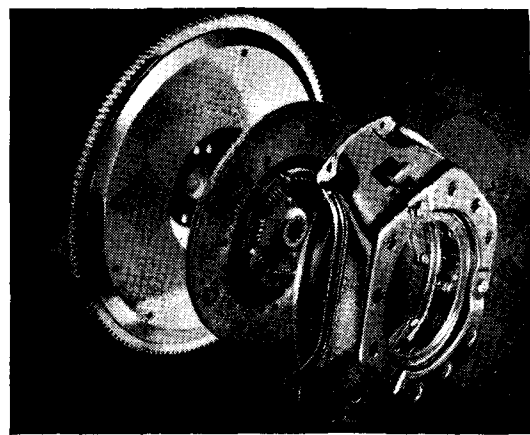
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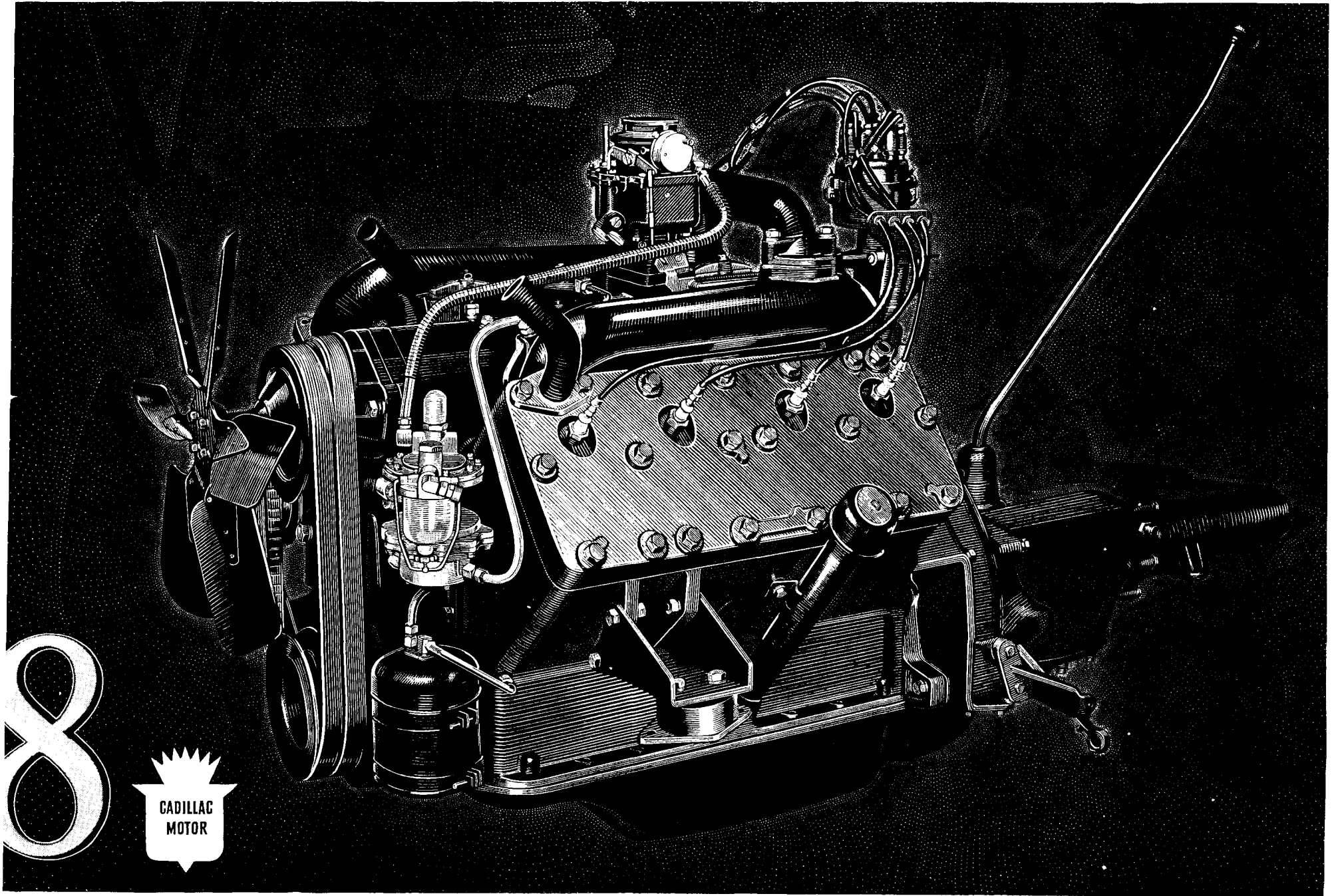
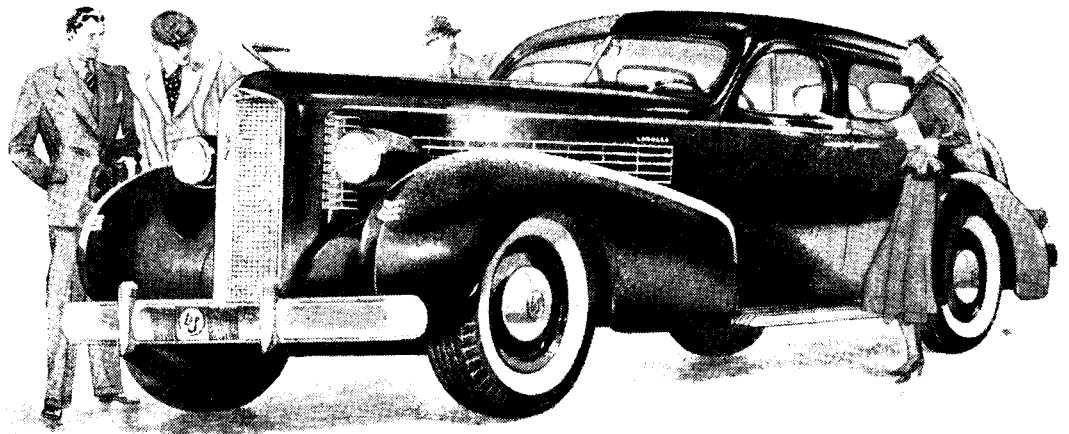


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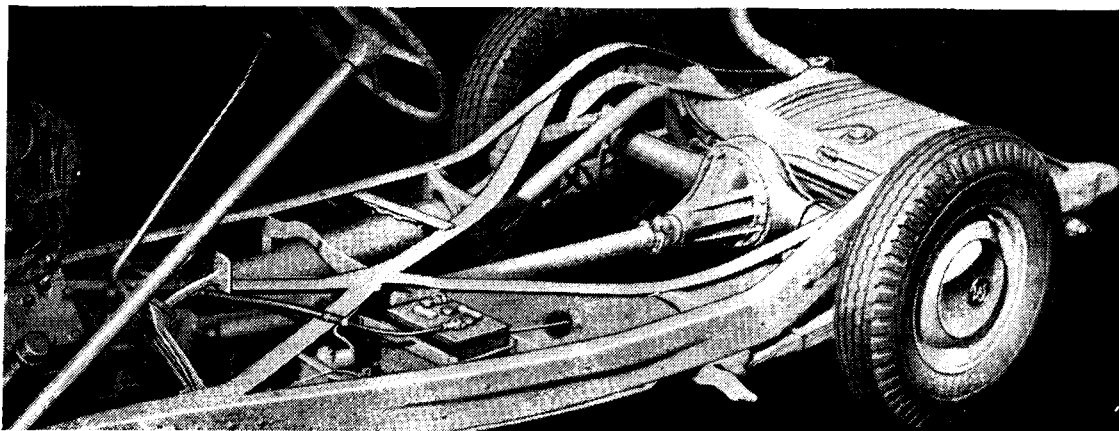


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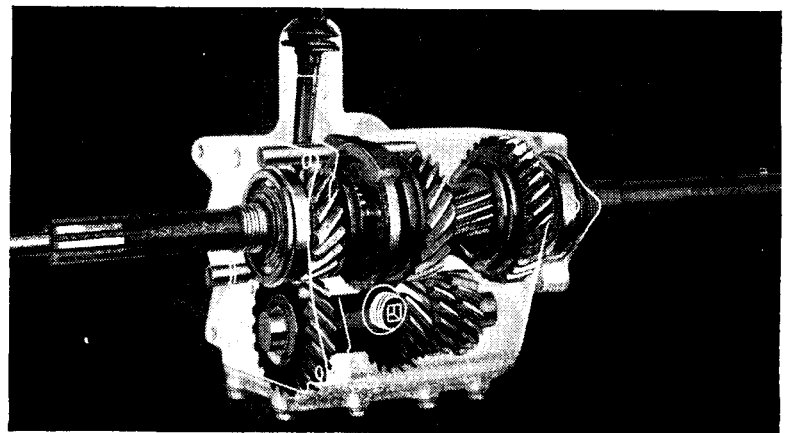
ille!



LOOK AT the new Cadillac-built V-8 engine . . . stepped up to 125 horsepower . . . with a smoothness, economy and long life that could only come from Cadillac, where the first of all V-8 engines was built.



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don't develop at all. They stay short and thick and completely stupid. That's what cretins are. They are fairly common in some places in Europe where people for generations haven't been getting the food they need to keep their thyroids active, which, roughly speaking, means food that contains iodine. But fortunately they're quite rare here, and if one does appear and he is given thyroid extract right away before his brain or body has time to grow all wrong he can usually be made to grow up pretty much like the rest of us.

If people's thyroids stop working after they're grown they get like the Englishwoman in the story, a condition that is known as myxedema, and they stay that way until they're given thyroid to start their brains and bodies working again.

More often, of course, people's thyroids are just a little lazy. Then they don't develop any such extreme symptoms but show the lack in other ways. They may become much too fat and rather dull to talk to. Or they may begin to be tired and depressed all the time with a lot of vague aches and pains. It's logical enough. That catalyst isn't doing its job and they aren't managing to burn their food fast enough to build up all the sorts of energy they need.

Doctors can find out easily enough if this is so, for when a person shows any of these symptoms and his doctor can't find any other reasonable cause he gives him a basal metabolism test. In this test you're connected up with an oxygen tank and a gauge that measures the amount of oxygen you use in a certain length of time. The oxygen you use is a measure of the energy you're producing, so if you aren't using it fast enough doctors know your thyroid probably isn't doing its job and what you need is a little extra of that thyroid hormone. It's perfectly amazing the changes a little thyroid can bring about in a person with a low basal metabolism, turning uninteresting, inefficient people into brisk energetic ones in the course of a few weeks.

Too Much Zip

On the other hand, if people's thyroids are working overtime, which doctors find out in the same way by seeing if they use too much oxygen, they can be almost as badly off. Their eyes are apt to become very prominent. Their hearts beat too fast. They get highly nervous and irritable and sometimes downright hysterical. The very nicest people can become extremely difficult to have around if their thyroids start acting up. But doctors now don't have very much trouble fixing this. Sometimes they slow up the overactive thyroid with a little X-ray treatment, but more often they operate and take a good deal of it out. There are several places in the country which have become very famous for taking out overactive thyroid glands. Probably the two best known ones are the Crile Clinic in Cleveland and the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

There is a very important group of little beanlike glands lying right behind the thyroid. These are called the parathyroids and just in the last few years doctors have found that what they do is control the way our bodies can absorb and utilize calcium. If they should be taken out by accident in a thyroid operation you would get a disease called tetany. You'd become weak, from too little calcium in your blood, and if nothing was done about it you would get convulsions and die. It could happen easily, because though there are usually four of

Keep Your Balance

Continued from page 35

these little beans there can be as many as twelve in a normal person or as few as one, and though they have no connection with the thyroid they can get so deeply imbedded in it that they are almost impossible to see. Fortunately about twelve years ago a Canadian doctor named Collip managed to make a parathyroid extract that you could take if such an accident should happen, and more fortunately still, surgeons are so skillful that in spite of the difficulties they very seldom do catch a parathyroid by accident.

Growing Smaller

Those tiny beanlike glands lying behind the thyroid, incidentally, are probably as important in keeping us strong and sturdy and lovely to look at as anything else in our bodies, and it's a good thing for all of us that they are a sturdy, dependable lot and practically never get out of hand or overwork. Here's what happens on the extremely rare occasions when they do. The calcium in your blood gets higher and higher, and it has to come from somewhere so it comes from your bones. Pretty soon your bones get brittle, so brittle they'll break from a bump on the shin. They develop cysts and then they break and break and break.

There was a patient at the Philadelphia General Hospital in 1929, a nice, sturdy boy who in three years had shrunk from over six feet to less than four. They kept him there several months trying various things, not knowing what to do about it, because nobody knew much about the parathyroids then. The chiefs had all given him up and he would probably have died if he hadn't happened to be diagnosed by a bright interne who was also a chemist and who

knew a good deal about the composition of people's blood. They operated then and found, just as the interne had prophesied, a tumor on one of his parathyroids. It couldn't give him back his height but it did save his life, and now they are ready to save the height as well of the next person whose parathyroid starts overworking.

But the thyroid and the parathyroid aren't the only ductless glands concerned with keeping us bright and beautiful by any means. There are the adrenals that sit like a pair of tiny helmets one on top of each kidney and in the crazy way our ductless glands work have nothing to do with our kidneys at all. What's more, each of these little helmets isn't one gland but two: the adrenal medulla inside and the adrenal cortex outside.

The adrenal medulla has a fairly simple job, as jobs go. It manufactures a stimulant called adrenalin, and it only seems to manufacture it when we need it. There is an old medical saying that the adrenal medulla prepares us for fight or flight, and that is just what it does, for whenever we are frightened or angry or in pain or in danger our adrenal medullas get to work and pour adrenalin into our systems, which raises our blood pressure and gives us temporary strength to meet the crisis we're up against. We might be able to lead extremely sheltered lives without our adrenal medullas but we wouldn't have a very interesting time.

The cortex of our adrenals is more complicated and we know a lot less about it, so little in fact that not even scientists can say just exactly what it does when we're healthy. They do know, though, that we have to have it to live and they know that a great many

(Continued on page 40)



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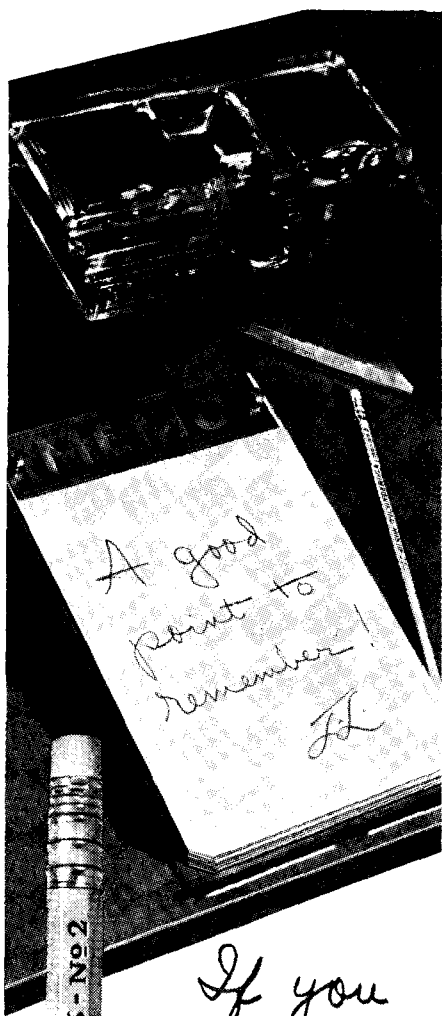
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(Continued from page 38)

strange things happen if it functions too much or too little. If it is gradually destroyed, for instance, as it sometimes is by tuberculosis of the gland, people get a disease known as Addison's disease, that up until very recently had always been considered fatal. Their digestions don't work; their hearts get weak; they get tremendous dark freckles on their skins for no logical reason that doctors have been able to find; and finally they go into collapse and die. Doctors have known about this disease for years. But it wasn't until they had looked at the adrenal glands of a number of people who had died of the disease and found that their adrenal cortices were always destroyed that they knew what caused it.

The next step, of course, was to learn to supply the hormone that the adrenal cortex would have supplied, if it had been there, and several different groups of doctors have been working on that since 1927 when the hormone was first found. They're only just now beginning to get a preparation of the cortical hormone potent enough to do any good, but probably in a few more years people with Addison's disease will be able to get along by taking cortical hormone just as people with diabetes can get along now by taking insulin.

Very occasionally a person's adrenal cortex overfunctions, usually because of a tumor, and then something stranger still happens, something in fact that takes us back to spells and talismans and fairy tales again. Girls are all but turned into boys. A doctor tells of a charming young girl who began to grow less and less charming. Hair sprouted on her chin and limbs, her voice became rough and deep. She began to lose her nice, rounded, feminine figure and gained thirty-six pounds besides. She had always been gentle and modest, but now she seemed to have no modesty at all.

The Charm School

Her family was naturally very much upset and took her to the Mayo Clinic, in lieu of a fairy godmother, and it worked just as well. They were smart enough there to know she must have a tumor of her adrenal cortex. They operated and took it out and in an amazingly short time the girl lost her deep voice and unnecessary hair and became as modest and feminine and pretty as she had ever been.

We have a few other glands which, along with their regular functions, seem to keep an eye somehow on our general well-being. The pancreas, for instance, as well as secreting digestive juices secretes a stuff called insulin that helps us burn sugar. Doctors have known for a good many years that when it doesn't secrete enough insulin we get diabetes, but it never occurred to them until fairly recently that sometimes it might secrete too much. It does, though, every now and again and when it does the lack of sugar in our systems sets us all off balance.

A doctor tells of a man who several times was committed to a mental hospital as hopelessly insane, only to recover shortly, be released, and later be committed all over again, until some bright scientist discovered that his pancreas was simply secreting too much insulin every once in a while. When they tried giving him large quantities of sugar every time he began to act queer he was perfectly all right, except for a little struggle not to get too fat. Another man was treated for years for fits of epilepsy until doctors found out that the whole trouble was just his pancreas making too much insulin. These overworkings are usually due to a tumor that can be removed by operation.

Other glands with a double function

are our reproductive glands, for besides their very important function of making us able to have children they secrete a number of hormones that just by wandering around in our blood have a good deal to do with making us what we think of as masculine or feminine. The male sex hormone gives men their beards and thin hips and broad shoulders and deep voices. And the female sex hormones—there are probably two of them, doctors now think—give women their soft skins and feminine curves. Doctors know this because both sexes, when their reproductive glands are underfunctioning, tend to revert to a sort of neuter that is neither masculine or feminine but pretty much alike in both sexes. And they can almost prove it, too, because they are beginning to separate these hormones from the rest of the secretions of the glands and get them in pure form for experimental purposes.

Orders from Headquarters

It is amazing that a tiny amount of a certain substance wandering around in our blood can influence our shapes and our voices and the growth of our hair, but there isn't any doubt that that is just what our male and female sex hormones do.

And yet they and all the other ductless glands we have been talking about, important as their jobs are, are still not quite the big shots they seem to be. For there is one more gland, almost the tiniest of the lot, that lies in hiding in a little bony sac as far inside the center of our heads as it can get, and which complicates everything, apparently, by having at least slight control over all the others. This gland is called the pituitary and you have heard about it before in connection with growth, for making us grow is the one absolutely direct job it seems to have. But along with manufacturing the growth hormone they're now finding out that this little gland, no bigger than a small chestnut, seems to manufacture six or seven other hormones as well. And each one of them seems to have an influence on a special one of the other ductless glands in the body.

They've got those hormones pretty well separated by now and have found, for example, that if you give the thyroid-stimulating hormone of the pituitary to a dog it gets hyperthyroid, and if you give the sex-stimulating hormone to young rats they mature very fast and so on right down the line except in the case of the pancreas. And here's a

funny thing: it looks as if the pituitary, instead of stimulating the production of insulin as you might expect, holds it back, for when they take out a dog's pancreas he gets diabetes, but if they then take out his pituitary his diabetes immediately becomes much less severe.

Besides this, the pituitary seems to have charge of our milk glands and somehow, in a way nobody understands very well yet, has charge, too, of whether we get fat or not. Doctors now think that a good many people who are awfully fat aren't hyperthyroid as they used to think, and perhaps don't even eat too much. They think now that maybe it's something wrong with their pituitaries, though they aren't far enough along yet to know just what.

They're working at it, though, pretty much all over the world. There's a Dr. Houssay in Argentina, a Dr. Anselmino in Germany, a Dr. Collip in Canada, the same one who found the parathyroid hormone, and two doctors by the names of Evans and Loeb here in America, just to mention a few of the important ones. They're all of them going after the matter hotfoot and they're all finding out pretty interesting things about this little pituitary of ours. Whatever they find out in the years to come, there's no doubt that that little chestnut does an awfully big job, probably the biggest of any gland we have.

The funny thing is that big as is the job these little glands of ours do, people often aren't satisfied, but want to credit them with a lot of things they don't do. You hear a good deal, for instance, about our glands making our personalities what they are, but really they don't. At least one prominent psychiatrist, a man down in Washington by the name of Freeman, is willing to say flatly that they don't. Given any group of people with a certain type of glandular disease, Dr. Freeman says, you'll probably find in it all the types of personality there are: gay, cheery people, and sensitive, suspicious people, and dreamy, poetic people.

As a matter of fact our ductless glands, granted they're behaving properly, haven't nearly so much to do with making us different as with keeping us pretty much alike. It's only when they misbehave that we get these tremendous differences, you see. What they do seem to give us, besides keeping us what we consider normal, is two things, emotional stability and energy drive. And when you stop to think that that really means self-control and the ability to get things done, it's a very great deal.



"Doctor Kurtz! Are you going to condone such actions?"

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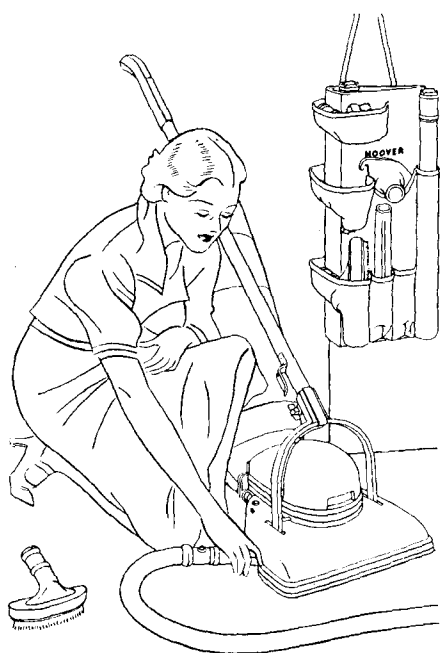
When we say "conception" we mean a basically new idea.

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Women haven't had full service from their cleaning equipment . . . they haven't used their cleaning tools as consistently as their floor cleaners. So Hoover designed a Cleaning Ensemble so simple, so convenient, so fool-proof that women *would* use it.

Women wanted lightness—so Hoover adapted magnesium—the new airplane metal, one-third lighter than aluminum and just as strong.

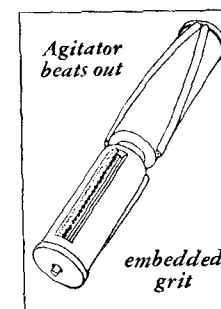
Women are style conscious. So Hoover engaged Henry Dreyfuss to design this new Hoover. Its smooth flowing lines and its new non-marring finish will be instantly appreciated.

Women know a cleaner should be adjusted to rugs of varying thicknesses. Yet in the past they haven't been able, or haven't bothered, to do it. So Hoover developed the automatic Rug Adjustor. Simply press your toe on a pedal as you pass from rug to rug and the cleaner does the rest.

The new Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble, with these and many other new conveniences, is ready now. Remember, too, it is still the only cleaner with the patented, exclusive principle of Positive Agitation which saves rugs and keeps them bright.

See this new cleaner . . . try it on your own rugs, without obligation, through a trustworthy representative of your local Hoover dealer.

ALL THESE PATENTED OR EXCLUSIVE FEATURES



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- Comfort Handle Grip
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- Positive Agitation
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Just slip connector in slot—you're ready instantly to clean furnishings. No stopping motor, turning over cleaner or disconnecting belt. Note Handy Cleaning Kit.

THE HOOVER

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OKAY! I'LL TAKE YOUR BET!



BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

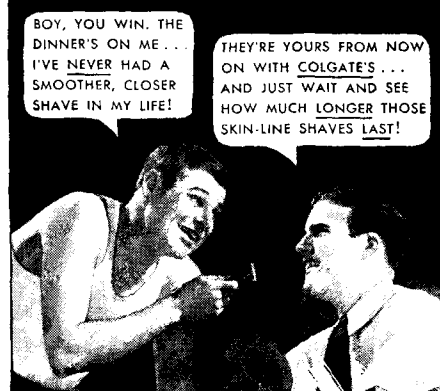


Photo Mugs

Continued from page 19

and dropped it. The pilothouse was swept away, the captain and Muto were badly cut by flying glass and he momentarily got the impression that fourteen hours of buffeting for thirty miles of travel was more than a cameraman should be expected to endure. What revived him was the news that he had been the only photographer to reach the scene of the wreck.

Sammy Schulman's experiences include a revolution in Portugal; the recovery of the bodies from the submarine S-4 disaster; the arrival of the German flyers at Greenly Island (he went up there in summer clothes and almost froze to death); the attempted assassination of Prince Humberto of Italy during his wedding to Marie Jose of Belgium; the crash of the British dirigible R-101; the revolution in Cuba; and the shooting of Mayor Cermak.

Frank Jurkoski was sent out from Oakland in 1930 to fly to the S. S. Ventura which was bringing in the survivors of the S. S. Tahiti, which had sunk in midocean. The idea was to pick up photographs from the Ventura and beat everybody to San Francisco. It was a heavy sea, there was no assurance that the pilot could even locate the Ventura and less that they could snag the pictures.

All their apprehensions proved well founded, except that they located the Ventura. When they landed on their pontoons, the shock was so severe that the hull of the flying boat was smashed in. Worse than that, they didn't get the pictures.

"The Ventura went right on by us," relates Jurkoski, "and if the pictures were ever thrown overboard we didn't see them. By that time we were only interested in keeping alive. Water was pouring in through the hole in the hull and the motor wouldn't turn over. The water pump wouldn't work. We started to rip out the fittings of the cabin to lighten the load. Next I ripped off the camera-case top and started to bail. The pilot used his shoes. Later he managed to get the pump going and after that he managed to get the motor started, but the boat was so waterlogged there was no chance of taking off. We taxied forty miles to the Farallon Islands, couldn't land there because of the rocky coast and finally got aloft before our last gas was used up. . . . The irony of it was that the steward on the Ventura hadn't had the pictures ready and of course hadn't thrown them overboard."

It's a Tough Life at Best

It was Joseph Marsland who talked J. P. Morgan into his first press photographs. Marsland found him on the upper deck of a ship and told him what a good bonus he would get if he landed a Morgan photograph.

"Why should I put money in your pocket?" asked Mr. Morgan and Joe had no answer for that one, but it pleased the great man so much that he consented to pictures being taken. He has been an easy target since.

The big pictures of last year were of the floods, and David Oliver scored the greatest beat on that with his photographs of the crowds in Johnstown, Pa., fleeing to the hills at rumors that the Quemahoning Dam had broken. Oliver had practically waded his way from New York to the flood city and had his camera on a truck grinding away at the customary flood scenes when the cry arose. With memories of the flood of 1889 when thousands of lives were lost now very much uppermost in the minds of the people,

the resulting panic was inevitable and spectacular.

The cameramen can be divided into the newsreel boys, the still photographers for the syndicates and the freelance nuts who go around snapping everything whether it has news value or not. It's a tough life at best and any regular lasting over twenty years is as much a marvel as a major-league pitcher with an equal record. When you've walked girders on an 80-story building, hung by your teeth from the wing of a bombing plane going 130 miles an hour, faced some of the most beautiful legs in the world on the decks of transatlantic liners, hidden in areaways and hoped that the gun moll would pose pretty for a picture instead of hollering for her mate—when you've done all those things and have been bawled out by the public as a nuisance and by the boss as a lazy bum, you'll eventually reach the conclusion that it's a hard profession.

The Pendulum of Public Favor

What gets the picture people in trouble is their refusal to let anything stop them, ethics or no ethics, had taste or no taste at all. They took pictures of Hauptmann in the Lindbergh trial despite the order of the judge. They snapped Ruth Snyder in the electric chair. There was a terrific rumpus at Toscanini's farewell last year when he refused to return for bows on the ground that a cameraman had exploded a flash bulb in his face. The photographer in that case was Frank Muto, who maintains that there had been no promise to refrain from snapping pictures, that Toscanini was turned away from the camera when the flash went off and consequently couldn't have been blinded by it and furthermore that if it hadn't been for the yowling of Bruno Zirato, orchestra representative, and the mauling of the cops, confusion would have been much less.

"Unnerved?" says Muto about Toscanini, "I was unnerved myself—with that guy yelling at the top of his voice and the cops pushing me around like a sack of coal. No wonder he didn't come back."

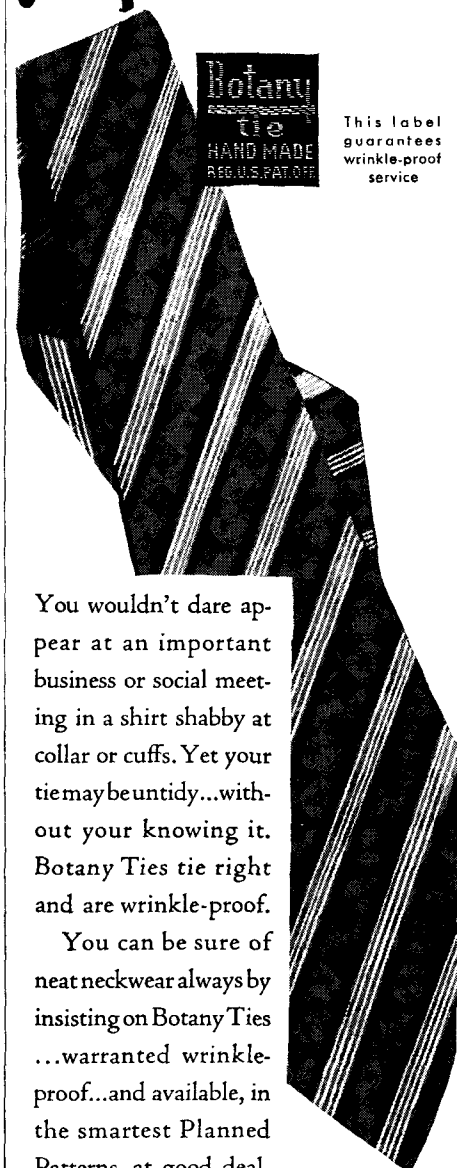
The public was pretty sore about that one but relief came to the cameramen almost immediately in the incident of the Pulitzer Prize Awards when Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, put the boys on the pan for snapping celebrities at the dinner. Since the purpose of the dinner was to draw attention to the awards and incidentally to get publicity for Columbia, it was considered slightly less than sporting to invite the mugs to make pictures and then bawl them out for making them. Public reaction swung a bit in their favor.

But public favor or not, they'll continue getting them. It's hard to insult a cameraman and impossible to frighten him. The death of Allyn Alexander and Lewis Tappen in a bombing plane over Sequoia National Park will never stop other photographers going aloft. Johnny Bartone will give up his vacation for the sake of climbing a cable to the top of Brooklyn Bridge to get pictures of workmen painting it. He is the kind of guy who will test a bulletproof glass by standing behind it with his camera while the inventor shoots a gun at him.

"The fourth shot hit the camera," say his friends. "The fifth knocked his hat off. We say to him, 'Why be so dumb? Get away from behind there,' and Johnny says, 'You want everybody to think I ain't got no nerve?'"

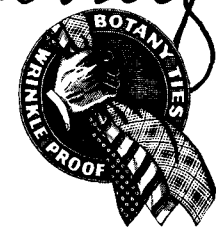
That goes to show you—with the picture guys.

A wrinkled tie is worse than a frayed shirt...



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The Ambassador's Wife

Continued from page 8

more important to him even than his career.

Pauline on her side liked Richard. In her impersonally affectionate way she was very fond of him. But he puzzled her. He was, she thought, so queer and cold; he never approached her in the right way; he seemed to feel a sense of guilt at being with her. Whenever she felt warm toward him, he grew stiff and cold. And this was so foolish of him. She was not demanding marriage.

THEY met for tea at Gerstner's. Pauline told him that a German industrialist whom she knew had telephoned her that morning asking her to leave Vienna and meet him in Berlin.

"Of course you can't go," Richard said.

Pensive, moody, she said that she might: Vienna was a dead city, a dead end—the German was rich . . .

"You mustn't go, you can't go," he told her pressing, cold and hollow in his stomach. "I love you too much."

"I will tell you tomorrow," she said.

At home, Pauline thought how odd it was, how odd that Kurt, this German, seemed to be seriously in love with her now, after she had gone off with him that time in Semmering. First he had been playing with her. She had been playing, too. Now he felt the bond between them. And it was so absurd that poor Richard did not realize somehow that she would give him what she had given Kurt, if only he could, as Kurt did, treat her as a validly equal human being. Of course if Richard should actually offer marriage to her—that would be a different thing.

Richard's anguish and distress moved her deeply. This strange young Englishman meant more to her than she had imagined. She had never asked anything from him as a price of surrender. They had gradually become good friends. Pauline, startled, realized how close she was to being in love with him. Kurt was a playboy. Richard was something real.

The next day when Richard came to see her she knew that he was going to make or break with her. And the instant they met he said, "Pauline, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I have to tell you one thing. I have never told you what work my brother does. He is a servant in the Greek legation."

If she had told him that her brother was a criminal; if she had said that he was a Bolshevik or Nazi *agent-provocateur*; if she had said that her brother had been hanged for murder; had she said any of these things, Richard could have stood the shock better. But a servant in the Greek legation! A servant in any legation! Good God! He had dined with M. Constantopoli, the Greek minister, the week before. Perhaps that boy serving the sherry had been Pauline's brother! They would go there together some day, very soon, in fact, after their marriage; and he would be given soup or a soufflé by his brother-in-law!

Richard lifted his chin. "It's all right with me, Pauline. Let's marry next week."

The next morning Sir Andrew called Richard in.

"My dear fellow, are you tied up the next few days?"

"No, not at all, sir," Richard said.

"Well, there's this pouch to go to Constantinople, and the messenger from London went to bed last night with sudden influenza. The dispatches, you know, ought to be on time. I wonder if you'd mind running down to Constantinople with them."

Richard spent a day and a half in the train; then several days in Constantinople. He found it a sudden blank relief to be away from Vienna and Pauline. He attended a great dinner party given by the ambassador, Lord Coldfield. Richard observed his hostess. She was ugly. She was a chatterbox. She

(Continued on page 44)



He can play at "Let's Pretend"—but should YOU, INCORPORATED?



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You can take advantage of this plan even on a modest salary. Find out how little is required to provide an income of \$100 a month. Use coupon, there is no obligation.



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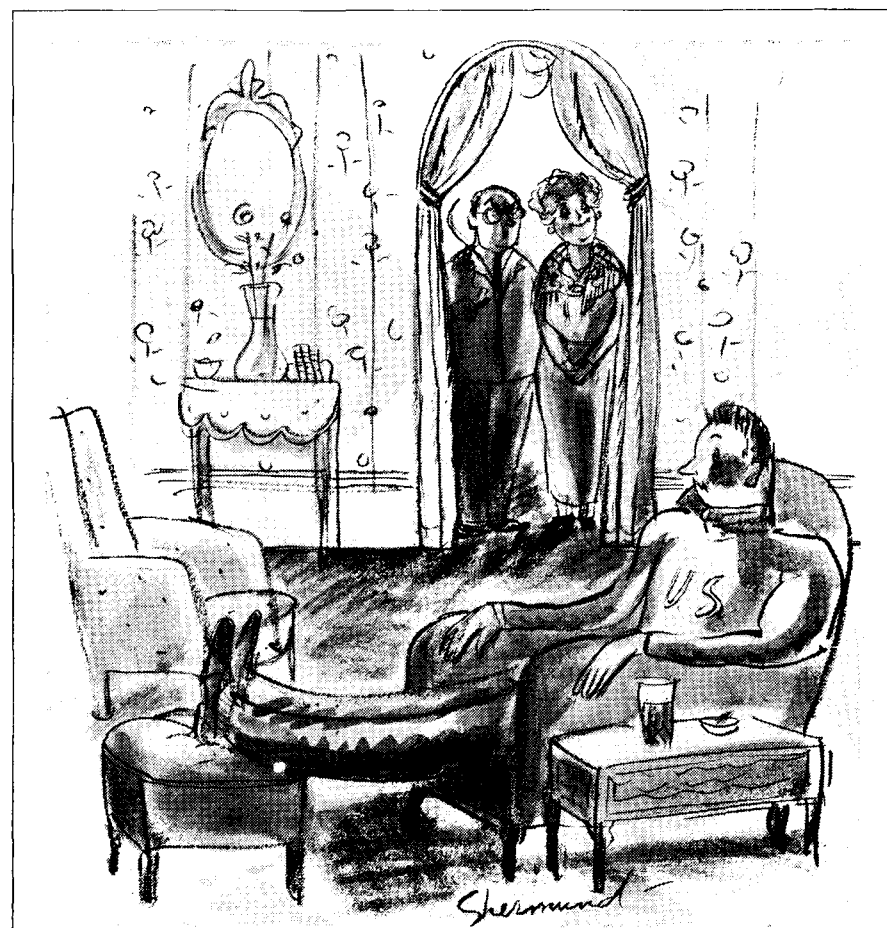
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"Yes, I know, but what's he going to do between now and the next Olympics?"

B. SHERMUND

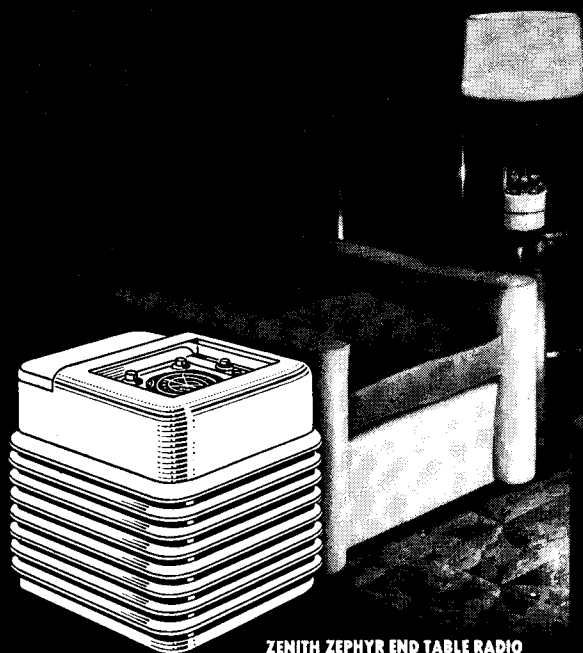
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(Continued from page 43)

had little social grace. But her people had been among the rulers of England for seven generations. She could make no mistakes; she was above error. And Richard was moved and impressed by the embassy building, set back in its great private park. This might be his own embassy some day, the mansion in which he himself would live. It expressed all that was dearest to him in life. Order. Tradition. The punctilio of diplomacy. The great life of politics. The burly Scotland Yard man at the gate, brought with his family all the way from London, so that the embassy in far-off Turkey should be policed, as was proper, by a Briton. Richard walked to the telegraph office and wired Pauline, breaking off their engagement.

IN a week he was back in Vienna. For another week he restrained himself, forcibly, from getting in touch with Pauline at her home or going to the Bazar. Then, exhausted, he turned the familiar way down Karntnerstrasse. The doorman greeted him effusively, though, Richard thought, with a certain surprised curiosity. The head waiter bowed, smiled silkily, and led him to the usual loge. Richard sat down and looked about him. His heart pounded. He looked again. Pauline was not there.

Lili, a blond girl whom he had never liked, told him about it.

"Pauline has gone to Berlin. Yesterday she married the Herr Engineer-Industrialist Kurt von Salkind."

"Is that so? You don't say! How very interesting!" Richard managed to reply. He drank his whisky as quickly as decency would permit—and left the establishment.

Richard came back to his flat in Strohgassee, locked himself in his room, put his forehead on his fists and, for the first time in twenty years, wept.

Fool! Fool! He had lost her. He had lost all his hope of brightness in life and happiness. All because he was going to be an ambassador some day and had to have a proper ambassador's wife. Curse his career! Bury his career! Soak his career in benzine and burn it! On account of his precious, ridiculous career, he had lost Pauline, who was life to him. Lost her to a German who would doubtless desert her at the first opportunity. Fool! Fool! He poured salt in his own wound. He thought of Pauline and her charming ways. How she was totally unable to pronounce correctly the name Eustace. How, with the tip of her tongue, she licked the whipped cream from a cherry in an elaborate confection they consumed at Dehmels. How sensible she was, and how kind. How she had kissed him in the woods at Coblenz. . . . Fool! Fool!

Early the next morning Richard took the most sensational step of his life. He walked into Sir Andrew Gripstead's room and informed him of his determination to resign from His Britannic Majesty's diplomatic service.

With precision, concealing nothing, Richard told him the whole story.

"My dear old boy," Sir Andrew said, his hand on Richard's shoulder. "How perfectly shocking! Shall I tell you something? Between ourselves. My wife was a chorus girl."

At this precise moment, four hundred miles away in Berlin, Pauline, in negligee, wearing square-toed golden mules, turned to Kurt von Salkind and said seriously:

"Darling, we have played enough. Thank you for having been so good to my family. I want now that we lead a serious life. I must tell you, because we should always be truthful, that I married you because I had been jilted by a silly English boy. He was stupid and narrow in some ways, but he had a much better character than you, Kurt, and I

was very fond of him. I told him a little lie about my brother so that he could find it easy to jilt me. I was too fond of him, a little; but I knew that it would be hopeless for us to marry, we could never be happy for long together. With you I can be happy, I know. But now let us stop all this gambling and champagne and foolery and live good lives."

After his resignation had been accepted Richard spent a few months in America, and then took up residence in London. His name and his connections were valuable to a new firm which has just been organized to manufacture American airplane motors, under license, on the continent. In two years he was offered a directorship. He was getting rich; he was powerful in his own sphere; before him was a magnificent career.

On the boat at Southampton the newsboys were selling the last English newspapers he would see for five days. He bought a Times. He always read the foreign news carefully, both because it reminded him pleasantly of his former life and because developments on the continent were strictly part of his present business. He saw a heading on the main news page which caught his attention, and he went through it carefully. He let the paper down, then folded it carefully, sighing. He stood at the rail, a curious emotion of irony, sadness, humor in his mind. The story was from Berlin, and read:

Herr Hitler, immediately on coming to power, has taken a step which his followers had long foretold. He has ordered a thorough housecleaning of the German diplomatic service. A good many ambassadors and ministers of the old regime have been dismissed. Among them are the German ambassadors in Lisbon, Rome, Tokyo and Washington.

Herr Hitler is filling these posts both with party members and nonpolitical appointees.

The new ambassador to Rome, it is understood, will be the well-known Rhineland industrialist, Herr Kurt von Salkind. . . .

THE next year, almost as one might buy a new suit of clothes or motorcar, Richard got married. His wife, Sarah, was a round, chubby Irish girl whom he met during a brief vacation in Dublin. She had a good deal of money. When he married her Richard did not know, truly, whether he was in love with her or not. After marriage, gradually, he did fall in love with her. She bore him two children, both boys, in a little over two years. And as Richard and Sarah grew to know each other better, his character subtly changed. He became capable of casualness, a feat that had heretofore always escaped him. He drank a bit, paid less attention to his clothes, joined a number of clubs, forgot appointments occasionally, and became a figure of respect and even affection to the men who worked with him.

Richard took in a lot of foreign papers and magazines, some of them technically connected with aircraft problems, some of a more general nature. He continued to pay close attention to continental affairs. His wife, in their modern flat on Portman Square, was thumbing through the latest copy of *The Dame*. On one page was a great studio portrait of His Excellency the German Ambassador to Rome and Frau Kurt von Salkind. Sarah glanced at it with casual interest. "Isn't she lovely!" she commented. "What a lovely woman!"

"Yes," said Richard.

Mrs. Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes put the magazine down and sighed.

"Darling, why did you ever quit the diplomatic service? It would be nice, I suppose, to be an ambassador's wife."

Stand-In

Continued from page 15

She must have understood the way I meant it for she laughed. "You're sweet," she said. "I'm going to ask Alan about you."

I could feel my face getting back to normal. She was regular, this Trevor! "What do you want to know, Miss Trevor?" I asked her.

"Your name."

"That's easy. Bob Houston."

"What are you doing this for?"

"Easy, too. Five bucks a day."

"That isn't what I meant. Don't you want to tell me?"

"Well," I said, "if you really want to know, I came out here with a color process I thought—"

"All right, Miss Trevor. Thank you." It was the cameraman. I stood up.

She stayed where she was but she looked up at me. "Will you tell me about it later?" she said. "I want to hear the rest." I mumbled something and walked off the set. I felt I could use a cigarette right then.

Somebody came out in back of me and when I held the door open I saw it was Carol. "My," she said, "our little man's doing all right for himself! Trevor's on the make, I see."

"Think so?" I said and I lit a cigarette without offering her one.

"Why, sure; it's obvious. But I don't blame you."

"Don't you?" I said. "That's nice."

"No; I like to see a young man get ahead. And you have plenty of room for advancement."

I looked at her. "What's the idea?" I asked her. "You told me where to get off once. Why rub it in? Of course I realize I went too far in taking you to lunch—being in a more or less humble position around here." I was getting pretty sore; who did this dame think she was, anyway?

The door opened and Alan came out. He didn't see Carol the way the door swung, and he said: "What have you been up to, Bob? Joan was asking me—" He broke off when he saw Carol and grinned. "Oh, excuse me," he said.

"It's all right," I told him. I took his arm and walked down the sidewalk with him. "What did you say she was asking you?"

HE WAS laughing. "Can't hold you down, boy," he said. "Nothing but the best!"

"You make me feel like a Japanese imitation O'Sullivan," I said. "I wasn't trying to turn on the charm with Trevor."

He patted me on the shoulder. "Okay, old boy," he said. "Don't get excited. Gosh, Bob, you're all in a lather today." "You would be too," I said. "I've been taking a beating all around." We went inside the stage again; Alan had to do a scene by himself.

I was sitting near Trevor's dressing room watching him walk through his action when she called me. Her door was open and she was in front of her make-up table, powdering.

"Come on in," she said. "Sit down."

"Thanks," I said, "but I'd better stay here so I can jump when they want me."

"All right then, talk to me from there."

"Whatever you say, Miss Trevor."

She had been talking to me from her mirror but now she stopped powdering and turned around. "Don't act like that," she said, "you sound like a butler. And my name's Joan."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, Joan."

"That's much better." She smiled as though she meant it. "Now—you were telling me what brought you here."

"Oh, sure. Another guy and I worked out a color process we thought was a honey. A triple negative without using filters. It ought to save almost half of what color is costing now. But we ran out of dough and I came out here to see if I couldn't get one of the moguls to back us until we finished." I lifted my shoulders and grinned. "I guess I don't have to tell you any more."

"Is it really good?"

"Well," I said, "I think so but, of course, I'm prejudiced. And there's at least a thousand other guys walking around with a new color film that will revolutionize the industry. The competition's terrific."

"Yes, I know. But you might at least get a trial."

"That's what I thought," I said, "but it hasn't worked out that way."

I HADN'T been looking and I heard Danny yell. "Excuse me," I said and I jumped for the set. Morel took time to give me a dirty look.

"If you're quite ready, Mr. Uh—" he said, "perhaps we can go on. I wouldn't want to bother you." The extras standing around giggled. I could feel the back of my neck burning and it wasn't from any sun arc. I'd have liked to punch Mr. Morel in the nose right then.

At five they told us we were going to work that night. Everybody was dead but it would cost dough to carry over another day on that set. Joan didn't work during the afternoon and I didn't see her again, but Morel found a couple of chances to ride me even though I kept on the job. I guess everyone's nerves were a little ragged but mine were red-hot. I was plenty glad when we went out to dinner.

I ate alone in the little place across the street from the studio. And when I got up to pay my check I was surprised enough to find Carol at the table right in back of me with two other girls. I started past her as though I hadn't noticed but she saw me.

"How's the future producer?" she said.

"Just fine," I told her. "Just jimdandy. Nice of you to ask."

"Yes, isn't it?" She turned to the other two. "If it weren't for this gentleman they couldn't go on with production." The others giggled.

"No doubt they'd miss you a lot, too," I said, and I went out. I couldn't see any reason why she had to keep it up. Maybe she was embarrassed about having lunch with me.

Morel was still shooting at eleven. I was sitting in Alan's dressing room with him while Morel worked over the orchestra outside. Alan looked tired.

"Reach in that bag alongside you, Bob," he said. "We might as well have a drink."

I dragged out a bottle of Scotch and Alan opened it. "I'm going to have a great time on this picture," he said. "Morel's so nice to work with. Somebody ought to slap him down."

"Here's to whoever does," I said, and I lifted my glass. The door opened and there stood Morel.

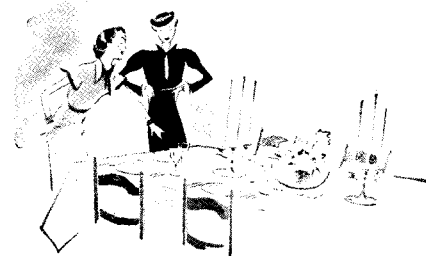
"Well," he said, "I hope I'm not intruding." He had a manner that just matched his little mustache. "Do you think you'll be able to walk about the set, Mr. Severn, or shall I get you a litter?"

Alan just looked up at him. "If you have any complaints about my work," he said, "I'd advise you to take them up with the front office. Otherwise—"

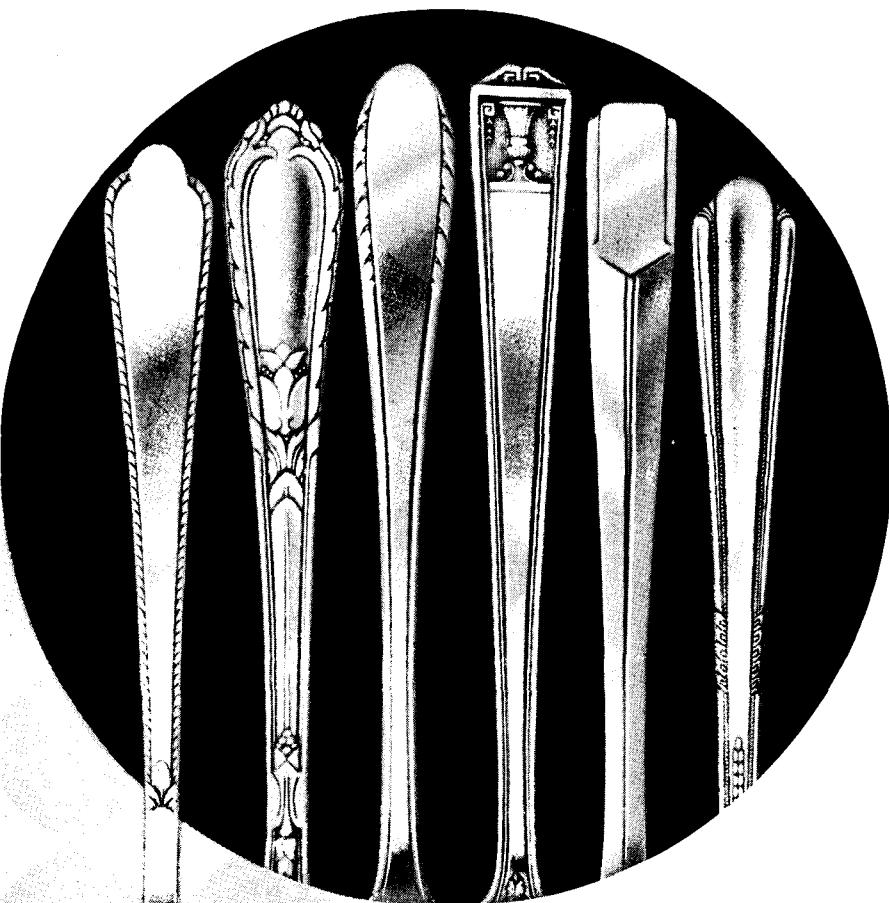
"Yes," Morel said. "Otherwise—?"

(Continued on page 46)

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(Continued from page 45)

"Otherwise you can get the hell out of my dressing room. I never liked your face much, Morel."

Morel stood there grinning as if he had the situation well in hand.

Alan got up on his feet and it looked like a matter of seconds. Just then Joan Trevor showed herself outside the open door. I stood up then, too.

"May I come in?" she said.

Alan stood leaning back against his dressing table easily and Morel didn't move either. There was plenty of high voltage in that little room right then. Morel broke it first.

"Ah," he said. "Join our little party, won't you? Mr. Severn is celebrating with Mr.—" He looked over at me.

"With Mr. Houston. A friend of mine." Alan was all right again now. "We were drinking to the lucky guy who'd punch you in the nose, Morel."

"Victor," Joan said, "will you come here a minute? I'd like to talk to you about that next scene." She smiled at all of us. It gave Morel an easy out and he took it. But he gave me a dirty look on the way.

Alan sat down again and grinned. "He's asking for it," he said. "It's going to be a pleasure when I oblige him."

"You'll get yourself in a jam," I told him. "Don't be an idiot, Alan."

He just waved at me to pipe down and went out. I followed along but he went outside.

Nothing was developing in the line of making a picture; they were laying tracks for the camera; it was a moving shot. I saw Morel talking to Danny and looking at me. Then Danny came over. He was grinning.

"Ever done any acting, Bob?" he asked me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"We need another man. Morel thinks you're a good type. Go on up and try it."

"No, thanks," I said. "I know my limitations."

"Come on." He got my arm and pulled me up. "There's nothing to it."

WELL, I certainly could use the extra dough. I walked up to Morel.

"All right," he said. "Over by that window."

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked him.

"Get up there and I'll tell you." He seemed to be in a good humor for a change. I went up under a couple of spots.

"You're supposed to be tight. A girl comes along and you ask her to dance with you. She keeps walking and you look after her. That's all. Think you can do it?"

"I'll try," I said. Morel motioned to someone to come up. When I saw who it was it only made it worse. Naturally it had to be Carol.

"Okay, rehearse it." Carol walked toward me, trying not to grin. I did my best to imagine myself plastered and got on my feet a little rockily.

"M' I've the pleasure?" I said. "A li'l waltz with you?"

She busted out laughing and I looked around. Everybody on the set was watching and they all howled, Morel the loudest. Then I woke up that it was a rib. I tried to look nonchalant but I was sore. I couldn't see any reason I had to look like more of a fool than ever.

"Well, I told you I wasn't an actor," I said to Morel. "How would you like to try walking a tightrope sometime?" I saw Joan standing in the door of her dressing room.

"Don't get fresh," Morel said. Then he started laughing again. "Too bad we didn't have a camera on you," he said. "All you needed was a couple of custard pies."

I guess thinking Joan might be laugh-

ing at me too made me do it. I walked up to Morel.

"Look," I said. "Now let's us pretend. You're a prize fighter, see? Put up your hands and we'll see if you're as good as I'm an actor."

He stopped laughing. "Why, you impudent punk," he said. "I'll have you thrown off the lot."

"I don't doubt it," I said and I slapped his face with my open hand, hard. "Now will you put your hands up?"

He swung a wide-open right at me and I jabbed him twice. I stepped in close and jolted him in the body with my left and then as he staggered I got set and let him have my right to his chin with everything I had on it. He went down on his face and I knew he wouldn't get up again. I pushed through the crowd of extras and started looking for my hat. It was a cinch I'd be needing it.

I was still breathing hard when I looked up and saw Joan. She was trying not to laugh but I could see it breaking through. I grinned at her.

"Sorry I had to make an exhibition of myself," I said. "I guess I lost my temper."

"I guess you did. But you made the exhibition of Morel." Then, quickly: "Listen—wait for me at the main gate. I want to see you before you go."

I stopped in the place I'd had dinner and bought myself a couple of drinks. Then I stood over near the main gate where I wasn't too prominent and watched the crowd from the set come out.

Joan's car came through the gate and stopped. I could see her in the back looking around and I stepped out in the light. Her hand came through the window and beckoned me. Well, for better or worse, I had nothing to lose. I opened the door and just before I got in, something made me turn around. There stood Carol and the look on her face was something. I climbed in and shut the door.

Joan was still laughing. "You were marvelous," she said.

"Well, what gives out? Why am I in your car? Feel sorry for me because I lost my job?"

"No. Not that job. I said I had something to tell you. I called Harry Costello this afternoon and made an appointment for you to show him your film or whatever it is. He'll give you a break if it's any good."

"Gee," I said, "that's great." Costello was tops in producers. "It was awfully nice of you to go to all that trouble, Miss—I mean Joan."

"It wasn't any trouble. I only hope it'll do you some good."

"It will," I said. And I didn't have any doubt about it either. I looked at her where she was leaning back in her

corner of the seat. I didn't know how to tell her the way I felt about her. I still had a hang-over about that stand-in business.

"You were the first—the only person on the set," I said finally, "to make me feel human. Not counting Alan, of course. But I knew him before."

I thought that would give me a lead to where I stood with her and it did. But not the way I expected.

"I heard what that girl said to you," she said, "outside my dressing room. It made me mad."

"Oh!" I said. There was a lot in it for a little word.

SHE didn't notice, for she went right on.

"I was a stand-in once. Of course it isn't so bad for a girl. But I could see how you'd feel about it. I wanted to make you realize everybody didn't feel the same way."

"I see," I said. Well, I'd been wrong again. I certainly had been getting things cockeyed all day. First with Carol and now with Joan. I should have known better; I should have known she was sorry for me. Well, that was something I could get along without. It had been sweet of her to fix it up with Costello, anyway. I looked out of the window and saw we were heading for Beverly Hills.

"Thanks for the lift," I said. "If you'll tell your man to drop me at the next corner it will be fine." I was living about two miles the other way but I wanted to get out of there before I got something else wrong.

"Drop you at the corner? Why, do you have to go home?"

"Where were we going?" I asked her and I grinned just as if it were the biggest joke in the world. "The Troc?"

"Well, hardly—with me still in make-up." Was she taking me straight? "I have a grand swimming pool," she said. "And—there's a moon."

I must have looked pretty dense right then. "But I don't get it," I said. "You just told me you only talked to me because you were sorry for me—"

"I stopped being sorry for you when you poked Morel in the eye. I can't feel sorry for a fresh guy like you, Bob."

"I can," I said. "I'm sorry I'm so dumb. I get everything wrong."

"Yes," she told me. "You're being a little slow right now." She seemed closer to me than before. Her hair was as sweet as before only a lot more so. I took her by both shoulders and turned her around.

"Then I'll take a chance I'm right," I said and I kissed her. It took quite a while. But when I'd finished I knew I was right. And that made up for all the misses.



"He was so making sixty-five! Wasn't he, Sergeant?"

JAY IRVING

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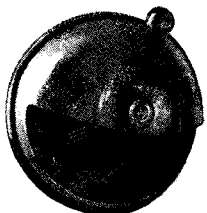


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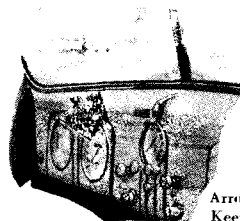
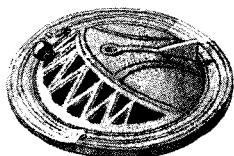
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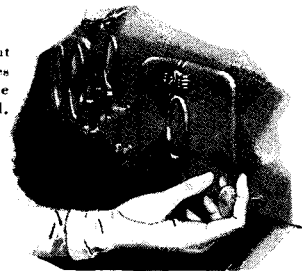
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The Needle of Heaven

Continued from page 24

all. Stout fellow, Tod. I like him. Everyone does."

"Does she?"

"That's it. Yes."

"Oh. . . Well, then, what—"

"That's it," Mr. Neville growled again. "You wouldn't know. But in the Shanghai Club they do. Busted up six months ago. He likes his cards. She tried to break it. No go. But if you see them look at each other you'll know. She's fair mad about him yet. I can tell. Beats me. I could never take a woman that hard."

"I could. Her, anyway."

"Oh. So you've noticed?"

"Hell, who wouldn't! Reminds me of orchids, fresh off the ice. Why did he—"

"Cards, I told you. Can't quit. Won't try. Too exciting. When a thing like that gets in the blood . . . Hush up!" The mate turned abruptly to hand Tod Howell out of the launch. "Glad to see you again!" he boomed. "Mind that ladder, Mr. Howell. I'll send the luggage aloft."

THE second mate waited till the white-clad figure went over the Shantun's rail. He had heard about Tod Howell. Who hadn't, along that seaboard? A man cloaked with the glamor of great and dangerous deeds, something to stir the spirit of a fellow fresh from home. "So that's him?" he mumbled. "I like him. Looks straight."

"He is straight," Mr. Neville agreed. "He's been through the eye, that chap."

The youngster looked up quickly, frowning. "Through the eye? Now what in the world is that?"

The chief mate snorted loudly and put a double hitch about a portmanteau before he straightened up. "There's a place in the upper Yangtze," he explained coldly, "up by the Ichang Gorge. They call it 'the eye of the needle of heaven' here. If you've been through, and come back alive—well, your life is charmed, that's all. It means you've been in a damn' tight spot and come through. You're a bit of all right out here then. I had a chance to get into it once in a Jardine Matheson hull. Not me, m'son. Not me. I know when I'm well off. . . C'mon. Let's push this stuff along and get aboard. There goes the Old Man, knuckling on that whistle rope."

The hoarse blare of the Shantun's whistle drowned out the young second mate's reply. But on the deck of the little coaster it wasn't the hissing roar that startled Tod Howell so much. It was the sight of Nancy that brought him up short in his tracks. She was leaning on the rail, small and dainty and all in blue beneath the glaring sunlight; and as she saw him she started, and something came into her wide eyes that she tried to stifle and hide. The second should have been there. He would have understood what Mr. Neville meant if he'd seen the way they looked at each other, taken by surprise. Then Tod Howell went up to her quickly.

"Nan, what luck! It's too good to be true."

There was something she had to fight down before she could trust herself to speak. He understood that, because it was in his eyes, too. It was some time before she shook her small head slowly. "It's true, Tod. But I'm afraid it isn't good. I was just beginning to fool myself into believing; I was beginning—to forget."

"Yes; I know." He looked down at his boots, a quick, shy gesture like a boy's. Nancy knew it well. It made her remember many things. She was thankful he

didn't look up until the trembling of her lips was under control. "Isn't it silly, Nan," he was saying wistfully, "us being apart when you know and I know—"

"Please." She touched his arm lightly. "Not again."

"Sorry, Nan." His clean, brown features were twisted a little, as if the sun had got painfully in his eyes. "I tried to be honest about it, you know."

"Yes; I do know, Tod. You play the game straight and square, no matter how it hurts."

"If ever I don't, it'll be the finish."

"One day you won't."

"Nan!"

"I mean it." She looked at him levelly. They were still very much in love. That was plain. The crowd in Shanghai knew it. Things like that didn't happen very often in their sophisticated commercial circle rushing at top speed for the world's rewards. But when they saw it they recognized it. They thought Nancy a little daft to go through that heart-break just because a man had a gambler's heart. But she had her own notion of honesty. "Yes," she repeated quietly. "I do mean it. One day you won't play it straight and square. You see, Tod, I was raised in it. I know. You told me plainly you wouldn't quit because you didn't want to. Excitement. The thrill of it. Whatever you will. Well, that's honest talk. And if once you cheated it would break your heart and be the end of you. You're above that. Well, right now you are. You're fine. But one day, Tod, my dear, the tide will run the other way. You don't think it's possible, no matter what. But it will happen."

He grinned. "You know what? You're too full of dramatics, Nan."

"When you play the something-for-nothing game, you wind up as a cheat."

"Nan! You know better than—"

"Oh, Tod, please. Please!" Then, with sudden brightness: "Where have you been this time? Good trip?"

"Splendid! You should have been . . . I mean it was great sport. Got the Poyang Lake contracts bottled, too!" There was that eager boyishness in his voice again. "Showed old Yinning Foo all about the great game of poker. He loved it. My friend for life now. You know what? He sent me along with a guard of a hundred sword-bearers for safe passage to the Min. He wagered me three of his handsomest young concubines and—"

NANCY broke in with tinkling merry laughter. What else was there to do in the face of his innocent joy? "And you won?"

"Yes." He grinned sheepishly and looked down at his boots again. "But I didn't take them, Nan. Honest. That's why he's my friend for life. They were his pride and the joy of his old age. He gave me a pair of carved ivory dogs instead. Four hundred years old! Wait'll you see 'em. I brought them for you, you know, Nan."

"Thanks, Tod." They eyed each other for a silent moment. It was difficult, she thought, not to forget you were civilized and very correct with him so close. Abruptly: "I'll see you at dinner."

She went from him. He stood watching her trim figure move into the passageway and out of his sight before he turned to stare moodily at the land slipping past. The Shantun was crossing the bar. Presently the swells of the China Sea got hold of her and the little steamer rocked in it, pointing south. He was still there, brooding, when darkness fell upon the ship and the sea. On the foredeck he could see red fire points of

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charcoal glowing in the braziers down there, and vague shapes squatting over the evening rice and sending up a confused murmur of voices. The starboard side of the bridge was closed off by a slamming iron grille. The second mate probably called it nonsense, that armor plate around the chartroom and wheelhouse, and the machine gun under a canvas cover in the wing. But Tod Howell only sighed. He was thinking of Nancy and the look in her cool, wide eyes and the funny things she said. What sort of stakes, no matter how high, could make Todd Howell cheat? He lit a cigarette. But there wasn't anyone like her. Not for him. That's why he couldn't lie to her about it. Not even to keep her. It'd be like cheating or welshing. He just couldn't do it. It wasn't in his nature.

IT WASN'T easy going down that coast with her so close. Particularly at mealtimes. Captain Bartley understood how it was and he did his best in bluff and hearty fashion. But there are so few at table in the saloon of a China coaster like the Shantun. When they cleared Swatow and stood south for Hong Kong, the only other cabin passenger was a stout, mission-educated Chinese of middle age who blinked at them through thick glasses like a near-sighted owl and smiled blandly as he offered tedious commonplaces. The cabin was stuffy. Howell was irritable. He couldn't put up with it much longer. Even Nancy showed the strain. Why had they had to meet again? But the Chinese merchant, Chang Po Soo, with his large head cocked on one side, kept murmuring suavely over his tea. The chief engineer looked up from under his brows. Even Captain Bartley wished to heaven he would stop his interminable yarn so they could all get up. . . . He did. Abruptly.

Four bells went on the bridge. But that couldn't have been why his appearance changed with such startling suddenness, unless it was a signal. There was a noise from aft, a wild and confused shouting. Captain Bartley looked up quickly. Then three shots exploded in rapid succession and a scurry of naked feet went past on the deck outside like the swift rush of a rain squall. The master sprang erect and started for the door with quick nervous strides. Howell saw the automatic come into his hand from the pocket of his white dinner jacket as he cursed angrily at what he saw and raised his gun hand. But Chang Po Soo was on his feet like a cat. He fired from the sleeve. The master spun round, clutching his shoulder, his gun dropping to the deck. Nancy cried out. Howell and the chief came up, and a dish crashed. Someone shrieked outside; and then all was suddenly still. It was all over in a moment. Mr. Chang waved them together with a smoking gun.

"I advise," he said in clipped, precise English, "you to be quiet. We will go on the bridge. Walk ahead of me. Arms raised, please."

There wasn't anything else to do. In the wing up there the machine-gun cover was half ripped off. Beside it Mr. Neville lay where he had been clubbed, stirring a little now as he regained consciousness. The coup had been swift, accurately planned, and complete. An armed Chinese messenger came slapping along the deserted deck and reported to Chang in shrill Cantonese. He smiled, and while half a dozen grinning ruffians searched them for weapons, Chang Po Soo gave orders to Captain Bartley.

"You will steer," he said, "for Bias Bay. No signals. Inside Cake Island we will relieve you of the silver dollars in your safe—and of other things. Since you have no wireless, I hope you will agree you are helpless."

He smiled blandly. The young second

mate just stood there, goggle-eyed. Nancy pressed closer to Tod. Captain Bartley glowered. Then, with his arm stiff and his shoulder bloody, he went to the chart table to lay the course. The Shantun steamed on over a flat and empty sea as if nothing untoward had happened.

Darkness fell rapidly. The little group of whites sat huddled in the chartroom, except Captain Bartley, who was outside on the bridge under guard.

Howell was strangely quiet. The boyish look was gone from his face. His eyes were narrow. He said nothing. But he pressed Nancy's arm once, and she touched his hand. An armed guard stood at the wheelhouse door. Chang Po Soo, very much at his contented ease, was squatting Chinese fashion with four of his evil-looking lieutenants about an open space of the deck. In the rays of a lantern they were amusing themselves at play with a greasy pack of trade cards in a game Nancy didn't understand. Tod Howell watched them for a long time. Then he moved closer.

"Ever play poker, Chang?" he murmured carelessly.

The Chinese shrugged without looking up. "A little," he said.

"The rest—these men?"

"A little. Why?"

"It is a fascinating game."

"Very." He shrugged again. "But a man must have something to lose."

Tod Howell grinned. "That's true. But what are your stakes? There is no cash."

Chang Po Soo smiled, a very narrow and mirthless smile. His oblique glance darted toward Nancy and away. "Chits, Mr. Howell, against our shares in the present venture."

"Ah. . . . It's dull here, Chang. I would like to join in a game."

Chang's eyes widened slightly with amusement. The other four Chinese looked up, grinning. Obviously, they understood English too. One of them actually laughed and showed his teeth. "Everything you got," he said, "belongs to us already. What you lose?"

Tod Howell nodded seriously. "That's true." Nancy looked at him, amazed. This, she thought, was fantastic. The cold-blooded gambling instinct! She shuddered a little. She had loved him so. "Look, Chang, and you others," he was saying. "I could lose a lot that you could win."

CHANG PO SOO chuckled largely. "So?" he breathed, and in the act of reaching for a card he paused to listen.

"Why, yes. Of course. You will hold me for a ransom. I know that. All right. But I could be worth much more to you than that—if you win. A man must have a gambler's heart, though, for such a thing. Consider, Chang! How much would a willing white man be worth to you in your—ah—business? No one suspects a white man coming aboard a China coast ship. Is he ever searched? Or his luggage? Think what you could dare, with me on your side! I am worth, let us say, ten thousand taels at the very least. I will wager you chits against that. If you should win, whoever holds the chits has that much part of me. Shares against whatever future success I bring. A sort of white comprador for you. You savvie that, don't you? All of you?"

"Tod!"

Nancy's voice was a horrified gasp. But he made no sign. The five Chinese looked at him intently.

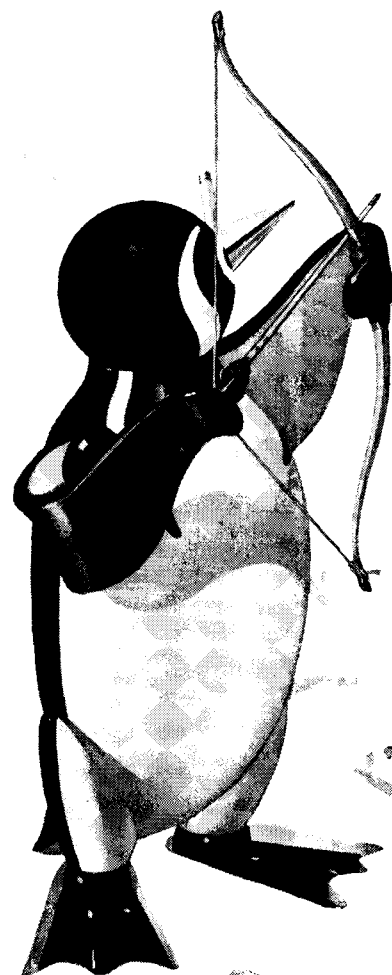
"Suppose," Chang whispered, "suppose you do not lose. A man must also have something to win."

"The ship."

"Ah. So?" Chang Po Soo hesitated, hissing the sibilant. "You are quite powerless. If we amuse ourselves with this

(Continued on page 50)

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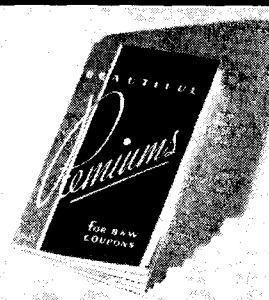
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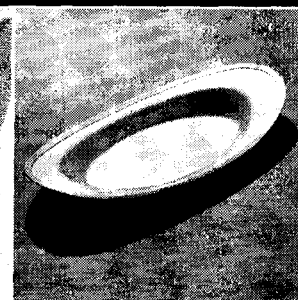
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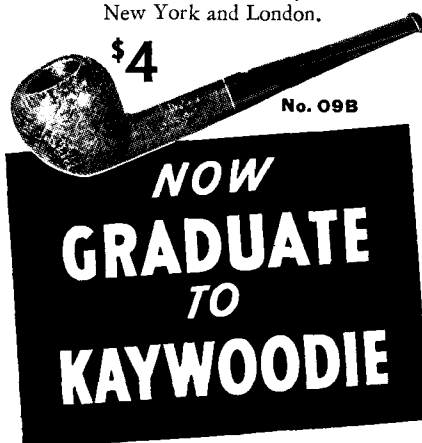
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(Continued from page 49)

game and it should happen that we lose, why should we—"

"It would be a terrible thing if it were known that Chang Po Soo made a wager and lost—and did not pay. Could you drink tea with your brothers, Chang? Knowing that? Would your father look on your face? You are a Hupeh man. No? You have been through the eye of the needle of heaven. If such a man is not to be trusted, Chang, who is?" Howell spoke very slowly, with a deliberate dramatic quality in his low voice. "If you lose, I think you will pay. As I will. Deal the cards, Chang."

The young second mate couldn't suppress his gasp. Nancy's lovely face showed her horror. Mr. Neville stiffened in his corner, forgetting his aching head. He alone had some inkling of the true stakes at play. Possibly because he knew better than any of them what would happen to the girl once she got ashore into Chang's hong. He had seen those oblique yellow eyes on her. So had Tod Howell. . . . The first hand was dealt. The game was on.

THE guard at the door shouted some gibberish out to the bridge. The news spread among the bandit gang with the effect of an opium dose. But inside the chartroom, in the weird light of that lantern, the game went on.

Howell lost heavily at first. The Chinese babbled joyfully. It egged them on. Then he slowly regained. The game grew more tense. The heap of bamboo markers beside Howell grew. . . .

The pearl-gray shadow of dawn showed at the square hole of the chartroom port when the game came down to Chang Po Soo and Tod Howell. Nancy sat huddled behind Tod, her sleepless eyes fast on that scene she would never forget. But all she really saw was Tod. She saw him as in a nightmarish dream, distorted and haggard, in tight coils of evil-smelling smoke like the coils of many restless snakes. She didn't understand him at all, seeing him that way. Because she couldn't understand what it was he was about.

But Tod Howell knew. He had known from the start. Every one of those half-naked Chinese who had been in the game was a pauper now. They could expect nothing, not even from the plunder of the Shantun. They had lost their shares to Chang or to himself. The evidence of it lay in little heaps of bamboo sticks in front of each of them. If Chang won, they knew he would exact the last ounce of his due. By the same token Tod Howell knew that if Chang lost now their fierce envy would take its revenge by forcing him to keep his bargain. A Chinese could understand a grim jest like that. His loss would be a perverse easement to their own. In a moment of absolute silence Howell looked up out of hollow eyes.

"Chang, we cannot divide the ship. One of us must lose. All the chits must cross the gaming table."

The Chinese pursed his lips. "It is said that a man who gambles well shall have many sons."

"You will be blessed, Chang." Howell brought the greasy cards together between them. "Before all these men I make a stake, Chang Po Soo. One dealing. Stud poker. You understand that? Each man shall lift his own card. If I lose, everything is yours: the ship, these chits, I myself. I shall be your com-prador, Chang. I shall explore ships and prepare them for your plunder. And no one will suspect until it is too late. You will be the most famous man in all China, and the richest. Chang the Magnificent!"

A low murmur went up in that paling room. The invincible lure of great stakes had hold of them. Chang's fingers twitched. "And if I lose?"

"You will collect your men. We will launch a boat. And you will sail for Bias Bay in peace. All of you. But if you win! The ship is yours. Myself. And"—Howell's eyelids flickered and a tremor passed across his cheek muscles—"and the girl."

Nancy winced and came erect, ghastly pale. The terrible look of her was not noticed, for the rest of the motley crew set up a wild babbling and jostling. Chang licked his lips with the tip of his tongue and nodded. Mr. Neville stood up suddenly. His eyes burned. The second stood at his side. Tod Howell just sat where he was.

"First card down, Chang. Go ahead. I am ready."

The Chinese reached forward a sleeve-draped arm. Howell followed. The two cards lay innocently face down before each man. Chang reached again and tipped up a knave. Howell turned a ten. The yellow claw came forward once more. A king. Howell hesitated, reached, and turned an ace. A buzz went up, like a wind in labored trees. But not an eye came away. Chang's turn—a ten. Howell dropped a deuce face up. Someone let out a sharp expiration of breath. It sounded like an explosion. One more card to draw. The last. There was no sound. Dead silence, except for the hard, labored breathing of men. Chang Po Soo smiled cunningly, but his eyes were hard, cold slits. He reached forward. This time, as his skinny fingers caressed the pack for a moment, he was not so skillful. Something caught an instant's flash of light in his sleeve. He dropped another king face up. But Mr. Neville saw what had happened.

"Howell!" he snapped in a harsh tight voice. "He's—"

"Be quiet!"

Tod's voice caught him short like the lash of a whip. Without hesitation his hand went forward to the pack; came back. He flipped the card face up. An ace. Two kings showed face up in front of Chang; in front of Tod Howell, two aces! A low murmur, like distant thunder, swept the room. The two antagonists eyed each other. Something strange was in Chang's eyes—something that had not been there before. Howell looked at him, levelly, without flinching.

"Turn the hole card, Chang," he said. "It is time."

The Chinese reached for it slowly, caught it beneath his fingernail. Then he turned it up. Another king. The men behind him went wild. . . . Then that tense and ominous stillness again. Tod turned his own card. A single gasp came in unison from that crowd: Howell had turned a third ace!

FOR one long moment there was complete and amazed silence. Then pandemonium broke out. Chang Po Soo leaped to his feet, blazing with rage.

"It is said," Tod Howell murmured between dry lips, "that a man who gambles well shall have many sons."

Chang growled something in his throat. The guard kicked open the door. Mr. Neville edged for it. The yellow men started pouring out.

Howell stood up then. But he remained there with his chin on his chest. They jostled past him, flinging words at Chang Po Soo. Approval, derision, jocular taunts, or plain dismay. If Howell heard them go out he made no sign. Captain Bartley's booming bass sounded, first with anger and then with amazed delight. The shuffling feet and the babbling throats dwindled to a confused and distant murmur. The telegraph rang. The ship slowed. Boatfalls creaked. The ship rolled down in the land swell. And presently her engine took up its throb once more. Then they came back again, Captain Bartley with his wounded arm stiff, the wide-eyed second and the gray-haired mate. Nancy was there too.

She had never left. But Tod Howell had not dared to look at her.

"Well, on my soul!" Mr. Neville growled. "That's a thing I don't understand!"

"Understand be damned!" the master said. "They're gone. The whole lot. Went off in the longboat. My best boat, too. But worth it, at that." Then he looked down at the deck and saw the two poker hands face up, a greasy pack of trade cards, and two heaps of small bamboo markers such as coolies use to tally coal. "What'd you do to 'em, Howell? Black magic, or what?"

"He gambled them clean out of the ship, sir! That's what!" the second cried excitedly. "So help me, he did!"

"He was cheating, Tod," the mate put in hoarsely. "I saw it plain as day. He had those kings saved up in his sleeve. He never drew from the top of the pack. He got those kings from his cuff. I tell you I saw it! I saw it plain as—"

"I know it," Howell breathed. "They all knew it. Chang knew I knew it, too. That's why he had to go when he lost. Not because he wanted to. He had to. He didn't expect to lose. He cheated—and still he couldn't win! So he had to go to save his face."

"You mean you deliberately let him cheat and—?" Mr. Neville looked quickly toward the girl. She was very pale and very quiet. She was beginning to see things clearly now. "You know what would have happened to her if you had lost."

Tod Howell found Nancy's eyes. "Never," he said softly. "I would have killed you first, Nan. I meant to."

THE skipper and the two mates went out quietly and left them alone. He was still looking at her, at the brightness that came suddenly into her eyes.

"Tod," Nancy said, speaking for the first time. "Tod, when a man wants to cheat that way he doesn't collect kings up his sleeve."

"No, Nan."

"He saves aces."

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He couldn't. He tried. But he couldn't. We understood each other. That's why he left." Howell raised his hand and flicked his wrist first down, then up. When he turned his palm up again there was a card in it. He showed her its face. It was the fourth ace of the pack. "I matched him. Every time." He allowed the card to flutter to the deck. "I've been through the eye this time," he said with infinite weariness. "You were right. It *could* happen. To anyone. Even to me. And I want no more of it. I'll never touch it again. Not as long as I live. Believe me, Nan."

"I do, Tod."

They were silent for a moment, eying each other in profound appraisal. Till she stepped toward him and took his hand without a word. The cool wind blew in on them now, but the China Sea was a shimmering sheet of glass in the morning sun. They went out together into the wing of the bridge. The young second was there. His face glowed. But he didn't bother them, moving instead to the opposite wing.

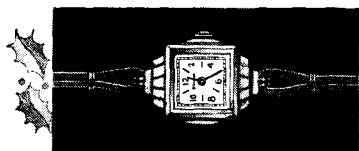
"That divorce idea, Nan. Kind of silly for you and me. Don't you think?"

She nodded. "Very silly, Tod. Let's forget it. I want to see those four-hundred-year-old ivory dogs of heaven you traded for three handsome young concubines."

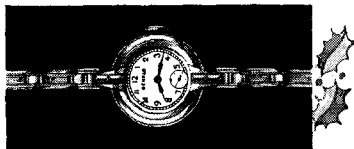
"And worth it, too, let me tell you, Nan!"

She smiled. She was very tired, but she smiled. It was a smile worth winning, Tod Howell thought. But she said nothing as the Shantun pushed a hazy promontory of coast astern, standing south for the Lyemun Pass and the harbor of Hong Kong.

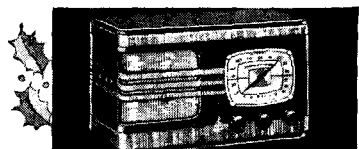
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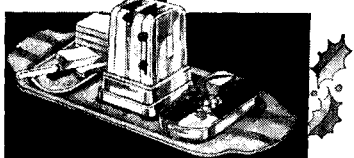
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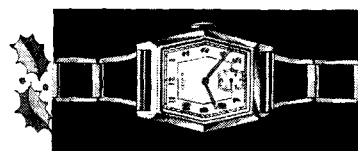
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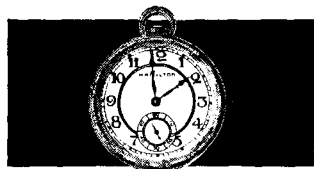


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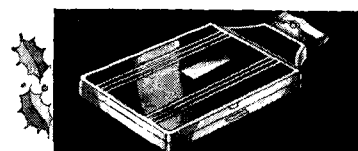
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Let's Review the Bidding

Continued from page 11

"I am a contract bridge expert," the professor replied. "I teach teachers. There are no pupils in bridge. Everybody is an instructor."

"What are you noted for, Professor?"

"For the Cumbersome method, which is recognized as the leaping finesse. The bidder plays from the wrong hand whenever possible."

"Thank you, Professor," said the D. A. "And what is the rule of eleven?"

"Lead fourth from your longest and stringiest."

"What is the Cumbersome method?"

"I play the Wink over the Nod system."

"Is there any better method of distributing information?"

"Only by skywriting."

The professor was thereupon excused and three gamblers were expelled from the courtroom for making book. This established a furor as one of the gamblers was on the jury.

THE judge gaveled for order but only succeeded in setting the tempo for the uproar. Finally he spoke, "If this continues I shall have to clear the courtroom. I demand silence and respect."

At the end of twenty minutes he settled for silence alone. The expelled juror was replaced from a set of alternate kibitzers. The professor was cheered wildly, the widow wept gently through a lace handkerchief and the state rested its case.

The national hookup jumped from fifty to eighty stations when Stall of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper strode forth to play the South hand for the defense.

"Your Honor," he said with tears running down his voice, "I wish to draw the court's attention to my sorrowing client in the awning-striped sports dress. She was the wife of a man who always played it in no trump. At the altar she promised to love, honor and play second hand low. The honeymoon was scarcely over before she discovered she had signed a jug-handled contract. She was hooked for life to a miscreant who wouldn't let her play a hand. The world is better off without grated nutmeg, two-tailed chicken hawks and men like that."

He joined gently in the widow's sobbing. The women in the audience either broke down like the Covered Wagon in the Rockies or they broke up like fish food in the aquarium. The lachrymose attorney for the defiance continued, "Before I am through I will prove that Breep was born a monster and had a relapse. I will prove that he frightened children and stepped on flowers. I will prove that he slept with his shoes on. In the old days of silent pictures he read titles out loud, poisoned wells and built a spite fence around the only mirrored chewing-gum machine in his neighborhood."

At this point men fainted and strong women turned pale. Stall tasted red corpuscles of victory and launched his oral mop-up. He thundered, "I shall ask the victim of man's injustice to take the stand and prove that Breep had a set of bromidic stock expressions that would drive a listener battier than an old red barn in the twilight. I shall prove that in all the annals of ancient Egypt, in the history of the Roman empire, in the complete story of Persia—"

"Return to Park Avenue, the scene of the crime," said the judge.

The judge scored that time but Stall stuck to his script. "Since time immaterial, since the days of Caesar, Mark Antony and since Louis the Sixteenth

stuck his head in the slot machine and hit the jack pot—"

"Look at me again," said the judge.

"If I'm Major Bowes you can burst into song. But if I'm the judge then stick to the subject."

"I shall ask the bereaved widow to take the stand," said Stall. "Madam, what did that fiend in sheep's clothing say when he covered an opponent's honor?"

"Not through the Iron Duke," sobbed the widow. A murmur of stylishly modulated disgust rippled through the audience.

"And what did he say if you lost a finesse?"

"Never send a boy on a man's errand."

The audience rose as one and sat down again as the same number.

"Suppose you and your opponents were both vulnerable and your scores totaled the same. What was his inevitable bromide in that case?"

"The folkses are as much as the people."

"And when your opponents made a successful play what stereotyped remark fell from his lips?"

"One peep is better than two finesse."

With a roar the mob surged up and surged back again. All serge fades. The judge rapped for order like a xylophonist testing coconuts for timbre and resonance.

"Civilization is on trial," said the judge in his instructions to the jury, "but we are not here to judge the bromidic utterances of the victim. It is not for us to decide whose hand sent a slug crashing through the brain of a chronic no trumper. Ladies and gentlemen, the question is—could the hand have been made?"

There was a moment of stunned seconds. The journalists of the world realized they were present at the hatching of an epoch. For the first time in jurisprudence a contract bridge hand was on trial.

The jury filed into a soundproof room containing twelve chairs. The first thing it did was to send out for three tables, six packs of bridge cards, pads, pencils and the mammoth chart that had hung in the courtroom. The decision was mathematically outside the limits of human frailty, for the verdict was to be best two out of three boards. At two of the boards the bidding ran exactly as charted but fortunately none of the Souths had guns.

IN THE dawn's dumb, oily light, the jury handed out its first decision. The hand had been played at seven spades by a woman juror. She had been forced to concede a trump trick to the five spades in the West hand. This was a blow to the hopes of the awning-striped widow. The sealed bid of the jury ran: "We find the defendant violated the game rules by shooting a sitting husband during the molting season. The law clearly states you must come into the court with clean hands, that you cannot throw the stone gently, and let the buyer beware if the cellophane is opaque. We find the defendant guilty of losing her temper one bid too quick."

"I wish to congratulate the jury," said the judge, "on its fearless verdict in this case. It will do much to eradicate the gangster's grip on commodities. The only racket in the artichoke industry is that you've got to throw away so many outside leaves."

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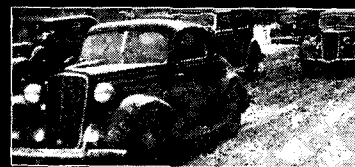
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city editor, "For the first time in the history of law and order the jury is handing out verdicts in installments. After playing one board at seven spades the jury was ordered back to play the other two at no trump. The jury found the awning-striped widow guilty with a recommendation of mercy for a hundred honors."

The dozen jurors were about to return to their room when Stall of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper objected, "Your Honor, four members of this jury have already handed down their verdict. Shall we allow them to enter the jury room and contaminate the other eight? This quartet has already eliminated itself from the tournament."

Objection was sustained. The bob-tailed jury resumed its judicial negotiations. At the end of sixteen hours it asked the judge for some information: What were four aces worth if three were in the playing hand and you couldn't get into the dummy to play the fourth?

The eight jurors had discovered that the dummy hand was about as good at no trump as a sailor was on horseback. If clubs were opened, and they always were, the hand went down anywhere up to five tricks. The spades in the South hand were as useless as whiskers on the barbershop floor. There was a chance of going down only one if a stupid West allowed himself to be stripped of clubs and hearts and end-played in with the king of diamonds. But that was strictly post-mortem activity. All the Wests took their kings early and exited with the treys. No spade was ever led into the eight rows of shark teeth in the dummy, for neither North nor East had any.

The verdict of the belated portion of the jury was a complete triumph for the awning-striped widow: "We, what's left of the jury, find that the deceased met a fate that must improve real-estate values in the high-rent districts. Deluded with the power and the glory of aces and completely misled by the weight of kings he persisted in blindly and stubbornly pursuing the error of his ways. At seven spades the hand is set one. At seven no trump it is set at least five tricks and salt won't save it. Therefore, we find the defendant innocent in the third degree. We suggest that the defendant choose her next husband from a group of card players instead of trying to get a good card player from a group of husbands."

Tremendous cheering disrupted the proceedings at this moment. The judge had to mace for order to enable the ver-

dict to be finished. That jury did everything but give the defendant a loving cup. The awning-striped widow thanked the judge, the jury and her lawyers, and also the D. A., who had surely earned it. She was photographed in more poses than a troupe of acrobats with the colic.

The advice to choose a husband from a group of card players must have been good. For the next night she gave a bridge party of four boards. The jury sat at three tables. At the fourth table the widow was paired with the D. A. against the judge and Stall of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper. On the mantel over the widow's shoulder was a silver urn containing the ashes of her late, unlamented husband.

The widow was as coy as an ant in a picnic sandwich. But the D. A. resisted all impulses to play it in no trump every time he gazed upon the pulverized Mr. Breep in his polished traveling case. The charming lady hogged every major bid and played every heart or spade hand like a clubfoot. Along about the twitching hour of midnight the D. A. had taken all the punishment that man, not born of blotter, could absorb. All night long he had sprained his wrists lifting the aces off the table. Finally he picked up a picture gallery that couldn't have been duplicated for all the money Munsey gave to the Metropolitan Museum. The D. A. took a long look, a longer breath, yelled, "Seven no trump," and ducked.

THE widow's first shot earmarked the D. A. for foreign exportation. The second ticktacked the judge who promptly toed. The third creased Stall of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper across the scalp and the fourth plowed through Breep in powder form. The D. A. was only stunned and as he lay on the rug beneath the mantel he was dusted gently by the topsoil of Breep sifting through the neat hole in the urn. The jury handed down the only sensible verdict of its existence when it resolved: That the only safe game to play with the beautiful widow was chess by radio.

In three windows of the most exclusive club on Fifth Avenue sit three prematurely dignified men. The club is so exclusive that members are allowed in only on Visitors' Day. The trio of gentlemen consists of the D. A., the judge and Stall of Dribble, Baffle, Stall and Hamper. The heads are bowed, their attention is concentrated and their elbows move like old-time printers feeding a flat press.

The D. A., the judge and Stall are playing solitaire. A game in which the bidding is never reviewed.

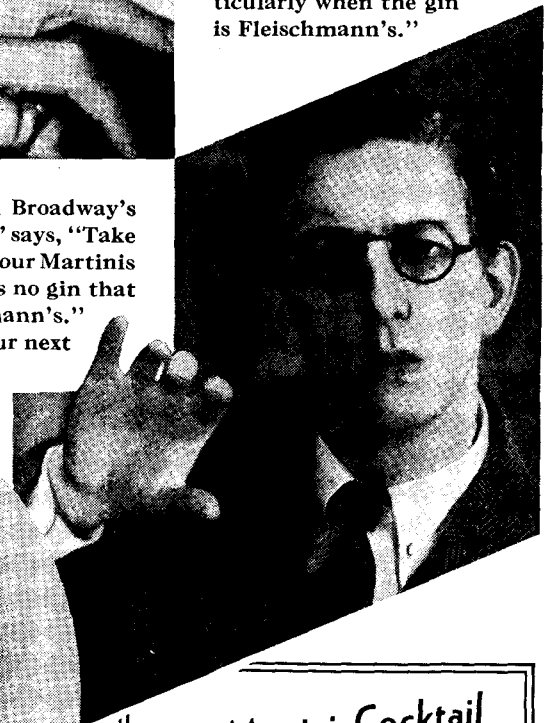
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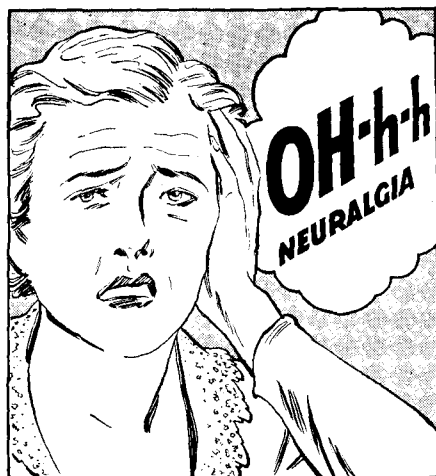
Fill the mixing glass half-full of ice. Make the proportions either 1/3 Dry Vermouth—2/3 Fleischmann's Gin or 1/4 Dry Vermouth—3/4 Fleischmann's Gin. Measure out the proportions carefully. Put the gin on top of the ice... a trick few know, but very important. Put the Vermouth on top of the gin—so this heavier liquor can filter through the mixture. Stir thoroughly, and serve.

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The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 21

"Should she?" asked Gail, gravely. "I'd like to see your place," said Peter. He straightened, squared his shoulders, took both her hands in his own. He said, "I'm a good deal older than you are, worse luck. And therefore feel it is incumbent on me to say, No, she shouldn't. Not tonight."

He had gone. Fitting her key in the door, Gail heard the car drive away. Anger flared in her against his caution. And then delight. Because if he was cautious, then he was afraid . . . and if he was afraid . . . ?

She went down to the Island by train on the day before the wedding.

Peter kept out of the way. Now and then Gail encountered him in a corridor or walked into a room and found him staring out of a window as forlorn and useless a specimen of humanity as one could imagine. For the most part he shut himself up in the library.

Gail's father had cabled his nephew congratulations and regretted that he and his wife would not be with him. He added, gratuitously, "Ellen and I wish you the happiness we have found together." George thought it was pretty swell of Uncle Jim, and even sweller the sum deposited to his account in his own bank, as a wedding gift.

Saturday was fair, just cool enough and very beautiful. It was a day made to order and Dolly, waking before six and running to her windows in her nightgown and with bare feet, looked out over the green lawns and flushing sky and hopped back into bed to hug herself, with felicitation that her luck had held. Hildreth, waking even earlier, sat for a long time on the padded window seat, looking toward the water. She had thrown a light silk wrap about her shoulders and she shivered and drew it closer. With Dolly gone she and Peter would draw more and more apart. The absence of their only child would not bring them closer together as it did some people. Suddenly all her hard work, all her outside interests, appeared singularly fruitless, futile time killers and evasions. How could anything seriously matter when she and Peter had grown so distant from one another?

SHE rose and went through the dressing room which adjoined his bedroom, opened the door softly, and went in. He was sound asleep . . . lying as she had so often seen him lie, flat on his back, his arms tossed over his head, breathing deeply, evenly.

Hildreth sat down on the edge of the bed and held out her hand toward him. She drew it back. He slept, as a rule, lightly. She thought, When he wakes, and finds me here . . . What could she say . . . "Peter, let's try again . . . ?" Would he open his eyes and laugh, or worse, put a careless arm around her and say, "You're nervy, as befits the mother of the bride."

What had gone wrong? She clasped her hands tightly, remembering . . . She was walking down the Rue d'Aguesseau . . . She was standing on the lawn of her aunt's estate, watching a little plane wheel and dip in the sky, as restless as a swallow . . . She was frightened and in pain, and then they were telling her that she had lost her baby . . . She was on a boat, alone, coming home, conscious of another burden, a rebellious girl, very young, very unhappy . . . She was in her father's house, with Dolly lying in the crook of her slender arm, curling the bright fluff of hair on the little head . . .

Peter was not there.

She remembered the flat in Paris, the stone steps, the fat concierge telling her,

regretfully, "No letters today, madame."

She told herself, I was too young, too inexperienced . . . if Peter had been older . . . But he wasn't, he was as young as I . . . She turned her head and looked at him and in that instant he stirred in his sleep, moved an arm and spoke a name.

Hildreth's hands were ice-cold. She rose, softly, carefully, and went from the room as if guilt pursued her. Not her guilt. She reached the dressing room, passed through it, flung herself in safety on her broad, soft bed. She kept thinking, I mustn't cry . . . I can't now . . . and spoil Dolly's day. . . .

"Gail," he had said.

THE wedding was in the garden and the garden had put its best and brightest foot forward. George's best man was superlatively efficient but George stuttered, lost his head, his mind and his tongue. Dolly, advancing between hedges of color and fragrance, on her father's arm, seemed unconscious of the people lining the way, watching, smiling, sighing. More than one susceptible person felt a tightness in the throat. Dolly looked so terribly young, so vulnerable. Gail brushed the starting tears from her eyes. Halfway to the improvised altar where George, the minister and the best man waited. Dolly stopped and looked up at her father. Peter, moving like an automaton, halted and looked down at her inquiringly, and everyone saw her reach her arm up to him, to draw his cheek down to hers. She kissed him, quietly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, said something, smiled and went on again to the strains of the music.

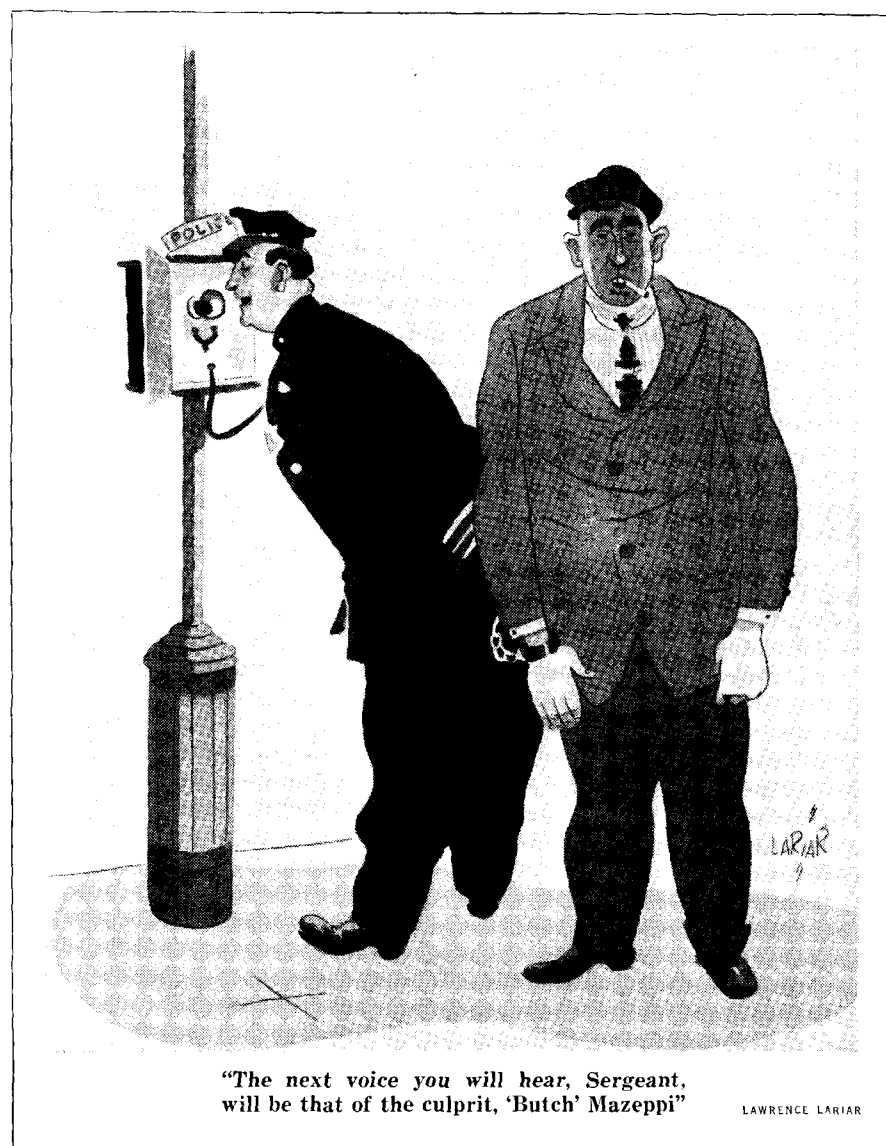
"Wasn't that beautiful?" sighed the onlookers, and Gail, bowing her head under her shady hat, closed her eyes briefly. It had been beautiful, a child's gesture, offering consolation, demanding reassurance, but it had taken Peter Harris from her, Gail, for a moment. In that moment he had belonged to his child.

Hildreth had seen too and regret such as she had never experienced, so keen, so agonizing it was, clutched her heart as with a hand. She choked audibly and Gerry Downing, standing beside her cautioned, "Steady on, old girl." She looked at him with gratitude and forced the sweet, set smile back to her lips.

Now the words had been said, now the bridegroom, very ill at ease, had kissed, with prompting, his bride. The music rose in triumph and the flowers swayed on their slender stems. Dolly and George came down the green paths together and the wedding was over.

Luncheon in the garden, dancing in the house, food, drinks, people, and after a while Dolly running down the steps, laughing at the rice and confetti, driving off with George in the new car which had been one of her father's gifts to them. She had a moment alone with her parents, behind the shut door of the library . . . looking from one to the other, crying, "Oh, don't look that way, please—I'm so happy—and it's so hard to leave you." For a second in the taut clasp of her slender arms they were drawn together, united. But for the moment only. Here was George knocking, coming in, gravely kissing Hildreth's offered cheek, shaking Peter's hand in a hard and painful grip.

(Continued on page 56)



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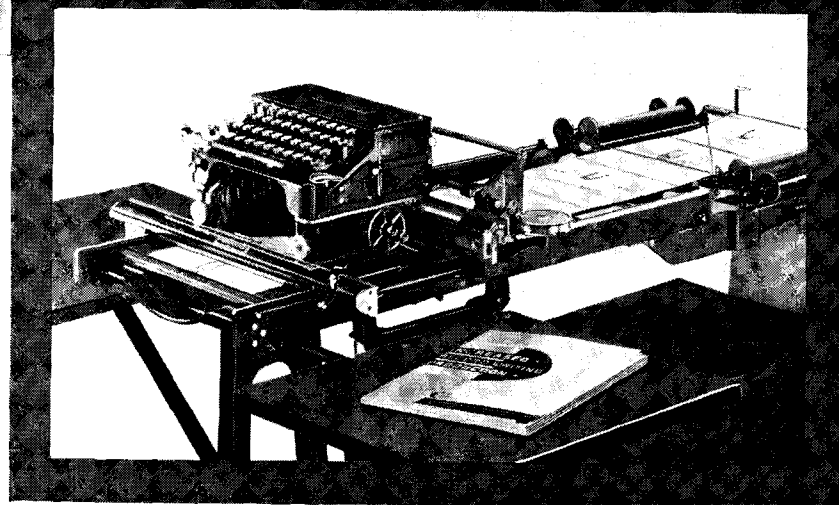
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(Continued from page 54)

And then, with laughter in their eyes, with people crowding to the driveway, they were gone.

Many of the guests stayed on till dusk and after. Gail, eluding a too importunate admirer who, primed with Peter's good champagne, had been as persistent as a blue-bottle all afternoon, escaped across the grounds to the summer house on the platform built out over the beach. She was there when dusk came down like wings, the golden shadows deepening and the blue light growing and the sun dropping swiftly behind a bank of patterned clouds. And there Peter found her in the early dark.

He said, sitting down beside her, "Successful, wasn't it?"

"Very... Dolly looked lovely," said Gail.

"Yes. We'll miss her. I couldn't believe she'd gone, not even afterward."

"I know," said Gail.

"Not dancing?"

"It grew warm, I was a little tired."

"I saw Stuy Halmer following you around... you weren't being very nice to him," he suggested.

"He's a stupid youngster," she said disdainfully.

"You don't like youngsters?"

"No," said Gail, waiting, her hands folded in her lap.

He said, incoherently, "I haven't any right... You mustn't let me, out of kindness. I'm a fool—"

But she was in his arms and her mouth was warm against his own and he was speaking her name, with wonder, and gratitude. He was saying, "Gail—you know how I feel about you. There aren't any words, my dear. Don't—don't just be kind to me, darling."

"It isn't kindness," she said unsteadily.

For a long time neither spoke. And then, drawing herself away, she sat there searching to see his face in the growing dark. She said, once, "What are we to do, Peter?" and he answered hopelessly, "I don't know, Gail—I wish I did!"

IN THE morning Gerry Downing asked, at breakfast, "What's up today and where's Hildreth?"

"Hildreth," Peter told him, "has sent word that she would breakfast in her room. She's worn out, poor child, and no wonder." He himself looked very fit, Gerry noticed, with an air of suppressed excitement about him which his friend hadn't seen for a good many years except prior to a tough directors' meeting at which a row was anticipated. He had looked that way, too, before a *strafe*, Gerry reflected uneasily.

"Where's Miss Williams?"

"I suppose she's having her breakfast upstairs too," Peter broke off and Gerry realized that Peter's ears, no quicker than his own, had caught the sound of Gail's footsteps on the stairs before he did. "No, here she is, and fresh as several daisies..."

Gail came in smiling. She asked, "Am I late, and do you hate to have women invade your early-morning privacy?"

They denied this, jumped up, seated her, made a ceremony of her appearance. Her eyes asked Peter, "Did you sleep?" and his said, "No... did you?" and her lips responded as she smiled not at him but at Gerry. "I slept like a baby... I slept and slept... and thought I should never wake," she said.

"Still ready to drive over to the field?" asked Peter.

"Of course," Gail told him in astonishment. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"What's all this?" asked Gerry.

Peter explained. Gail's plane had come on from the West. She was going over to look it over this morning. "You," he suggested carelessly, "better stay home and amuse Hildreth... I think she has

some people coming in this afternoon—we'll be back in time."

Gail said, hurriedly, "Not I. I must go on to New York afterward. I've a dinner engagement."

His eyes asked, "With whom?" and she shook her head at him slightly. "It doesn't matter, no one counts but you," her regard replied.

Meeting his eyes this morning was difficult, her breath caught, was heavy in her lungs.

Later she went upstairs to pack. She encountered Hildreth's maid and asked her, "Is Mrs. Harris awake yet?" The maid shook her head. Mrs. Harris hadn't rung for breakfast yet, she said.

"I'll leave a message for her," said Gail. While she packed the two men walked together on the lawns and smoked. Gerry asked quietly, "Aren't you running into danger, Peter?" and Peter answered, "Danger...? Oh, this morning. That's funny coming from you. I understand Gail's an A-1 flyer."

"I DIDN'T mean that," Gerry told him. "And you know it. It's none of my business... She's a nice kid, Peter, and you aren't being any more fair to her than you are to Hildreth."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Peter commented stubbornly and Gerry tossed his cigarette away and said, his eyes on the blue waters of the Sound, "Okay, Pete, if that's how you feel about it."

Gail left a note for Hildreth in Gerry's care and a little later Peter put her bag into the back of the car and they set off.

Half an hour later they had left the earth below them. Gail, flying her Sorrensen at cruising speed, started to climb, gaining altitude. She had a feeling that she must keep on climbing, leave the earth as far beneath her as possible. The little cabin enclosed them, intimate, close... metal and glass and a bit of fabric between them and destruction.

She put the little plane in a dive... laughed... pulled her out of it and Peter said, "Showing off, are you?" He smiled at her. Conversation was entirely possible. They had felt, however, no need of it. Now he put his hand on her arm and said, "You're a grand girl, Gail..."

"Like it?"

"Too much!"

He was for once an entirely satisfied passenger. He looked at the altimeter, smiled, studied Gail's absorbed face. She was lost in flight, lost in love. It was a flight that could go on forever and ever. She began to climb again, steadily, easily. The little plane flew on, under an unlimited ceiling, the blue ceiling, the floor of heaven.

Excitement mounted in Peter's veins. They were flying faster now, they had crossed the Island, they were turning back. He said huskily, "This ship flies herself..."

He leaned closer, put his arm about her, kissed her mouth... She closed her eyes for a moment, opened them again to the untenanted air. Looking down, she saw the ground far below them, glanced at her altimeter and then at Peter. She said, "Let's not land—ever..."

"If we only could," he told her, sighing.

He was forty-odd. He knew that they must land sometime. Not Gail. She urged softly, "Just us, Peter, you and I flying on forever, into space." She added a little wildly, "Beyond Montauk there's the open sea..."

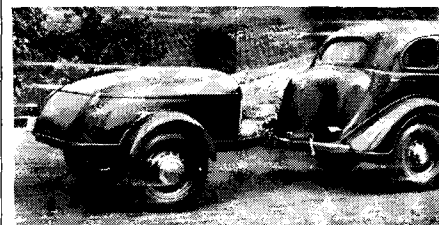
Peter's heart missed a beat. He said, "Look here, you're not flying one of my jobs, you know."

"Peter," Gail said, and let the little ship fly herself, "Peter what are we going to do?"

He asked her, "Do you really love me, Gail?"

"I love you," she answered, and it seemed to her that now she had spoken

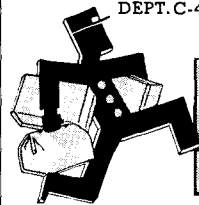
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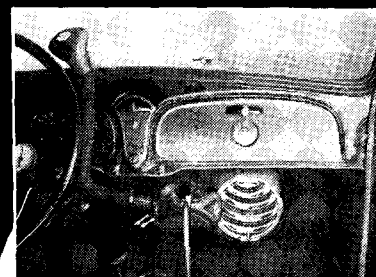
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the words it was in the proper, the fitting setting.

"I'm—mad about you," he told her unsteadily . . . "But, my darling, there isn't . . . we can't . . ." He said hopelessly, "It mustn't go on, Gail . . . snatching moments. That's all we can have."

She said, "You could tell Hildreth. Ask her for a divorce."

He said, "Gail, you don't understand; it isn't as simple as that . . . I have to think—"

"Think!" she repeated, superbly scornful, without regret, cruel because she was young, selfish because she loved.

She thought, I won't have second best. I won't have half loaves; I'll have everything or nothing!

She hated Hildreth Harris because she stood between her and her happiness. She hated Peter for being sentimental, a man moved by memory and responsibility. She put the little ship into a dive and was lost in mindless thought watching the distant earth rush up to meet them.

"Gail!" shouted Peter, in her ears.

She came to herself, startled, afraid, helpless. She said, her lips stiff, "I can't, Peter!"

He struck her sharply across the face with the flat of his hand, pushed her away, seized the controls. The little ship pulled out of the dive, resumed her course, flying steadily as a bird at a low altitude. Across Gail's white face the mark of Peter's hand stood out definite and sharp. She said, "I'm all right now, Peter."

She was sickened and ashamed. She did not know what had possessed her, and a literal possession it had been, as if by a devil . . . or perhaps an angel . . . the angel of death . . . She knew only that for a split second she had been as helpless as if her hands, her will were paralyzed. She had watched the earth rush up and thought: This way, we will belong, for always. She had thought, He can't go back to her, he can't. . .

A LITTLE later she set the ship on the ground, gently, easily. The men came running from the hangars. Frank was still hanging about. He asked, looking up at Gail, "Everything okay, Miss Williams?"

"Everything okay," she told him.

But her knees were weak; they buckled under her getting out, and she stumbled, catching herself just in time. When Peter stood beside her, his hand on her arm, she said, "Let's—let's get away from here." She looked at him a moment and then asked, "Will you drive me back to town, Peter?"

"Lunch?" he inquired.

"I don't want any. . . I'll find you something, Peter—please . . ."

She looked very white still but the red mark had faded. He helped her into the car, drove off. . .

In her apartment, she went straight to his arms. "Peter, I'm such a fool . . . I might have killed us both . . ."

"Yes," he said, "you might." He held her close, his cheek against her hair, and felt the shuddering which took her body and shook it.

"Would you have cared?"

He said, "Yes, I would, Gail . . ." He was forty, he had more respect for life than twenty. He resented each year which passed and shortened his span. He had work that he loved and here, in his arms, a girl he loved, he believed, as much . . .

He said, "Darling, we'll find a way."

She lifted her mouth, kissed him, drew away. And presently they sat and ate their cheese and crackers, drank their strong coffee. Gail had brought a bottle of brandy from a cabinet. "I haven't much here," she said, "just this . . ." She filled two small glasses, raised hers, asked gravely, "Have you forgiven me . . . ?"

"There's nothing to forgive," he said lightly. He drank the brandy, smooth, oily, full of authority. Its warmth went through his body like a flame. He went over to her chair, pulled her out of it—"Gail—" he murmured.

She said, bracing herself against him, "Peter, there must be a way. . . Look. I won't hurry you; we'll wait; we'll see. If you believe that you love me more than anything . . . if I am the only thing which matters to you, you'll tell Hildreth and she'll let you go. Any woman with pride would. And after all, it isn't as though she were still in love with you," she added.

He winced a little. No, Hildreth was not still in love with him, had not been for a good many years. Gail went on, in a soft rush of words:

"We—we can't have anything less."

HER doorbell rang shrilly, and she said, "I wonder who that can be." She moved closer to him in the circle of his arms. She said, "I won't press the button, they won't be able to get in, below. It doesn't matter."

The bell rang again; twice, angrily, shrilly, and then stopped ringing. Gail laughed. "He—or she—has gone away. . . Let's go back in the other room," she said.

Peter looked at his watch. "I've got to get back to the Island. I promised Hildreth," he told her uncomfortably.

There was a thundering at the door of the apartment and Gail said, astonished, "For Heaven's sake . . . whoever it was got in after all . . . !"

She went out through the living room into the tiny hall, opened the door. Bill stood there, smiling at her, his hat jaunty on the side of his head.

"What's the big idea?" he began.

She cried, "Bill, how'd you get in?"

"Front door was open. I've come to take you to the movies. . . What's the idea of not letting me in?"

He walked past her into the living room, scaled his hat exactly to the center of a table.

Peter walked out of the kitchen, smiling and unhurried, not in the least perturbed.

"Hello, Jones," he said.

Bill looked from one to the other. Gail said, without undue haste, "Mr. Harris drove me home. We've been down in the field, trying out my ship—I gave him some bread and cheese and a cup of coffee. It was all the traffic would bear. . . He has to get back to the Island," she ended; "he has a date."

Bill said, blankly, "I see . . ."

Peter smiled at him. He said, "Gail's been telling me great things about you. . . We're due for a long talk in the near future." He made all the gestures of the departing guest, found the right hat and was gone.

SHE could have murdered Bill Jones in cold blood. But this was not the time for murder. She said, "Wait till I wash up the things, Bill, and change my clothes, and I'll be with you. Ten minutes. What movie are we going to see?"

She must be careful now, doubly careful. She couldn't show anger or disappointment. She must walk delicately. It came to her with the suddenness and hurt of a blow that in the last few weeks she had learned a number of unlikely and distasteful things. She had learned to be deceitful and sly and adroit. She had learned to protect herself and Peter. She was soiled with stratagem and evasion and she did not care.

But Bill followed her into the kitchen. Her hands were dripping wet under the running water, but he caught them, held them in his own.

"Was that why you didn't let me in," he asked, "because you wanted to be alone with Harris?"

(To be continued next week)



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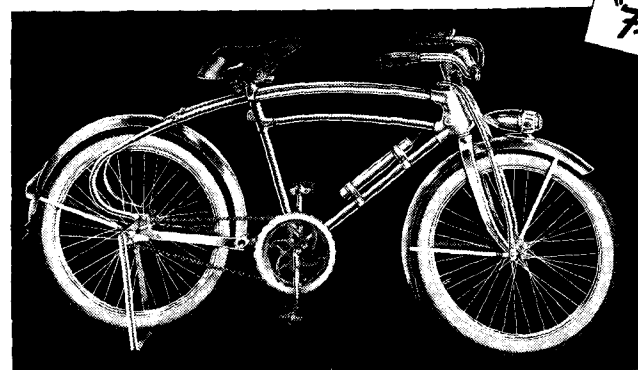
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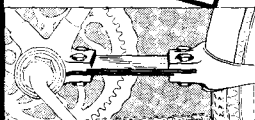
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WITH BUILT-IN SPRING
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No harsh bumps, jars or road shock! Built-in automobile-type spring and flexible frame "cushion" the highway—turn rough paths into boulevards—smoothness in motion never before possible in a bicycle! See the new Flo-Cycle!

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A full-sized bicycle, built lower, with 24-inch wheels and longer wheelbase for greater roadability. Its chain has more links for smoother

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Because of these exclusive features, a Silver King means much more to a boy or girl than "merely a bicycle." They have bought nearly 100,000 Silver Kings already this year! Assure your boy or girl their Happiest Christmas by giving a Silver King! There are models in a range of prices.

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Aluminum SILVER KING Streamlined

Spinach, Spinach, Everywhere

Continued from page 13

which he consigns his stuff is liable for any damage deriving from delayed transportation, improper refrigeration and wreckage. Also his consignee—the receivers and commission merchants at the eastern end of the line—are in business to make money. If they don't sell what he sends them, they lose their commission—say seven to ten per cent. And the law is explicit in that, unless he has warned the grower not to ship, the receiver must accept and must sell. Of course the law does not stipulate that the receiver must sell at a price; he sells for what he can get. The greater the price he gets the greater his commissions. But a hundred and one acts of God and tricks of men lurk behind each corner turned in the long, long trail from the soil to the dinner table.

The Bill Comes to You

To get anything approximating a reliable picture of what the grower in, say, California is up against after he has nursed and wheedled his crops to maturity, you'll have to bear with a bit more detail. It just happened on the night we spent in the Donnybrook Fair, to which he sends his produce, that seventy-five per cent of the stuff arriving had been sent on consignment. There is nothing arbitrary about this. He may dispose of his produce F. O. B. just as you buy a motorcar F. O. B. Detroit. Or he may enter into a joint-account agreement with the buyer. In this event the cars are bought from the grower at the shipping point. Once the cars start rolling eastward the buyer may do what he pleases with them in his efforts to sell. He may divert them hither and yon to markets offering the best inducements. In other words, although he may have originally billed the cars for, say, New York, he may shop for markets en route. His partner, the grower, shares in whatever profits there may be. But the grower also splits with the owner whatever losses ensue.

If the grower ships on consignment, retaining ownership until the stuff is sold, freight charges are deducted from the selling price. Naturally the rates vary, not due so much to the distance hauled as to the character of the stuff shipped. For the greater part the railroads charge the same rate to any point east of Chicago. For example, the California grower pays one dollar and forty-one cents per crate of lettuce, a crate weighing about eighty pounds. The railroad reckons it by the hundredweight—say a dollar seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. For citrus fruits the railroad charges about a dollar forty-three cents per hundred pounds. For deciduous fruits—peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines and the like—it is a dollar fifty-five. The freight on apples is a dollar and twenty-five cents. That gives you the idea. There is just one thing you may be sure of: in the end, you, the consumer, pay the freight.

If we go farther into all that we're going to become helplessly entangled. Compared with this market Wall Street is Aunt Dinah's quilting party. Anybody mastering the intricacies of the perishable food market would find the Chicago wheat pit as uncomplicated as the alphabet, and international finance as simple as a handkerchief. Therefore, just to walk as straight as possible to the end of this maze, suppose we proceed on the assumption that all these million dollars' worth of fruit and vegetables we've seen unloaded have arrived on consignment. And let's get back to the pier and Washington Street.

In the huge New York market (chosen for our purposes because it is the largest of all the Eastern markets and the most complicated) the wholesale district is known by the generic name of Washington Street—just as a group of streets in the financial market are known as Wall Street. As stocks, shares and bonds fluctuate in price in Wall Street so do fruits and vegetables dance a fandango in Washington Street. As no stockbroker can be cure what he will pay or receive for securities by day, neither has the commission merchant anything but a guess with which to start the night. Wall Street opens at nine in the morning; Washington Street eight hours earlier. On the Stock Exchange they know yesterday's closing prices and the more informed brokers, regarding their business as something more than a series of speculative operations, know the true value of the stocks they offer or would buy. Similarly, the better houses in Washington Street, deploring the gambling element, have intelligent understanding of conditions from the farm to the consumer and know, therefore, what this and that should fetch in the market.

Also, many of the mysterious and even absurd elements which enter Wall Street to influence today's prices are present in Washington Street—rumor, bear raids, bull rushes, customer appetite, government policies, labor conditions and corners. The parallel is marked, although there is this great difference between the commodities the two streets offer: A share of stock which isn't sold or bought today may be moved tomorrow; a crate of lettuce remains salable just so long. Stocks and bonds may deteriorate just as rapidly as a carload of melons or spinach; but the buyer's nose and eye are quicker in Washington Street.

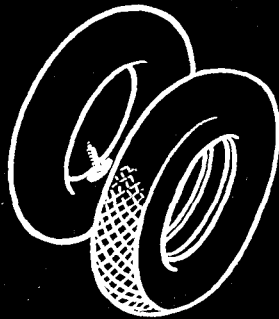
At one o'clock, just as the gangs returned in packs at the backs of their bosses, the doors of the piers opened to the buyers. Washington Street—just across the water-front plaza—opened with it. To us, seeing it for the first time, there was something decidedly magical about it. From somewhere a thousand men descended upon three hundred receivers and jobbers to buy at the lowest price possible, to squabble over pennies while buying in tons, to run from seller to seller and back again, making a mug of the ancient law of supply and demand.

A Corner in Peppers

You knew the sellers—the salesmen—by their white linen dusters, the badge of their trade. The salesmen, representing their various Washington Street houses, knew just three things—that they had so much to sell, that the buyers had to buy sometime, somewhere, and that they, the sellers, had to get rid of perishables as rapidly as possible, hoping that speculators, jobbers and wild men with systems wouldn't break the market price—whatever it might be.

Tonight the market is slow but steady. The cars never unloaded better melons but it is getting on toward the end of the season and the taste and caprice of the consuming public, elements which no amount of experience or uncanny insight in the receivers and sellers can contend with, are in evidence. Magnificent melons—but the public is getting a little tired of melons. And yet melons are going to be sold. They'll have to be sold. You can't let them lie around to rot. You don't stick them back into cold storage. There will be more in to (Continued on page 60)

IT TAKES 2 HOLES TO MAKE A PUNCTURE



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● Are you riding on tires just *half repaired*? . . . Leaving your casings wide open to "tire cancer", to blowouts, because you get only the tube patched after a puncture?

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(Continued from page 58)

morrow night and the public can eat them and like them. So the sellers are a bit jittery, watching sharply for something unusual. Rather than take the chance that this unusual thing may be on the dark side, they are selling the best for as much as they can get and trusting that the worst can be sold at not too much of a loss. They're watching that jobber over there. He is worth watching even if you are not selling—even if you are, like us, a mere spectator.

An impressively tough-looking gent, this jobber. He has an idea. There haven't been any peppers to speak of in the market for a week. And there aren't many on the pier floor tonight. So he's buying all he can. In Washington Street he is known as a jobber but he is more than that. The complete truth is that he's a speculator. He knows that a certain amount of peppers are going to be demanded. So do the salesmen; but they also know that peppers might be left on their hands, and that is contrary to their way of doing business. They know further that he has ways of agitating the market in this or that. Moreover, he has a nasty reputation for natural trickery, experience-born fraud and loud-mouthed bluff. Everybody knows he is a liar and Washington Street wouldn't trust him as far as he could slip with his galoshes on a sanded floor. And yet they're half afraid of him. He has been shot, knifed, bombed and taken for rides. And he's just as loud, just as arrogant and just as double-crossing as ever. The local markets department has investigated him and buried him in threats. The United States Government has pored over his books and gone away calling him a crook but without proof. Anyway, he's buying peppers.

Before daybreak they'll see. Somehow there'll be a demand for peppers. Suddenly buyers for hotels, for restaurants, for chain stores and all the other big consumers will be asking for peppers. And then they'll either go to him or, if they wouldn't deal with him if they never get a pepper, they'll demand that the firms with whom they are accustomed to doing business get them. And those firms will have to go to him. Some of them had sold out to him earlier in the night. There's no sense to that; but if you're seeking sense and not peppers you'll have to go elsewhere.

A Strong-Arm Guy Speaks

Washington Street is now a riot of trucks and a battle of reeks. To get from curb to curb you thread your way—dodging, slipping, climbing, side-tracking, reversing and tacking—blinded by headlights, cursed by chauffeurs who'd be cursing each other anyway, shoved back by shopping buyers and price hunters, slugged in the ribs by speculators who have heard that they're breaking the spinach market across the street, kicked by pushcart peddlers who have to kick somebody because everybody's been kicking them. You start to cross at the corner. When you've reached the other side you're at the corner below. And you arrive just in time to hear a well-dressed big-belly telling a truckman to get the hell off the street and stay off—or else.

The fellow who's doing the telling is an agent for the truckmen's union—a strong-arm guy who has but to give the word and a dozen thugs will take that truck apart and shove it down its driver's throat. Two cops look on, but without concern, just pleasantly interested. They're not going to help any screwy guy who comes in with a nonunion truck or even a union stiff who has got in bad with his association. If the union, rating big uptown where cops are made and unmade, wants to get a cop's shield—well, it gets it. So the hell with the mug on

the driver's seat. The union can take care of its own affairs. Of course if the guns (the agent's bodyguard) start to do a permanent job on the stubborn gentleman on the truck, they'll step in.

"Listen, you; go easy. A slap in the puss is a slap in the puss. But don't do nothin' that won't be okay at headquarters."

The trouble is simple enough. This truckman has come in from Maryland with melons. He is one of those rugged individuals who, poor wight, believes that he has a right to do an honest business unmolested. He has been hired by a melon grower to drive the grower's truck to the New York market and deliver the melons to a certain firm which would dispose of them on commission. And that is just what this truck chauffeur proposes to do.

Twice before, the union agents have stopped him. They told him that he could take his choice. He could hand over ten dollars and receive at once a New York union card. Or he could produce a card showing that he was a member of a truck drivers' union at home. Or he could stop in West Street and unload his cargo into union trucks which would carry the stuff the rest of the way—two or three blocks—and collect union cartage charges. Or he could take his chances of having his head broken, the truck wrecked or his freight tossed into the street.

The Consumer Pays the Bill

But he had refused to part with ten dollars. And there wasn't any union at home. And he refused to unload in West Street because, simple soul, such were not his employer's orders. And now they were giving him his last warning. One of these nights they'd waylay him in Jersey City or elsewhere where it would be dark and not policed. And unless he joins up or gives up they probably will—or have.

The truckmen's union dictates to Washington Street. Perishable foods must be moved at once—and be kept moving. If the union is offended it may refuse to carry your stock. If it becomes known that you prefer stuff from Eastern growers to come in on nonunion trucks, or that you cherish a hope that a lot of bad luck will overtake all union trucks, the union may refuse to serve you. And you'll be left with a floor full of rotting vegetation. So what?

Successive city administrations have found it politically expedient to condone these conditions. A number of city officials have, in the past, found it to their financial health to give aid to the union and protection to its bashers. Washington Street, concerned only in receiving and getting rid of fruit and vegetables which deteriorate by the minute, accepts the situation as something cheaper to endure than to fight. Furthermore, there is no clean line between the jobbers, the union and the politician. Yonder is a house owned by an alderman. This house sells a great deal of food to the city. One of this alderman's closest friends is a truck owner who is particularly influential in the union. Yonder is a commission firm which owns a fleet of trucks, manned by union drivers, which haul stuff for neighboring firms. The owner of another fleet is a district leader for Tammany Hall. His brother is a jobber-speculator in Washington Street. This brother act has traded itself up from tenement poverty to country-estate wealth. With Tammany Hall, the union and Washington Street all working for it, it simply can't lose.

The buyer may fetch his trucks down to within a few feet of the pier. And there they must stand and wait. It makes no difference how big or important he is. He may represent the largest chain-store concern in the country. Or he may be an individual who has

driven his car down to pick up a few boxes of apples for personal use, not sale. It makes no difference. They park outside the piers.

The buyer—whoever he may be—enters the pier at one o'clock, buys what he requires and steps aside. The union will move his purchases from the pier to his trucks or car at so much a crate, box, basket, bag or barrel. It makes no difference whether the moving is a hundred feet or twenty—the rate off the pier is the same. And that's but the first cartage charge—off the pier and onto the trucks at the gates. It will cost you five cents to move a box of apples off the pier. Asparagus costs you from six to twelve and a half cents per unit, according to size. To move berries a few feet costs from eight to twelve and a half cents per crate, again according to size. To move a crate of lettuce weighing eighty pounds costs ten cents.

These are but the initial charges. These fees move your stuff off the piers. If you have a store in Washington Street, the first levy will take your fruit and vegetables that far. But you pay again if, for example, you want the stuff carried to the purchaser's store or warehouse. If it is again to be moved, say from the warehouse to retail depots, there is a third tariff.

Washington Street could simplify all this if it chose. A common receiving and selling terminal, or a number of them properly located under a regional market plan, might help. But without going into these tremendously technical matters you may as well understand that Washington Street doesn't want to be broken up. The union quite naturally wants no change. It has built itself up gradually and with plenty of political assistance. Too many politicians have had direct and indirect stakes in the current setup to welcome modern methods and efficient, cheaper distribution. And too many Washington Street merchants have real-estate reasons for wanting to remain precisely where they are in spite of the penalties. After all they are interested only in commissions. The consumer pays the ultimate bill.

Of course it isn't necessary to be a truckman to be successful in Washington Street. There is one gentleman who had the rare fortune to be a creditor of a couple of young restaurants the owners of which had more ideas than money. And excellent ideas too. One of these, a marvel of simplicity, was that people with money would be glad to patronize high-priced eating places if tips were eliminated and the best European cooks were given instructions to go the limit with the cream of the market. All that the idea required was plenty of capital and patience.

Shopping Around

The commission merchant too regarded the idea as meritorious. Therefore he did not scream for his money as the other creditors did. Afterward he was heard to say that an educated man, packed with conventional doubt and formula imparted by books and professors, might have followed precedent and been satisfied to settle for ten cents on the dollar. Therefore he who knew of schools only by hearsay, being the principal creditor, took over the restaurants. Today he has but one complaint; but he softens it with an easily understood philosophy: At the formal opening of the latest unit of this spectacularly successful chain of famous restaurants, the proud Parisian headwaiter shooed him off to the tradesmen's entrance. He gained nothing trying to identify himself. The headwaiter was not to be bluffed, making it clear that the place was not soliciting the patronage of the Iron Mike's customers.

After a brief moment of indignation

he retired to ponder upon a fitting revenge and to seek advice regarding one's rights of ownership. But on the following day, safe in less precious precincts where a two-day beard and crate-slinging hands were not regarded as social blunders, he related his experience with considerable satisfaction.

"That guy oughta get a raise," he said. "My restaurants wouldn't make no money lettin' in bums like me."

As daybreak approaches and stock diminishes, the big buyers having taken what they wanted of the best, prices become less stable. And from the beginning they were never fixed nor even regulated. If your dollars didn't go as far as you had hoped in one store you went next door. And you kept going until you either found what you wanted at the price you wanted to pay or quarreled bitterly to a compromise.

Thirty Long Years

Nonperishables or stuff which resisted deterioration—onions, for example—could be held against bear raids. But even onions have to go to make room for more onions tomorrow. The receiver, the commission merchant, the jobbers and the speculator have but one objective in common: to clear their floors. The stuff they offer is not theirs. Their hopes are for commissions. And growers are not shipping produce to houses that don't sell. Furthermore, buyers, from the big-money customers representing hotel and restaurant supply houses and chain-store representatives down to the pushcart peddlers, can't wait for the market to sag. Cooks and customers are at their heels demanding service. From the ranch to the table the flow is endless, inexorable. In Washington Street yesterday's berries are less of an asset than yesterday's newspaper; they can't be used even for reference. So they sell it as they get it, for what they can get, and hope they've got enough.

As dawn sent her first warning to Washington Street the market began to measure its nightly losses and winnings. Nothing remained except the citrus fruit. And that would be sold at auction at eight-thirty—a few hours farther on. But that would happen on the pier. There was nothing for Washington Street to do but get out the hose and wash the rot and mash into the sewers—clean up for the next night's furor.

Even the pushcart peddlers, bargaining for broken lots, damaged crates and third-rate stuff which even the speculators scorned—even they had retired to peddle their bargains. Washington Street told us that we should have come a few weeks earlier and seen Joe.

Nobody knew his last name. Nobody in the street knew where he lived. But for thirty years Joe had come to Washington Street night after night, taking what he wanted along with all the insults and manhandling that is the nightly portion of the pushcart peddlers. The sales slips made out when he bought were made out merely to Joe. Nobody asked him for cash or references. Nobody ever sent him a bill because no one had his address. And he never kept a record.

But every Saturday (and neither illness nor weather detained him) he would shamle down the street and with dollar bills and silver pay his score. They say that he never made a mistake, never asked for an accounting and never used paper and pencil. Paper and pencil would have been utterly useless to Joe. Then, after thirty years, Joe quit. He warned nobody and advised with no one—just retired to find out what it was like to stay up all day and sleep all night. Just one message came back to Washington Street from Joe:

"Thirty years," said he, "is long enough for a man to act crazy."

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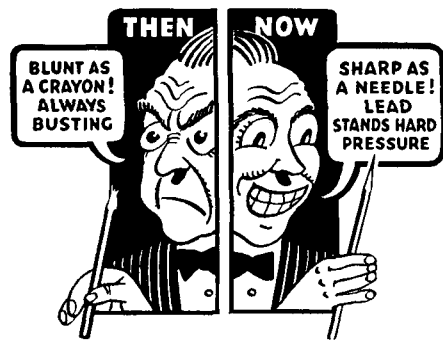
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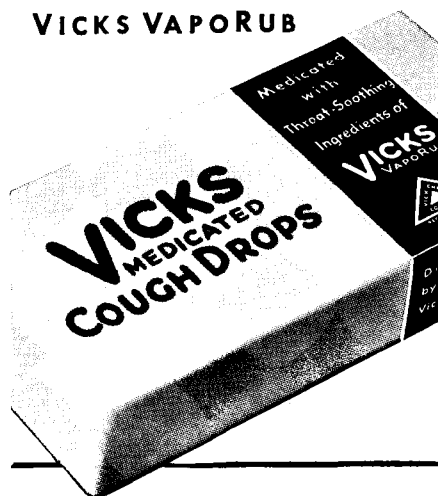
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Norse drew a fresh cigarette from one pocket and a match from another, but he did not light up; he simply sat there with the materials in his idle hands.

"If you will confess this thing as it happened," he said directly to Tonai, "I do not believe you will be in any serious danger. I am reluctant to bring a Moro witness against you; I will promise not to do so, if you will confess. You can plead self-defense. The man Shane forced his way into your room; you struck because you were forced to strike. You are perfectly certain to be acquitted on those grounds. I promise to help you in every way. But you must tell the truth."

Tonai Merriam's voice was almost soundless. "I have already told the truth."

"Think carefully," Norse urged. "If you accept my offer, you cannot possibly lose. The alternative—that's something much more serious than you realize, Mrs. Merriam."

"Under no circumstances," came Tonai's low voice, "will I ever admit to such a story as you suggest."

CAPTAIN NORSE sat back, and as he lit his cigarette I was astonished to see that his hand shook. "You had better change your mind. You will have to change your mind. If you do not, I'm afraid my duty is very plain."

"Well?"

"I will have to show," Norse said, "not only that you killed Shane, but much more. I will have to show that you came to Malangai with that intention, and for that purpose, and for no other; and that Shane died by your definite, foregone plan."

There was a silence then that must have been long; yet it could not possibly have been as long as it seemed.

I said at last, "It's a bluff, Tonai."

"You think so?" Norse said from the depths of his chair.

"Such a picture," I said, "cannot possibly be made to fit together—not by the farthest stretch!"

"Unfortunately," Norse said, "it is the only picture that *can* be made to fit." He turned to Tonai Merriam again. "You still will not change your mind?"

"I won't," Tonai Merriam said, very low; "I can't."

Trying hard to read the face of Captain Norse, I became aware that twilight had fallen. The room was growing very dark. Behind the officer a couple of big two-handed *campilans*, the beheading swords of the Moros, shone dimly against the shadowy wall, looking the more ugly the more obscurely they were seen. Norse's eyes were sleepy-looking slits; I could learn nothing whatever there.

I GOT to my feet, glad of an excuse for movement, and lighted a lamp; its golden circle of mild light included the face of Tonai Merriam, and when I saw what her face expressed I angered. Reflected in Tonai's features was the same sense of helplessness, of baffled entrapment, that I myself was undergoing.

"I may as well let you know," I said to Captain Norse, "that I consider your play against Mrs. Merriam a complete and inexcusable bungle; and if you persist upon this course, I mean to fight in every way that it's possible to fight."

Norse's tone was one of the politest inquiry. "Regardless," he suggested, "of results to yourself?"

"Certainly."

"For your own sake," Norse said, "I should warn you that there is considerable danger of your placing yourself in

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 17

the position of an accessory after the fact. I advise you both to begin telling the truth."

He stretched out his long legs and folded his hands; he looked as if he were prepared to stick it out exactly where he was, forever.

"I presume we may go now?"

"Certainly not. I am questioning you."

No use to ask him what, then, was his question. We had it already; and, to the best of my belief, it was one for which there was no answer. I offered Tonai a cigarette, and lighted it for her. Her profile was alert and cool, and as quiet as that of Captain Norse. I smoked and waited, determined that Norse should be forced to break the deadlock in his own way.

The silence drew out for a long time, and through it the *agongs* down in the village kept beating, a dissonant brassy clangor that as likely as not might go on all night. A lizard fell off the ceiling, landing on the desk with a "splat," picked itself up and ran away. I began to think that Norse planned to wait until Tonai Merriam was nervous enough to suit his purpose—and then possibly try an attack upon a new front.

When an interruption came, however, it caused Norse to stir with an obvious annoyance, for it came from without. One of the Filipino scouts knocked on the door, and, at his captain's impatient grunt, let himself partly in, standing at attention in the least possible aperture of the door.

"Sir, Mister Cooper is—"

Suva Jim Cooper pushed the little uniformed figure aside without the least ceremony and came swaggering unhurriedly into the room.

He moved a chair forward with a deft, easy movement of one foot, and slouched down into it without being asked. His movements, all of them, were easygoing, indifferent, without any trace of respect for the man who had called him here. Yet in those lazy motions the vitality of the man was still easily apparent. His smooth, relaxed strength was evident in

everything he did, so that the figure of Captain Norse was made to appear frail and attenuated. Yet, looking from Cooper to Norse, I was made to recognize for the first time what a marked degree of intellectuality was concealed in the patiently inexpressive features of the constabulary officer.

"You wanted to see me?"

Norse nodded. "Sorry to trouble you."

"That's all right. What busted now?"

"It seems," Captain Norse explained, "that Mrs. Merriam is going to want her things. I'll send over for them. I want you to turn over all her luggage to the men I send."

Suva Jim moved angrily, shifting his balance in his chair. "Say, look here, Norse—just what the hell is this?"

"Mrs. Merriam," Captain Norse told him, relaxing again, "is under arrest for murder."

I noted that Norse did not say "held for questioning," nor even "under suspicion of murder," but came out with it as flatly as he well could. And I wondered suddenly which one of the three of us Norse was trying to prod into a betraying break.

THE effect on Suva Jim was enough. The leathery hide of his neck reddened, and his eyes smoked; even the crimp of his thatchy hair looked angry.

"Of all the fool moves the Philippine Constabulary has ever made, this is the worst! Why, you utter damned fool, play like that and it's the finish of you—you know that?"

"Possibly," Norse said.

Cooper's voice rose. "Then what in all hell do you think you're—"

"Stop shouting at me," Norse said without raising his voice.

I was astounded that Suva Jim should obey him, yet he did. Suva Jim Cooper checked himself, and bit his hard lips without taking his smoky eyes from Captain Norse's face. Finally he hitched forward in his chair, and began again in an entirely new tone.

(Continued on page 64)



"Are you enjoying the game, Miss Byrne?"

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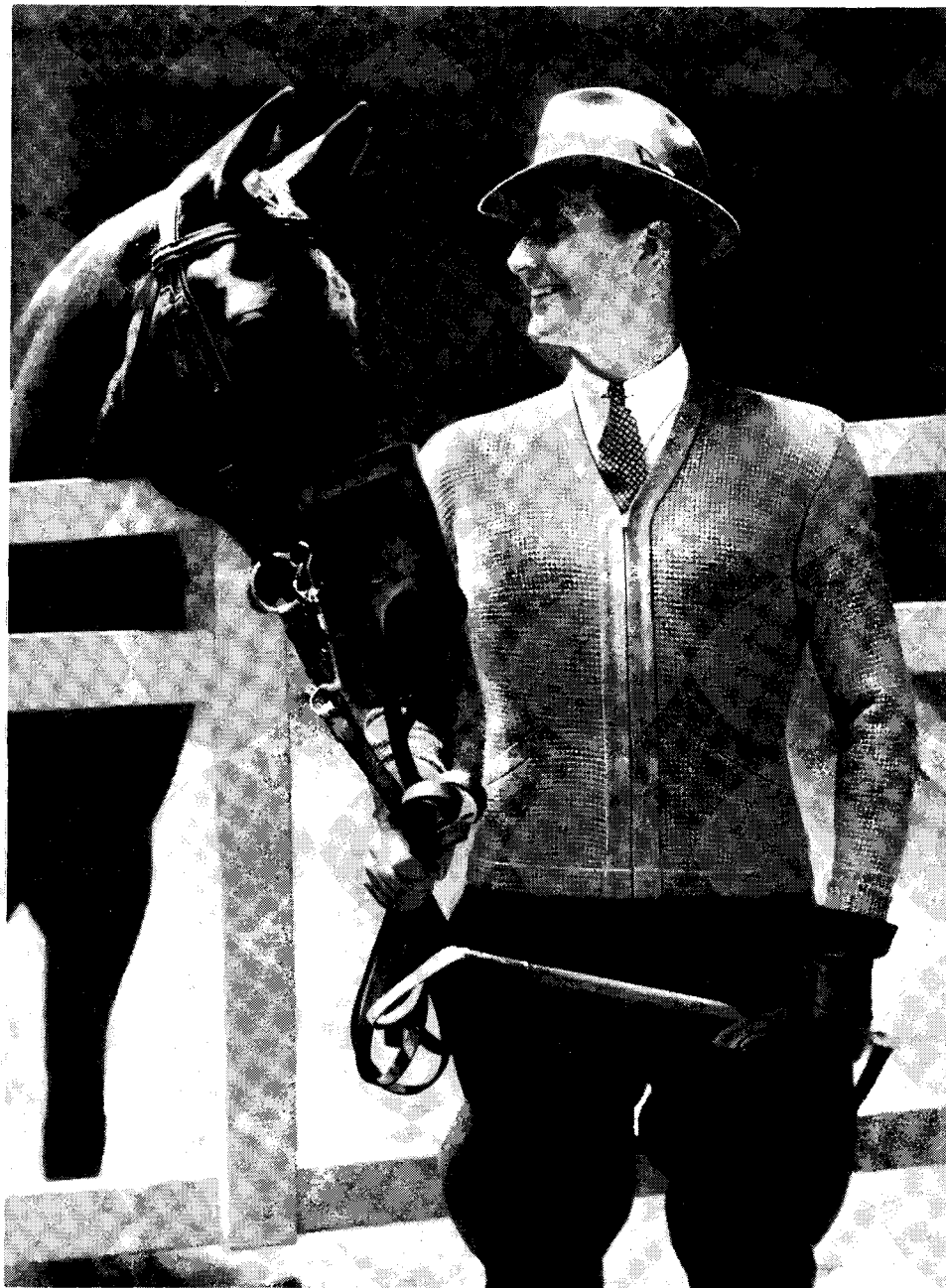
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(Continued from page 62)

"Look here, Captain Norse, I'm sorry I blew up like I did. I just got sore to see you go off the course like that, that's all. If you'll let me say a couple of things, maybe I can show you where there's a whole lot more to this case than you think; and maybe save you making a bad mistake that'll unrank you plenty." "Now we're getting some place," Norse agreed.

"Norse, let me tell you something about this Shane, that's messed around here and got himself killed. Henry Shane was at the Merriam plantation all the early part of the year, before Merriam died. Did you know that?"

Norse showed no surprise, and his question was immediate. "Was he there at or around the time Merriam died?"

"I don't know for sure that he was. But you don't know for sure that he wasn't, either. Does that suggest anything to you?"

"It suggests," Norse said, "that you don't know what you're talking about. I may as well tell you that Shane was not at Kivasawan within the necessary range of time."

"Just the same, Norse, there's something almighty shady about that Merriam disappearance. Did you ever think of that?"

Glancing at Tonai Merriam, I saw that she had turned deathly pale. Without at all changing his relaxed position, Norse was pressing Suva Jim closely.

"Just what was shady about it?" "Simply that nobody knows anything about it. You don't know what happened to him. Neither does your outfit. A nice sloppy job of looking-into your boys gave that thing. Now, you want to hear a theory?"

"By all means—let's hear a theory."

"SUPPOSE somebody killed Neal Merriam. Suppose Shane knew who it was. Suppose Shane started to tell Tonai to tell Mrs. Merriam about it, soon as she turned up here. Suppose the man who killed Merriam was hanging around here. Wouldn't he knock off Shane? You bet your life he would!"

Norse smiled a little. "Who, for instance?"

"Me, for instance. I was about the first to know he was missing."

"I take it you wouldn't suggest yourself unless you were sure of your alibi."

"You can't get me in a jam for killing a man until you can show that the man is dead."

"I think, though," Norse said speculatively, "you have someone else in mind for the ultimate jam. Am I right?"

"If you want more theories, I'll give them to you. At Salter's store, you must have got a list of everyone that's been there lately. Didn't you?"

"I got a short list," Norse admitted; "a very short list."

"Then you know that John Barrett was there—and damned few others. All right. Next thing, the girl comes running after him. Why? You find out why, and maybe you'll begin to see your way through the coral!"

No great reason for me to resent that. I had known for a long time that Suva Jim Cooper hated me. What was more, he would have given his left eye for our rights upon Tunganan—now that we had shown the way.

"You like theories? I'll give you some more," Norse said conversationally. "Neal Merriam killed himself. Or wait! I have it. Mrs. Merriam killed them both."

Appalled by Captain Norse's cold-blooded tormenting of the girl, I was yet forced to admire the trap he was setting. I saw it coming a mile, knew how it would work long before it was sprung. And I watched Suva Jim with a detached curiosity, wondering if he would step in.

"Impossible!" Cooper snarled.

"Just why is it impossible?"

"Because Merriam was dead before ever I took her there!"

Norse's jaw shot forward. "How do you know?"

Suva Jim was a man brilliantly fast in action, slow in a duel of wits. His hesitation was perceptible now; yet, as he answered he was able to convince me, at least, that he was telling the truth.

"Because we were told as soon as we struck the beach."

"Is that true, Mrs. Merriam?"

"I—I guess so. It—it was just a little different—"

"All right. It's a lie. Cooper, you've helped me very much; I haven't time to talk to you any further now." Norse sat up straight, swung round in his chair. "You're dismissed. You will send Mrs. Merriam's things in the morning; and you will remain on the island of Malangai until given permission to leave."

Suva Jim shot straight up upon his heels. "Why, you infernal razorback—"

"Get out!" Norse snapped.

COOPER took a long step forward, so that he was half crouched over Captain Norse. He drew in his breath; undoubtedly his voice would have cracked a main-sail then, if he had been let to speak.

Tonai Merriam cried out, "Jim!"

The starch went out of Suva Jim slowly; he straightened up, and half wheeled.

"Please, Jim," Tonai Merriam said, very low. "Please leave now!"

Cooper looked dazed; he started once more to speak. Then abruptly he pivoted and went out, closing the door behind him with a ringing smash. A crooked crack appeared the length of one panel.

"You see?" Captain Norse was leaning forward, speaking to Tonai Merriam with a curious pointedness. "Do you see, now?"

"Jim Cooper was really—speaking the truth," Tonai faltered. "I only hesitated because—"

"Of course he was speaking the truth! Even about half of his trumped-up theory is God's own truth—and you know as well as I!"

"You mean," I said, "you're ready to prove that Merriam was killed, and Shane knew—"

"Shane was killed because he knew something. If this woman did not kill Shane—she is protecting the man who did!"

"Norse," I said, getting to my feet, "I'll stand for no more of this!"

"You'll stand for all I want to give you," Norse told me. "Tomorrow we'll swear Nural Hakim on the Koran—and I think we'll be through."

"You seem mighty sure what his testimony will be!"

"It doesn't matter in the least what his testimony is. Whatever it is, the case will be finished. I may as well tell you frankly, I don't care whether there was a footprint or not, or who put it there."

"Then what's the idea of swearing him on the Koran?"

He ignored my question. "Barrett, what do you use here for a jail?"

"Well—sometimes we use the old powder room in the southeast bastian."

"Is it secure?"

"Perfectly. We had some dynamite there, but it's empty now."

Norse leaned forward, raising his voice. "Simeon!"

The little brown corporal who waited outside popped in.

"Have the houseboys show you where the powder room is, in the south bastian, and get the keys to it. Then go arrest Nural Hakim, and lock him in it."

The Filipino looked suddenly anxious. "Sir, if he not come—?"

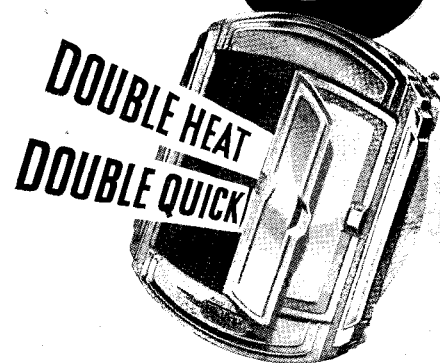
"Kill him! There's more than one way to blast through a barricade of coincidences!"

"Yes, Captain." The Filipino went out.

(To be continued next week)

A GENUINE HaDees CAR HEATER

Only \$9.95



ALL COPPER CORE MORE HEATING SURFACE

Never before have you been able to get genuine HaDees at these low prices. HaDees pioneered hot water heat for automobiles. New models provide more heat—double quick—fully controlled. Universal mounting for all cars. Get HaDees, get heat. LIBERTY FOUNDRIES CO. • ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

HaDees HOT WATER CAR HEATER



It seems that—whenever people talk STOMACH they talk Pfunder's

MANY Doctors know

PFUNDER'S Tablets are scientifically correct and highly efficient for stomach troubles caused by excess acidity. More than 1/2 million users know it, too, from their own experiences with this remarkable secret formula. PFUNDER'S are NOT sold at all drug stores—only at authorized Pfunder Agent Druggists.

FREE... Write for trial offer, gift packet and valuable information.

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FLOOR WAXING REVOLUTIONIZED

with Concentrated DRI-BRITE Liquid Wax
No Rubbing • No Polishing

I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T MADE THE TEST



Dri-Brite gives up to 45% harder, brighter, longer-lasting finish. Dries in 20 minutes. The wax used in Dri-Brite is pure, imported Carnauba—best for all types of floors. At Dealers everywhere. Send 10¢ for generous trial can. DRI-BRITE, Inc., 4451 Cook Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

There is but one Dri-Brite. Accept no substitutes

Greatest Show on Earth

(Continued from page 22)

after comparing their existences with those of the magnificoes who putter about amid the golden brocade drapes, marble fireplaces and walnut paneling. It is usually very difficult to catch a secretary at work in his office, though one was reported during the second Cleveland administration.

By common consent, the Postmaster General is allowed to claim the finest private office in the capital. It cost about \$250,000 and consists of two rooms resembling the Grand Central concourse, with a corridor in between. The whole layout is finished in mahogany, with crystal chandeliers, gold brocade drapes, black marble fireplaces, \$20,000 carpets and—the day your reporter was admitted—one lone and lovely blond stenographer.

The air conditioning of most of the buildings makes them favorite tourist resorts in hot weather. Most of them, too, operate shower baths and cafeterias, both of which are used by tourists. The Supreme Court's cafeteria is supposed to be the best—though unfortunately not the largest—on earth, and when the court is sitting a great many visitors grab a tray and spear a 35-cent lunch along with the justices. Each justice has a private cook, but most of them patronize the cafeteria, along with some of the highest-priced legal talent in America.

Washington boasts it is the most beautiful city on earth—a claim disputed by many home-town-proud visitors. Also, it's proud of the fact that it is "a completely planned city." The hitch in this is that it was planned at a time when wise guys were shaking their whiskers and saying that the buggy never would replace the oxcart. Also it was planned with an eye to its defense against the British—a fact that now causes sly smiles up at the British Embassy, where they have about concluded that their American colonies are lost forever.

The main plan of the town was laid out by drawing a couple of dozen circles on a map of a low, swampy triangle between the Potomac and Anacostia rivers. These haphazard circles were connected up by straight highways and the idea was to make each circle a fortress. On top of this plan, a sort of rough grid system of roads was superimposed—and the consequence is, today, that Washington has the worst traffic muddle in the country. It is customary, indeed, for Washingtonians to ask their taxi drivers how long they've been driving, it being well-known that all drivers go nuts after sixteen months.

Most People Take the Elevator

Driving around the capital with a guide or a host is grand exercise for the neck muscles. The conversation consists entirely of: "This is the house where . . ." And there are all sorts of famed homes—the house where Mrs. Burnett wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the house where the first American Beauty rose was grown, the Little Green House on K Street, the house where Wilson died, the house where Alice Longworth lives, the Hoover home, the Harding house, the place where James Rumsey built his steamboat—years before the Clermont plied the Hudson . . . and the several hundred spots at which Washington spent a night or two.

The place is full of statistics, but outside of the fact that everything is the greatest on earth, the only one the visitor remembers is the height of the Washington Monument—which is 555.5 feet. The record for running up the stairs is

one second under eight minutes, but most people take the elevator.

The best-operated sight around the capital is easily Mount Vernon. After Washington died, neither the United States nor the State of Virginia cared enough about his memory to do anything, and private citizens had to organize the Mount Vernon Ladies Association to save the place. The association has restored the house and grounds, gathered the Washington furniture and relics from all over, and now plays host to a million visitors a year.

Visitors, however, never see the original house, because it has been covered with a fireproof shell that exactly reproduces the original appearance. But they may buy cuttings of the original boxwood hedges to plant in home gardens.

Come One, Come All

One of the biggest-on-earth shows is the Library of Congress, which has five million books and takes in five hundred more every day, regardless of literary merit, and has another five million curios and manuscripts to be gazed at. The present library got its start soon after the British burned the original collection. Congress didn't know where to turn for books until Thomas Jefferson offered his, which the solons immediately bought at the rate of \$10 for big ones, \$5 for medium-sized ones and \$1 for little ones, regardless of contents. The whole tonnage netted Jefferson \$4 a pound, avoirdupois.

Aside from books, the library clutches like grim death to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, which other departments, notably the boys at the Archives Building, are always trying to steal as an attraction. Most visitors count the number of state names signed to the Constitution and dash around to the librarian to say there's one missing. Only twelve, and every school kid knows there should be thirteen . . . But it's all right, the librarian says, because Rhode Island refused to sign.

The garden-lovers prowl around the glass-and-aluminum botanical gardens, with colored lighting effects at night and every plant ever heard of growing sturdily. The music-lovers listen to the half dozen free band concerts that go on each evening. The engineers go out to the Bureau of Standards and watch machines wallop bricks, crush steel, tear fabrics, rub out silk and engage in an orgy of destruction to test everything from eggshell china to steam shovels.

Everybody drives out over the Memorial Bridge, which cost \$14,000,000, and most of the home-townners remark that if it had cost \$5,000,000 back home they'd have recalled the mayor and the city council. They roll along the super-highway fourteen miles to Mount Vernon—the highway Washington boasts is the finest on earth, but which is sign-cluttered and easily surpassed, scenically, by boulevards around a score of American cities.

The greatest show on earth, ladies and gents! The biggest super-super-exposition of human achievement ever gathered together in one spot. It cost billions to stage. It costs millions to run. Everything from the biggest building on earth to orchids and orchestras, mouse-traps and monoliths, a million relics of the past and a million forecasts of the future.

Figure sharps report that the government now takes one third of the national income. It sounds incredible at first—but go take a look at Washington and you'll never doubt it.

KEEP SUNNY SUMMER HEALTH



DRINK SCHLITZ ALL WINTER

JUNE days are gone—but the benefits of June sunshine are yours to enjoy all winter wherever you are when you drink Schlitz, with Sunshine Vitamin D!*

Beer is good for you—but Schlitz, with Sunshine Vitamin D, is extra good for you. You need it now—when clouds, smoke, short days, indoor living and winter clothing deprive you of sunshine benefits.

Schlitz—with its tangy, rich flavor and appetizing bouquet—is delightfully refreshing—adds zest to winter living. With enjoyment it helps bring you health—helps you build robust, radiant vitality and sturdy resistance to winter ills.

So drink Schlitz every day. Enjoy the old-time Schlitz flavor and bouquet—assured by Precise Enzyme Control—plus new health benefits—and at no increase in price. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Each 12-ounce bottle or can of SCHLITZ contains 100 U.S.P. XI. Units of Sunshine Vitamin D. SCHLITZ brewer's yeast contains pro-vitamin D which is activated directly by the ultra-violet rays of the sun to form Vitamin D. (Protected by U.S. Letters Patent.)

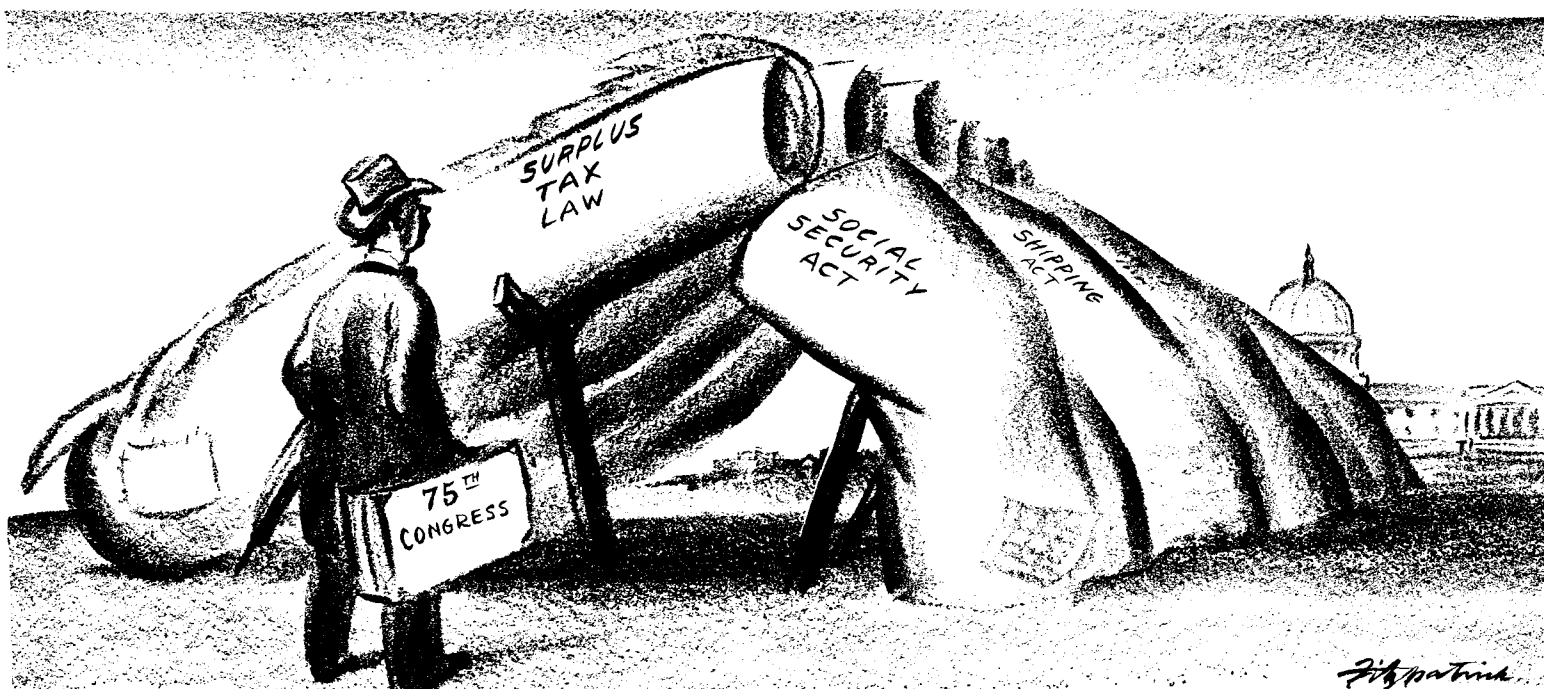


Schlitz

WITH SUNSHINE VITAMIN-D

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

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Without Politics, Without Delay

LESS than six weeks hence the Seventy-fifth Congress assembles. Work enough awaits. Months ago it became increasingly evident that the new Congress would have heavy and difficult responsibilities regardless of what we did at the polls.

The pressing matters which clamor for reconsideration have little necessary connection with partisan politics. Many things were done badly because they were done hastily. Not everything done in a hurry, however, turns out to be unconstitutional. Consequently, we cannot depend on the Supreme Court to nullify all of our blunders. A law may be foolish on economic or social grounds and still not breach the Constitution. We shall have to give second thought to our problems and deal with them directly. Some wholly constitutional statutes are among the worst on the books from the standpoint of national interest.

The last tax act is a case in point. The surplus tax feature of that law is the perfect expression of a procedure laughed at as ridiculous by the readers of Charles Lamb's Chinese "legend." Because a few men misused corporate surpluses to avoid taxation, all corporations were, in effect, forbidden to save. And they laughed at the man who burned his house in order to roast his pig.

The prevention of corporate savings is a blow at the public welfare irrespective of all political considerations. Without such savings employment cannot be increased. Obviously, the surplus tax act must be revised. It makes no sense for any party.

The Social Security Act provides another large opportunity for fruitful reconsideration. Few have quarreled with the broad purposes underlying the Social Security Act. On the other hand, many of the most experienced and sincere advocates of social insurance are aghast at some of the provisions of the act. The section most generally criticized

and by friends of social insurance, is that which will result in the accumulation of billions of dollars in reserve funds so huge as to menace the very solvency of our government.

This section of the act is quite as loony as anything suggested by Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend or the late Huey Long. Clearly it will be amended as soon as the literate members of Congress have been able to give the matter any attention.

The Social Security Act has other dangerous weaknesses to which consideration must be given if the entire system is not to be put in jeopardy. Other matters also cry aloud for reasonable second thought.

One of the most glaring examples of congressional incontinence is the last shipping bill. The government wants merchant ships as insurance in case of international trouble. As a people, we want ships in order to have control of our own commerce.

In spite of the reasonable suggestions of the President, a small coterie of senators forced a stupid and destructive shipping bill through a Congress impatient for adjournment. The only reasonable explanation of this measure is that the senators involved sought to destroy our privately owned merchant marine and to prepare the way for a government-operated merchant fleet. The act, however, lacks even the virtue of frankness. Plainly, since Congress did not intend to practice sabotage on our merchant marine, the shipping act must be thoroughly rewritten.

Congress recognized the fact that much of its work was being done with great haste under the stress of emergency requirements. So the life of numerous statutes was restricted. Many expire, unless re-enacted, within the next six months. Measures as important as the gold and silver acts and some of the loans to farmers and other

groups expire automatically unless extended by Congress.

The state of mind of Congress and of the country is very different from that of two or three years ago. The economic storm has blown past just as the great economic disturbances which followed the Napoleonic wars in time disappeared. As the emergency recedes the fears, angers and uncertainties engendered by the depression also vanish.

It is fortunate. The economic problems of our complicated civilization cannot be settled in haste or fury or by partisan formula. Sooner or later somebody has to collect facts. Somebody capable of dispassionate thinking has to think about the facts collected. Finally, somebody has to express a policy created by this procedure.

During much of the emergency we were in too much of a hurry to assemble any facts worth considering. The facts we did possess were too painfully pressing. We had time only for action. We thought we were going to a fire. Maybe we were. At any rate, the time has come to put our house in order.

It was remarked that the Supreme Court's nullification of the NRA and the AAA came just in time to provide Mr. Roosevelt a way out of increasing difficulty. It is certain that Congress wanted to kill the NRA even before the Supreme Court inflicted the shot of mercy. It is also certain that the unconstitutionality of the AAA gave the Administration a desirable opportunity to reconsider its entire agricultural program.

As we have learned so often in our political history, nothing is settled until it is settled right. We passed some laws without any sufficient consideration of their effects. We know enough now to recognize the mistakes. Let's correct them without politics and without delay.

THINGS TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU'RE BUYING



A great advantage of the...
...the best quality...



A great advantage of the...
...the best quality...



Tortoise Shell

To tell the genuine tortoise shell from the imitation . . . rub it briskly on soft cloth until warm. If it has an odor of camphor or celluloid, it is imitation.



Rugs

Fold an edge of the rug sharply back to back and look at the pile. It should stand up like bristles in a brush. The length of the tufts shows the depth of the pile and the quality of the rug.

**AND WHEN BUYING WHISKEY
GIVE IT THE . . .**

BEAD TEST

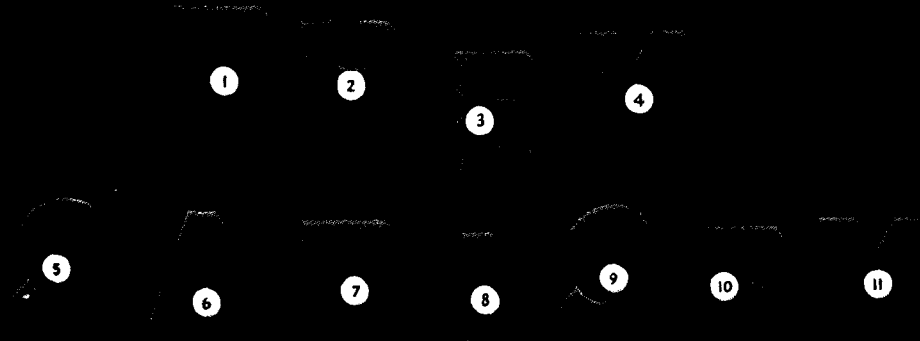
How did your parents and their parents make their money go so far? They didn't take anybody's word for the goods they bought. They used their eyes, their ears and their heads. They tested before they spent. Old-timers bought whiskey that way, too. They had a perfectly natural test . . . the "bead" or bubbles that form at the top when the bottle is shaken . . . a natural characteristic of all whiskeys. Get wise to whiskey. Don't buy blindly. See what you're getting. Shake the bottle. Watch the bead. See how long it lasts.

WHAT IS BEAD? First of all, it's the head of bubbles that forms on the surface of whiskey when the bottle is shaken. The amount of "bead" and the time it lasts constitute the "bead test."



Football is a game of skill

Blocking backs and interference -
Fifty thousand wild adherents -
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.



Thanksgiving Dinner

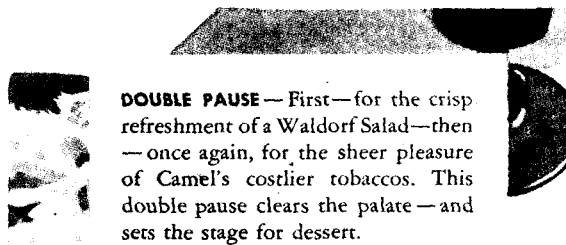
...and then the peaceful feeling that comes from good digestion and smoking Camels!



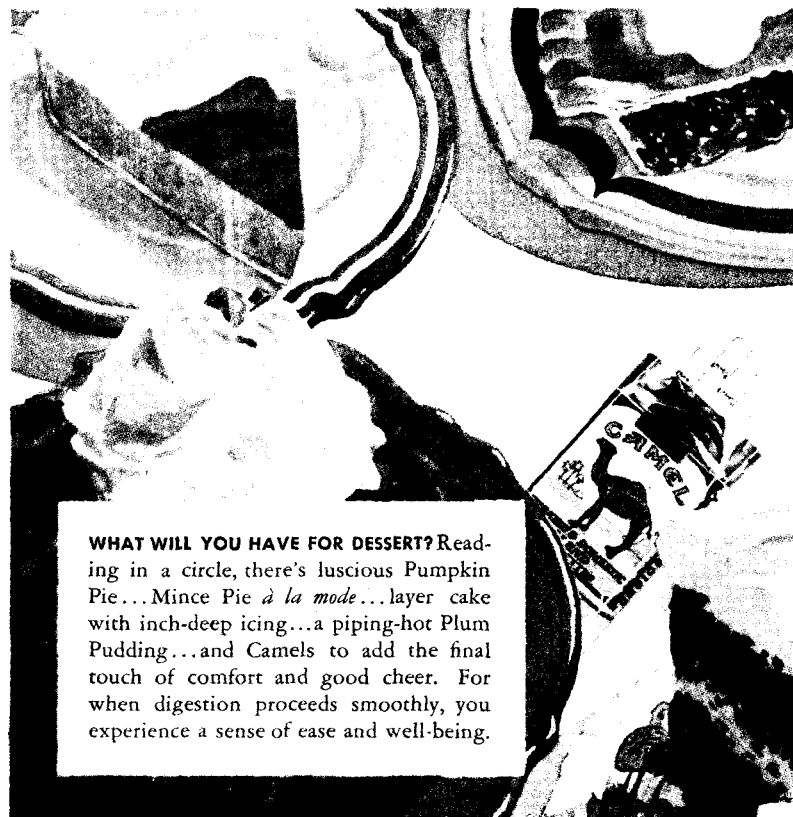
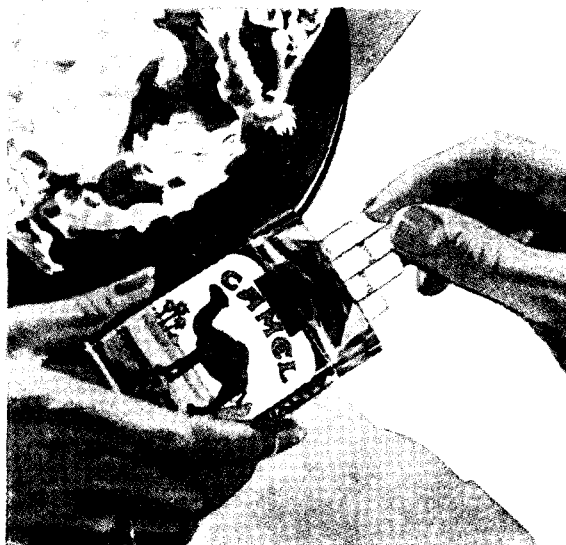
OFF TO A GOOD START—with hot spiced tomato soup. And then—for digestion's sake—smoke a Camel right after the soup.



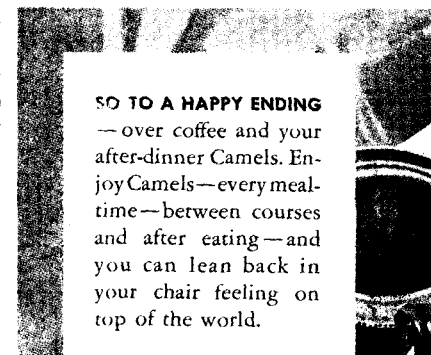
THE MAIN EVENT—The time-honored turkey of our forefathers—done to a crisp and golden brown—and flanked by a mountain of ruby cranberry jelly. By all means enjoy a second helping. But before you do—smoke another Camel. Camels ease tension. Speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help your digestion to run smoothly.



DOUBLE PAUSE—First—for the crisp refreshment of a Waldorf Salad—then—once again, for the sheer pleasure of Camel's costlier tobaccos. This double pause clears the palate—and sets the stage for dessert.



WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DESSERT? Reading in a circle, there's luscious Pumpkin Pie... Mince Pie *à la mode*... layer cake with inch-deep icing... a piping-hot Plum Pudding... and Camels to add the final touch of comfort and good cheer. For when digestion proceeds smoothly, you experience a sense of ease and well-being.



SO TO A HAPPY ENDING—over coffee and your after-dinner Camels. Enjoy Camels—every mealtime—between courses and after eating—and you can lean back in your chair feeling on top of the world.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.



FOOD EDITOR—Miss Dorothy Malone says: "It's smart to have Camels on the table. My own personal experience is that smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards builds up a sense of digestive well-being."

"THE BEST MEAL I ever ate would be a disappointment if I couldn't enjoy Camels," says William H. Ferguson, salesman. "I smoke Camels as an aid to digestion. There's nothing like Camels to set you right."



Good food and good tobacco go together naturally!

RIGHT down the line—from explorers living on "iron rations" to the millions of men and women who'll heartily enjoy a big Thanksgiving dinner—it is agreed that Camels set you right! You enjoy food more and have a feeling of greater ease after eating when you smoke Camels between courses and after meals.

Enjoy Camels all you wish—all through the day. Camel's costlier tobaccos are supremely mild. Steady smokers say that Camels never tire the taste or get on the nerves. And when you're tired, try this: get a "lift" with a Camel!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE

"I crossed the world in a Ford

**and met the
same old
friend
everywhere"**

"As I motored through the fishing villages of Norway," writes R. C. Squires, "watching the Midnight Sun gleam on waterfall and mountain, I found I could read only two words of the Viking language — 'Canadian Club' — two words that they seemed to know as well along the North Cape as in my home territory, the North Shore of Chicago."

"CANADIAN CLUB"

Canadian Whisky
This whisky is
six years old
90.4 proof

In 87 lands "Canadian Club" is prized. Whether you prefer rye or bourbon — bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at leading clubs, bars and hotels throughout the entire country. Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ontario.

Hiram Walker's **"CANADIAN CLUB"**